

SCREENLAND

JULY
25¢

V. 19 #3



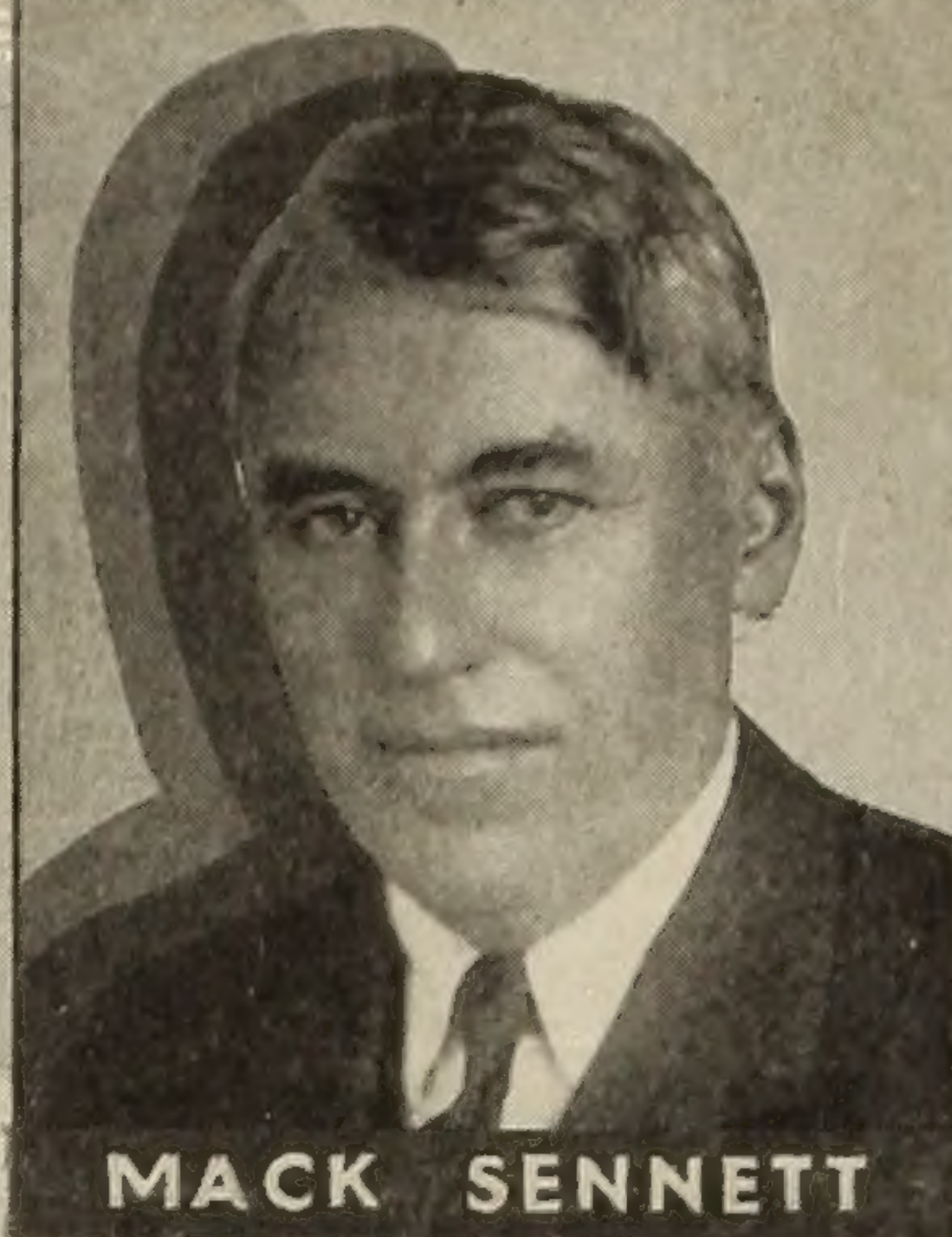
CLARA BOW

CLARA BOW'S
BATHING SUIT
FOR THE BEST LETTER

SEE
PAGE
24

Do you dare 'em
to make you
laugh?

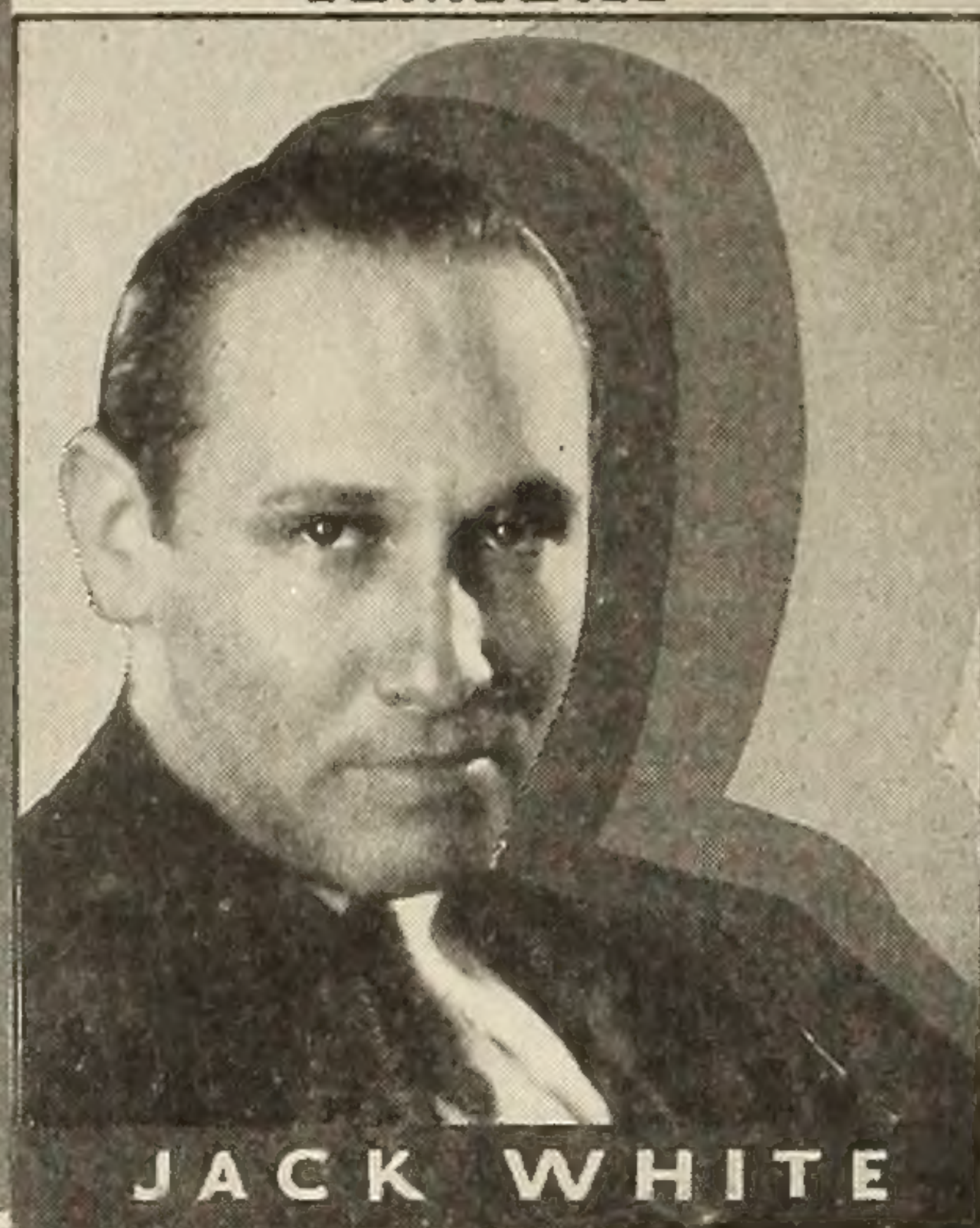
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Talking Comedies



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JACK WHITE

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COMEDIES



**EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON**

ARE YOU one of those few defiant persons who "dare a comedian to make you laugh"? Or one of the timid souls who are afraid to make a noise in public? Or just one of the vast majority of us who, fortunately, are always ready for a good hearty laugh?

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TALKING**

MELODRAMATIC TRIUMPH

FOX MOVIE TONE

JUN -6 1929

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Clara Bow, SCREEN-
LAND'S Cover Girl,
will soon be seen
and heard in "Dan-
gerous Curves."
Watch out!



SCREENLAND is pub-
lished on the 5th of
the month preceding
date of issue.

SCREENLAND

July, 1929

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
VOL. XIX, No. 3

Delight Evans, Editor

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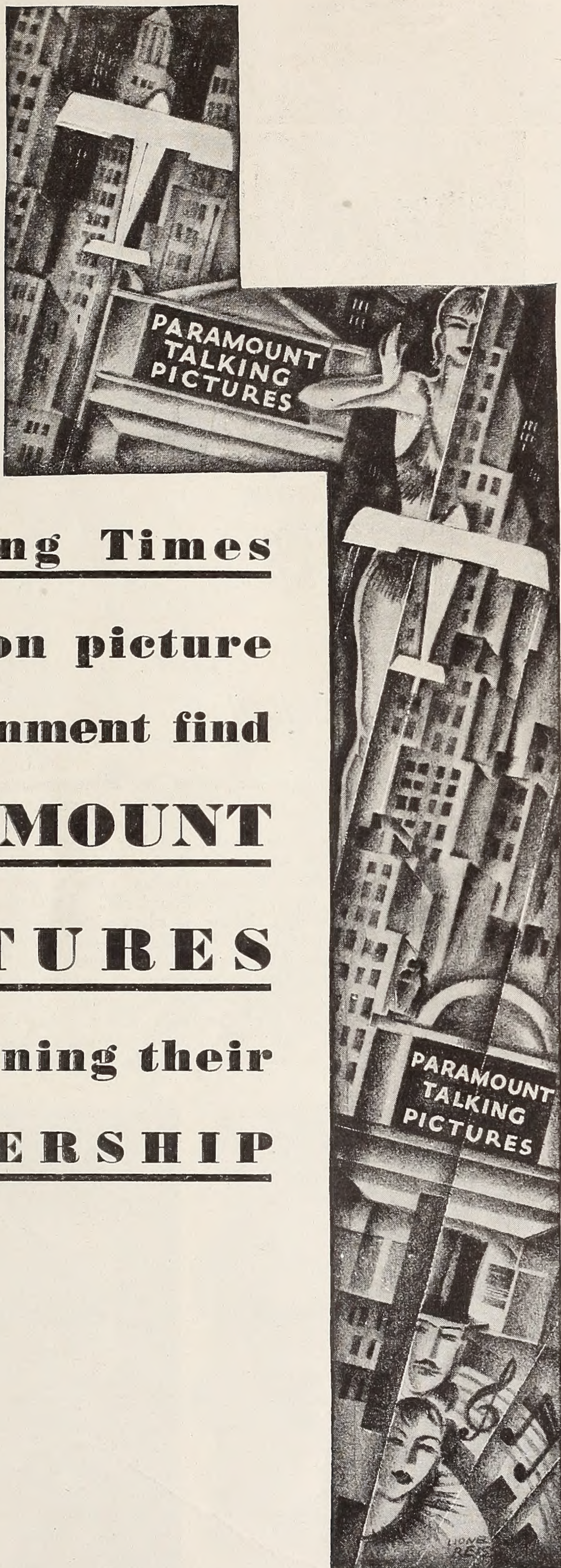
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Reporting the Coming Screen Events that cast their Shadows before Them.

By Evelyn Ballarine

SCREENLAND'S Special Soubrette Astronomer watching the stars.

Is a foreign accent an obstacle to success in the talkies? Let's look around us and see!

It hasn't seemed to stop the lovely foreign ladies. Baclanova was artistically articulate in "The Wolf of Wall Street" and is continuing in her next, "The Dangerous Woman." Vilma Banky's charming accent helped make "This Is Heaven" even more heavenly. Lupe Velez's Mexican tang in "Lady of the Pavements" was something to talk about. Mlle. Lily Damita is to play the French Charmaine in "The Cock-Eyed World," the sequel to "What Price Glory." Her accent will add much

to our entertainment. Camilla Horn was all set to leave America and make pictures in Germany when both Warner Brothers and Fox Films offered her talkie contracts. She's staying. Which leads us to Greta Garbo. She's to talk in "The Single Standard." La Garbo's appeal was potent in silent pictures—but this same appeal plus dialogue—well, words fail us!

We appoint ourselves the reception committee to welcome Constance Bennett back to the screen. She has signed a contract with Pathé. And that won't make anybody sore except the other producers who weren't lucky enough to sign her. Con-



Introducing Violet Adams, latest addition to Pathé's junior stock company.



John Breeden, who makes his bow in the "Fox Movietone Follies."



**"HELLO
EVERYBODY"**

In my next picture, 'Smiling Irish
Eyes', I'm actually going to—
TALK to you—**SING** for you

**HEAR HER
Sing These
Witmark Hits**

"A Wee Bit of Love"
"Then I can ride Home
with You"
"Grandma O'Moore"
"Darlin' My Darlin'"

JOHN McCORMICK

PRESENTS

COLLEEN

MOORE

**IN
SMILING IRISH EYES**

**100% TALKING AND
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Folks you ain't heard nothin' yet!
Wait—you have a big thrill coming.

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HEAR the voice of the *greatest of*
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real Colleen for the very first time.

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"Smiling Irish Eyes" has in store
for you.

Colleen not only TALKS all through
it, but SINGS four songs you'll
whistle for days, and DANCES like
only she can.

Watch for the date in your home town!



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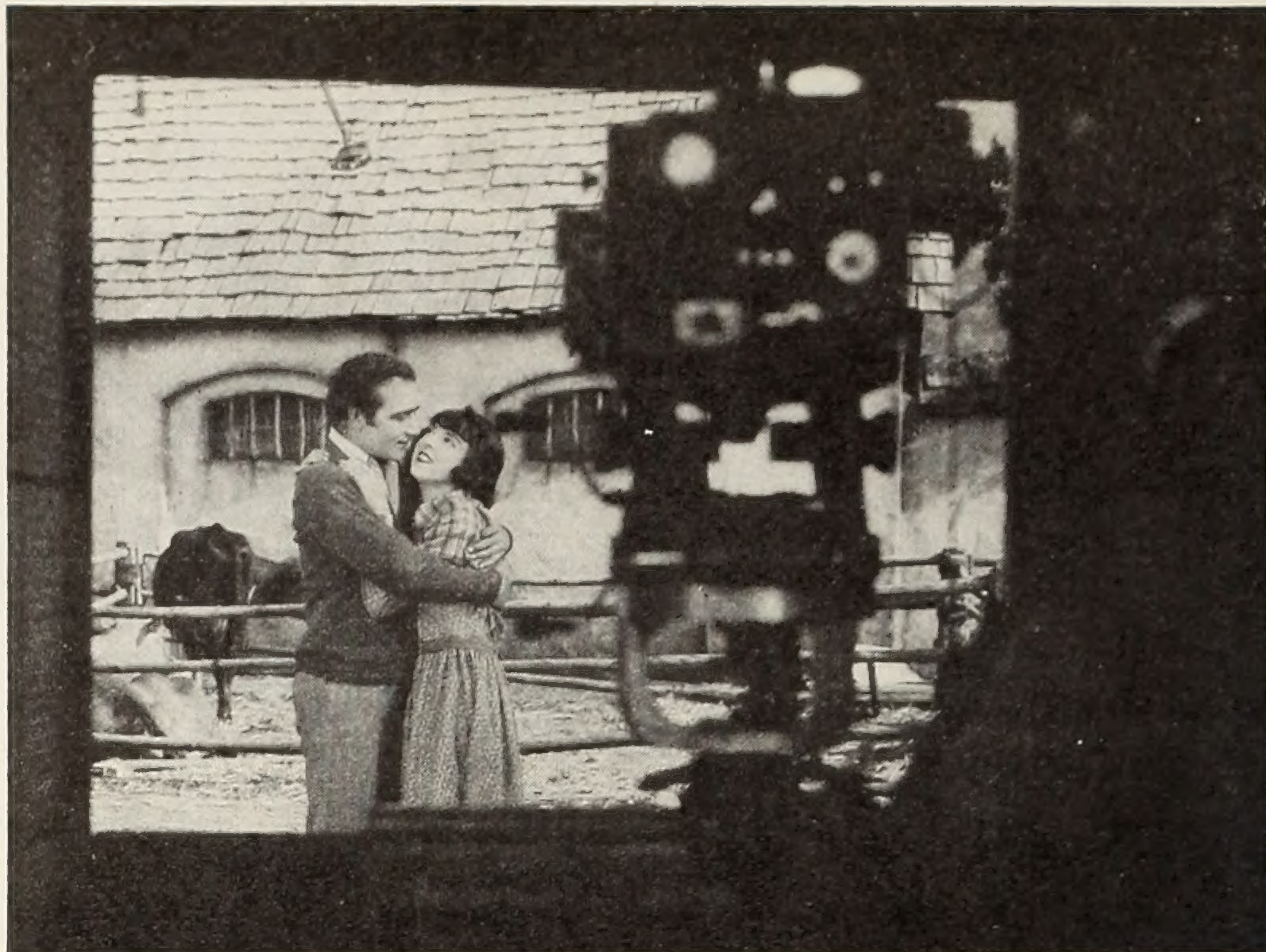
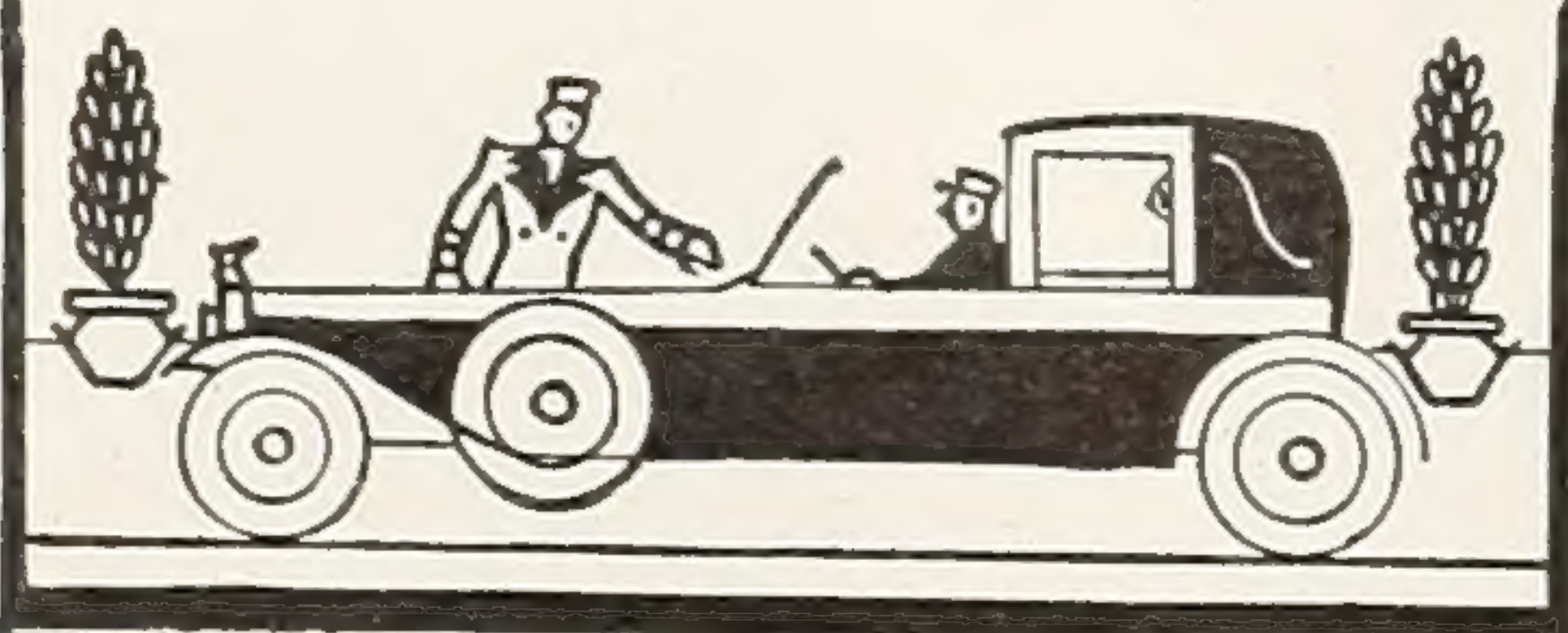
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Ⓐ A talkie closeup as it looks from the sound-proof booth in which the cameraman works. Colleen Moore and James Hall enacting a scene from "Smiling Irish Eyes."

stance, your public has been constant. Sounds like a theme song. SCREENLAND will tell you all about the new Constance in an interview next month.

The Bennett family are all in pictures now. Richard, papa Bennett, was in "The Hometowns," Barbara Bennett and her husband, Morton Downey, were in "Syn-copation," and Joan Bennett, the baby of the family, plays opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond."

Colleen Moore's famous 'Dutch' bob is gone and you can blame it on her first talkie, "Smiling Irish Eyes." Colleen's rôle calls for an unsophisticated girl of rural Ireland. Consequently she will be seen with her hair dressed with short curls at the back, caught up with a ribbon tied in a bow. But we have Colleen's promise that the change of coiffure is just temporary and that's a relief. Imagine our Colleen without her cute bob. It would be as disastrous as seeing Charlie Chaplin without his trick mustache or Harold Lloyd without his tortoise-shell glasses in his comedies or even a movie without sound—enough of this!

William Haines is going to make a sound sequel to "Brown of Harvard." We are not only rooting for him but we're placing bets on him that he wins both the girl and the game. Come on, now, all together—Rah! Rah! for Hey, Hey, Haines!

While we are in this cheerful, cheering mood we might as well tell you about the other college pictures coming along. Eddie Quillan has the lead in "Joe College." Jeanette Loff and Sally O'Neil are his femme support. What a lucky break for Eddie. Then there's "The College Coquette." No cast has been selected for this one as yet. And, of course, "The Collegians" series are still going strong.

Here's something we just had to bring up — Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, are working on their first talkie, "Backstage Blues," with Evelyn Brent as the feminine lead.

Adolphe Menjou, that breaker of screen hearts, homes or what have you, is to do "The Concert" as his introduction to the talkie screen. It's the story of a handsome

musician, the idol of the fair sex, who becomes so engrossed in their flattery that he forgets his wife. Can't you just see the suave Mr. Menjou in this rôle? Fay Compton will play opposite him.

Joan Crawford's first talkie is "Jungle." It's a story of modern life and will carry our Joan into primitive places of South America. Joan also has a part in Metro-Goldwyn's Hollywood Revue of 1929.



Ⓐ Dixie Lee is a very good reason for expecting much of "Fox Movietone Follies." She can sing, too!

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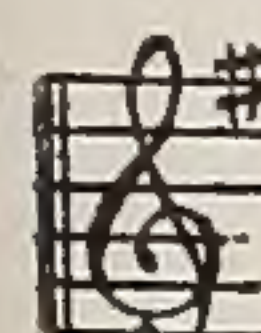
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Here's the Fans'-For-'Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is *YOUR* department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

Just
Suppose!



DEAR EDITOR:—

What would you think if: Mary Brian did a Greta Garbo, Alice White successfully vamped Ramon Novarro, Ben Turpin's eyes suddenly flew to the opposite sides, John Barrymore went in for slapstick, Buddy Rogers suddenly changed his name to Oswald Van Maritz. Colleen Moore turned out to be Lillian Gish's sister, Lloyd Hughes adopted Davey Lee, Rin-Tin-Tin used make-up, You didn't see at least 50 clinches in every Garbo-Gilbert picture, Buster Keaton forgot and gave a hearty laugh in the middle of a picture, Dick Arlen got mixed and said "Jobyna" instead of "Mary" in the middle of a talkie, Clara Bow's hair turned green, Baclanova actually looked sweet, Girls stopped raving over Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford got a boyish bob, Lee Duncan married Clara Bow, Harry Langdon went in for Gilbert stuff, Movie magazines 'weren't,' and SCREENLAND wasn't the best magazine on the market!

Sincerely,

Helen Andresen,
4451 North Campbell Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

has bought "The Wheel of Chance," a dramatic stage play, and have assigned Richard Dix to make it for them. It is a strong drama and Rich will be cast as a captain in the British India service. What a marvellous break for him! The breaks he deserves are beginning to come to him after years of 'glorified quickies.'

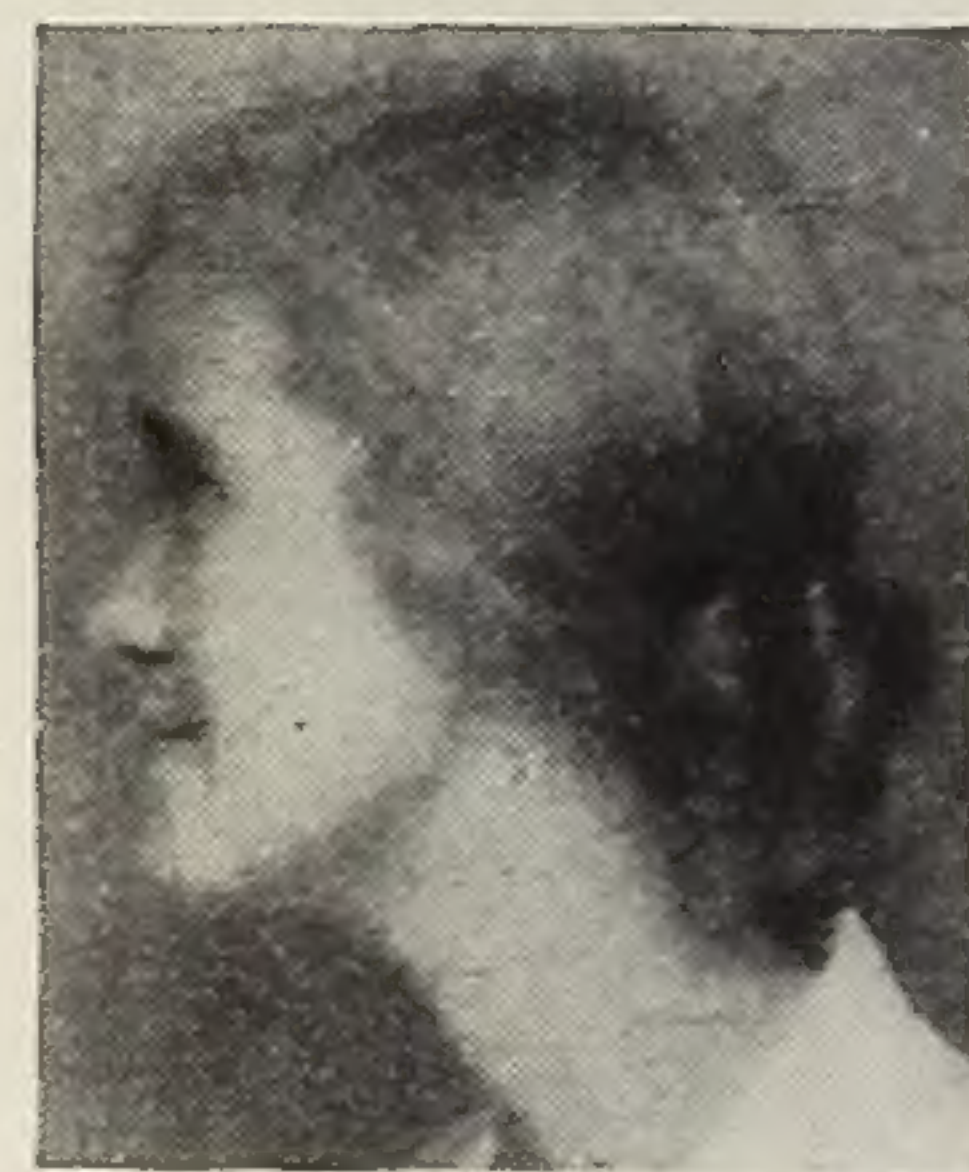
I wonder if you can realize what a big dramatic attraction you would be worshipping had Richard Dix been given some of the fine dramatic stories that John Gilbert has had in the past year or two? The talkies are putting him on top where he belongs. His voice in "Nothing But the Truth" is something to write home about. And that's the truth—no fooling!

Come on, Rich, we're all pulling for you and we know "The Wheel of Chance" is going to be grand!

Sincerely,

Harold Revine,
179 Arthur Street,
Ottawa, Canada.

Ray! Ray!
For
Charlie.



DEAR EDITOR:—

Not that my vote will do much good, but I want to see Charles Ray back on the screen, in talking pictures. Like Bessie Love, he knows the movie technique, and he's had experience on the stage. I saw him last week in his vaudeville turn. He stopped the show. Not because he was a movie star, either, although that counted in the loud, welcoming applause, but because he could put over a song like a veteran. Why, the boy's good! His singing voice may not be of operatic timbre, but he has lots of pep, personality, and humor. Get him to impersonate the blues singers, with gestures. It's sidesplitting!

This young man is droll, sophisticated, wistful, talented. Don't you want to see

Dix Has
Sound
Appeal!



DEAR EDITOR:—

I was very happy to hear that Paramount



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Staged by
Lumsden Hare
JOHN FORD
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him in pictures again? Then let's all get together in one long shout:

We want Charlie Ray!

With best wishes.

Margaret Johnson,
2463 Valentine Avenue,
New York City.

A Few Bouquets



DEAR EDITOR:—

I'm handing out bouquets to everyone. First one goes to you! The last issue of SCREENLAND gave me absolute, sheer complete enjoyment. The covers are beautiful and the contents always interesting.

A bouquet for Pola Negri. Let's give her two—just because! One for Bacanova (Yippée!) Another for Aileen Pringle.

Paul Lukas is the first male actor I admire. I liked him in all his pictures, with the exception of "Two Lovers."

It seems everyone likes the youngsters. Here's one for all sophisticates!

I notice fans exchange photos through the movie magazine. Great! I have a great many Valentino stories and pictures and I'll give the whole layout to any reader of SCREENLAND who will send pictures of my favorites (especially Pola Negri).

If Pola sent me another letter, it couldn't make me happier than to see my letter in SCREENLAND, the Ace of motion picture magazines!

Very sincerely yours,

Julia Tamara Reino,
215 East 121st Street,
New York City.

going to win that \$500.00—and there is just a chance that this time will be our lucky strike.

Last, but surely not least, are the reviews. The time and money they save us, by steering us to the best pictures. Not only that, but sometimes we are unable to attend a certain picture we have looked forward to, and the interestingly written review brings it almost before our eyes. Thanks to the advice contained in SCREENLAND from month to month, I was one of the ten winners in a contest staged by our local theaters, for naming the ten best pictures shown in their houses during the year. The prize was a pass which admits me to any of the theaters, any or every night for a month. No wonder I am enthusiastic over SCREENLAND!

Of course, a fan letter wouldn't be complete without a confession of a favorite, and mine is Richard Arlen. His is no meteoric rise, no over-night stardom which flashes for a few weeks and then is gone, but the steady rise of talent and ability which could not be concealed forever in extra and "bit" parts.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth J. Winter,
13 Westlake Avenue,
Auburn, New York.

For Doris Kenyon



DEAR EDITOR:—

I am going to tell the fans about my friendship with Doris Kenyon. As much as I like Doris on the screen I love her more for herself. She is so real and gives so much happiness. Doris and I have corresponded for several years. I have many gifts from her as well as photographs, snaps and such things. I wish you could have seen my Christmas box!

Charles Mank, Jr., was right when he said that Doris Kenyon never forgets a Christmas card. I know that she sent many to friends of mine — and they were so pleased. She does such thoughtful things to make her fan friends happy. They're not just fans, but friends. Doris has told me often that she wishes she could keep in touch with all her fan friends, but it is impossible.

She is very talented as you all know. I have just received a long letter from her telling me all about a recital she is giving with a well-known pianist. She will give her original monologues, in costume, with piano accompaniment. I have many photographs of little baby Kenyon Sills. His famous mother and father are very devoted to their little golden-haired baby.

I have many charming letters from such stars as Conrad Nagel, Lois Moran, Tove Blue, Dolores Del Rio, Helen Ferguson and Louise Dresser and others.

Sincere letters are appreciated by the screen players. Be careful how you write and be original and you'll get results.

Sincerely,

Lucile Carlson,
206 East Main Street,
Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

Her Testimonial



DEAR EDITOR:—

SCREENLAND—the key to the Fans' Movie Dreamland! There we meet as girl-to-girl (or man-to-man), our friends of the silver sheet. We attend their formal dinner parties, and their informal swimming and tea fests. We share their disappointments, and applaud their good breaks. We attend the premiers, admiring the wonderful gowns and furs (if we are of the feminine gender), and collecting an autograph or two of our favorites. We see them at home and on the set. We walk down the Boulevard and hear the comments on "To Talk—or not to Talk"; have luncheon at Henry's; and are allowed to go on location with SCREENLAND's Location Lady. All for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Then there are the contests. Although we have never won a contest in our lives (and have tried most all of them), we start the new one just as enthusiastically. Some lucky person, perhaps in our own town, is

On
Our
Side

DEAR EDITOR:—

Well, if this isn't a clever little 'Introduction Street' where you meet yourself and everybody else, located between Sweet Bouquets and Criticism and facing the Stars!

Life seems to give us an opportunity for both duty and entertainment. One apparently requires the support of the other in order to keep the wheels of commerce turning. Undoubtedly, movies are my choice of entertainment.

While in training as a nurse I was considered a 'movie-goer.' A great number of the girls used to say they couldn't afford this luxury nor that, probably didn't suppose they could save enough pennies in a year to purchase a calico necktie for a humming bird; but ever so often reports came—"What a glorious picture" or "Sure glad I went to the show tonight."

I claim "Lilac Time" as being my supreme favorite picture. Its unequaled beauty leaves a lasting impression.

All in all I thoroughly enjoy the movies and I think giving the readers a chance to express their opinions is a great thing.

Sincerely,

I. Thorpe, R. N.,
Mayville, North Dakota.

Praise For
Mary Pickford

DEAR EDITOR:—

I have decided that SCREENLAND wins as being the best of all the movie books printed. It not only gives you more for your money but it gives you more inside news on the stars and the pictures they are making. I am a great movie fan and I think that Vitaphone is one of the greatest of all inventions and I hope that it never fades out. To me pictures that are not talkies are rather boring as I like to hear the voices of my favorites as well as see them. The talkies make the picture more realistic and you really feel the part.

I saw Mary Pickford in "Coquette." She certainly lives up to her name 'America's Sweetheart.' She was marvelous—her voice was so sweet and for once in my life at a theater I really shed a few tears! As a rule the saddest of pictures never phase me but somehow her sweet voice got me. I saw "Show Boat" and it was wonderful. Laura La Plante certainly proves herself a great actress in that picture. My favorites are, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Bill Haines, Buddy Rogers, and Corinne Griffith.

Sincerely,

Stanley Haskins, Jr.,
5825 Highland Avenue
Kansas City, Missouri.

Brunettes

are the worst
offenders!



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So easy to
remove hair
with Del-a-Tone
—only 3 minutes!



—But blondes are no exception

The smartness that sheer silk stockings impart, is something no chic woman wishes to forfeit. Yet how often not only the effect of smartness, but good taste as well, is utterly sacrificed by the superfluous hair seen through the gossamer silken web of a stocking.

There's no need to run the risk of being judged crude and lacking in daintiness when it's so simple to remove offending hair with DEL-A-TONE.

Applied directly from its handy tube, DEL-A-TONE Cream, snowy-white, creamy and dainty, has no equal for *complete* removal of hair from legs, arms, under arms, back of neck, and face. Does not encourage heavier growth, but rather, tends to retard it.

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A Tip From a Fan



DEAR EDITOR:—

March SCREENLAND had a letter of mine printed. And to my delight the fans are writing me and asking: "What do you write to the stars to receive such personal replies?"

In the May SCREENLAND I read—"Attention, Charles Mank, Jr." The fan asked the same question. Here is my only answer. Write the stars as you would a chum or friend of yours. Not just a note saying: "My dear Mr. Novarro: You are a wonderful actor. I think you are handsome. Send me your photograph, please."

Here's a tip, fans. I wrote a fan note to Bodil Rosing telling her of a role in a story suited to her acting. Miss Rosing wrote me a long handwritten letter. She sent me a signed photograph and a memory slip signed with her motto. She even asked me to write again.

Prove to the star you are interested in her reel life as well as real life.

When Clara Bow had the flu I sent her a note and clippings from home-town papers which told about her illness. I enclosed a memory book slip. I got it back signed—"For Charles Mank, Best wishes always. Sincerely, Clara Bow." I saved the envelope, as it had been addressed by Clara.

Mary Pickford sent me a "Thank you" note from a condolence note in behalf of her mother's death.

I write to the addresses the movie magazines give—I have no pull with the stars. I just write them sincere letters.

This Christmas I received cards from Paddy O'Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. Sills, Sue Carol, Lois Moran, Franklin Pangborn, Claire Windsor, Helen Ferguson, Rex Bell, Albert Conti and a letter from Lina Basquette.

I hope that every fan that reads this will write to me. Also every Rudy Valentino fan. I am asking all the "Rudy" fans to send me any articles, write-ups, or poems they have written in Rudy's honor. I am writing a book called "The Fan's Own Book about Rudolph Valentino."

I want to thank SCREENLAND for the many new pen pals I have made since my letter was printed.

Sincerely,

Charles Mank, Jr.,
226 East Mill Street,
Staunton, Illinois.

Because She Likes Nice Things!



DEAR EDITOR:—

To you and yours—because of SCREENLAND.

To the talkies—long may the silent drama live.

To Lupe Velez—may we in the future read less about her—but more of Polly Moran.

To Vilma Banky — because of "The Awakening" and because she is one of the screen's most beautiful women.

To Emil Jannings — because of "The Patriot," "Sins of the Fathers," "The Way of All Flesh"; and because he is that rare individual, 'an actor with a soul.'

To Charles Farrell—because of "Seventh Heaven" and because he is indeed a very remarkable fellow.

To Margaret Mann—because of "Four Sons" and because she made you think of 'Home Sweet Home.'

To Lon Chaney—because of "West of Zanzibar."

To Barry Norton—because of "Mother Knows Best" and because he is like the flame of a candle light.

To Belle Bennett — because of "Stella Dallas" and because she is all-womanly.

To Lars Hanson—because of "Homecoming."

To Gustav Froehlich—because of "Homecoming" and because he thoroughly lived his part rather than played it.

To Dita Parlo—why they sent her back to her native country is beyond me.

To Ramon Novarro—because of "The Student Prince" and because he is like a saintly monk.

To Paul Lukas—because of "The Shop-Worn Angel" and others. May we see more of him.

To Nils Asther—because of "A Dream of Love."

To Jean Hersholt—because he can remind you of your old dad.

To Greta Garbo—because of "A Woman of Affairs" and because without her the screen would be dead!

To King Vidor — because of "The Crowd."

To Clara Bow—because of "The Fleet's In" and because she has something of that precious little thing called 'pep.'

To Richard Barthelmess — because of "Broken Blossoms" and "Weary River."

To Grace M. Tether—because of her very interesting letter to this department (April issue of SCREENLAND). May she let us hear from her again.

Sincerely,

Ella Nikisher,
1225 Lancaster Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Buddy Rogers Scores



DEAR EDITOR:—

This is my first letter in regard to the movies and to my favorite screen stars. So many people knock the talkies. But to those who knock them, remember there are two more people who are for them. I always read SCREENLAND Magazine.

It is really a comfort to read letters from other folks who have the same favorites. When they say a kind word about them you wish you could shake their hand. My

favorites are: Charles Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown, Billie Dove, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert and Barry Norton. But my favorite of favorites is Buddy Rogers.

I wish the best of success to SCREEN-
LAND.

Sincerely,
Nelson Suffel,
35 South 11th Street,
Sunbury, Pennsylvania.

Haines Her Pet Rave



DEAR EDITOR:—

I'm going to make the most of my opportunity to boost my favorites.

The talkies are wonderful. What a thrill to hear the voices of such stars as Gary Cooper, Conrad Nagel, Buddy Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Mackaill and Betty Compson.

But best of all, I might add, I have heard none to compare with that of my favorite, William Haines. Know him, girls? He's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's little boy. And a great little boy he is. Don't you agree with me?

I saw and heard "Alias Jimmy Valentine." I confess I was rather surprised when I heard Billy's voice. I had thought he'd have that fatal southern drawl but his voice is as peppy as his acting. And Leila Hyams, who plays opposite him in this picture, has the sweetest voice of any actress I've heard so far.

Give us more talkies and let us see more of such stars as Bill Haines, John Mack Brown, Joan Crawford, Jeanette Loff and Hugh Allan.

Success and more success to the talkies!

Sincerely,
Betty Rice,
703 West Cumberland Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

He Likes Them All!

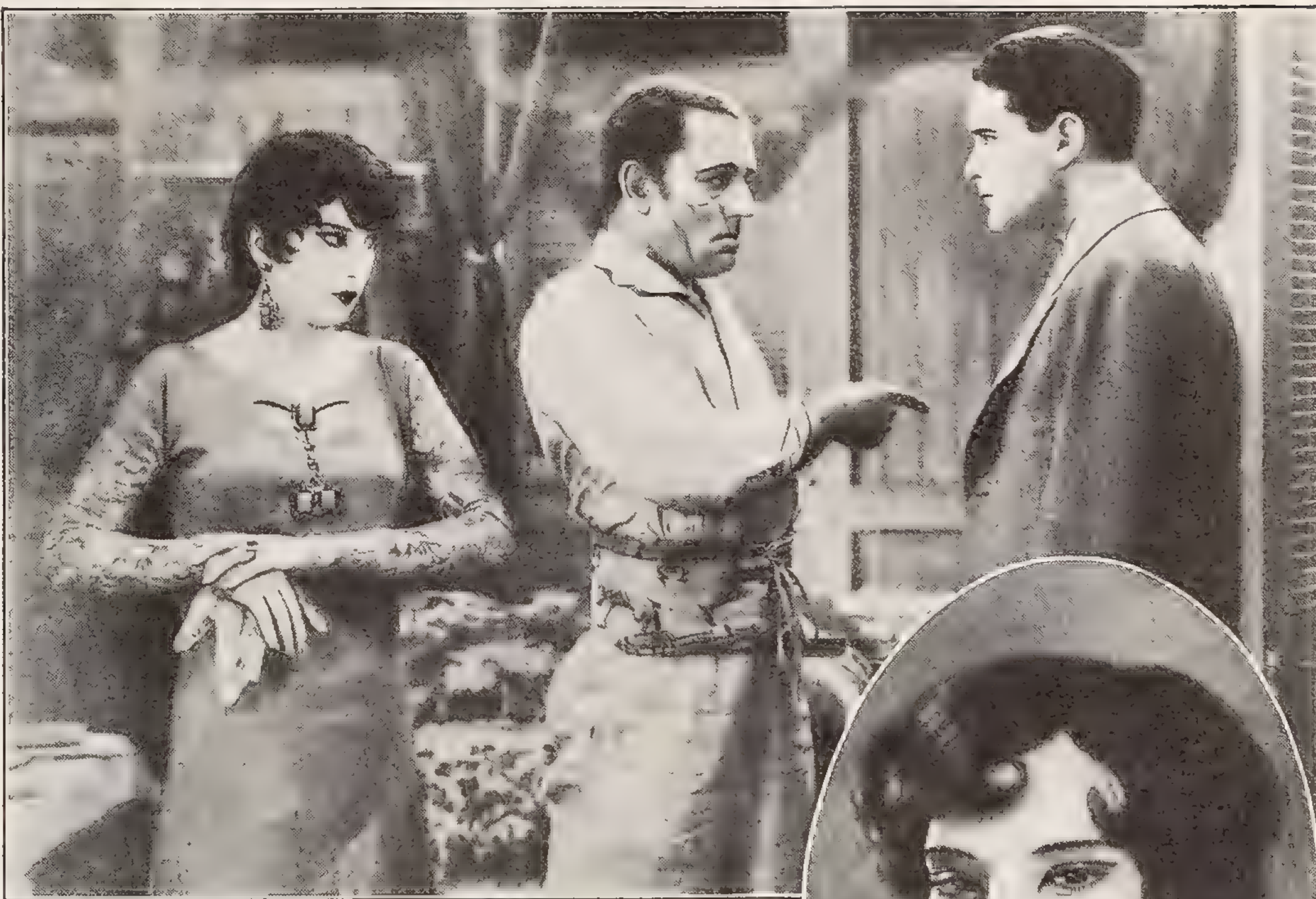


DEAR EDITOR:—

Just a few words for the movies, the stars, and some of the nice fan clubs. I am very fond of them all.

The movies have given me some wonderful hours of entertainment and I am very grateful. I have been a fan for years and have watched many stars come and go. In the small, dingy theaters I have watched Madge Evans, Alice Brady, Ethel Clayton, and so many others. I have seen these theaters change into magnificent palaces and am very proud of it all.

The stars! I like them all! I have seen lots of the stars in person and have not yet been disappointed in one. Gary Cooper who seems to be growing more popular



Estelle Taylor, Lon Chaney and Lloyd Hughes in the thrilling steamer scene in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's recent sensation, "Where East is East"
At right—Estelle Taylor applying Boncilla clasmic pack

WAKE THE SKIN AS BEAUTIES DO

CLEAR IT...CLEANSE IT...MAKE IT GLOW

Remove the Blemishes—Combat the Faults

MOVIE stars and stage stars by the scores have paid high tribute to Boncilla clasmic pack. Many send their pictures. Some people think that we pay for such testimony, but we don't. It is given freely to be used in helping other women.

We publish the facts and the pictures because these are professional beauties. They know how to look their best. We use them to urge all girls and women to profit by their advice.

The Basis of Beauty

Beauty demands these things:

- A radiant glow*
- A clear, clean skin*
- A soft, smooth skin*
- An animated look*

It demands the removal of blackheads and blemishes, of dead skin and hardened oil. To nourish and revive the skin, the blood must be drawn to the surface.

A youthful look demands that little lines be eradicated. Wrinkles must be combated, sagging muscles must be firmed. Enlarged pores must be reduced.

All the world over, beauties and beauty experts are using for these purposes Boncilla clasmic pack. Nothing else compares. It must be used before the make-up if you wish to look your best.

Results are Quick

Results are both quick and amazing. Any girl can gain much new, glowing beauty inside 30 minutes. Many older women seem to drop ten years. Your evening joys can be multiplied. Your friends can be surprised. All by using this skin wake-up before you add the make-up.

Prove this tonight in fairness to yourself. It is folly to forfeit attractions which mean so much to you.

Boncilla clasmic pack is available wherever toilet goods are sold. Tubes, 50c and \$1—jars, \$3.50. Or send the coupon with 10 cents for an introductory packet of the four chief Boncilla aids, including a liberal sachet of the new hyray beauty powder. A week's supply of all of them. Clip coupon now.

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Send me your four quick aids to beauty—the pack, two creams and new hyray powder. I enclose a dime.

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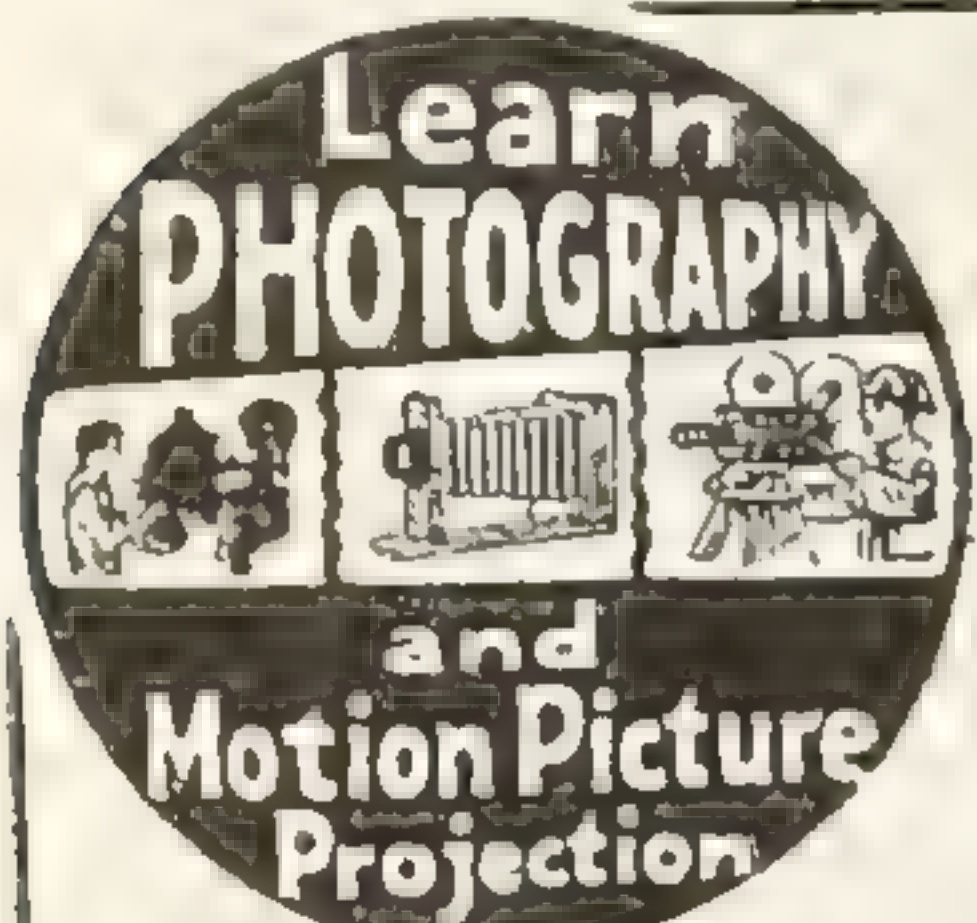
BLONDES!

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A PRICELESS beauty secret for every blonde who wants to keep her hair light, bright and lovely! All you do is use a special shampoo when you wash your hair. This new shampoo for blondes only is called *Blondex*. Keeps hair from darkening—puts new life and sparkle in dull, faded hair. Acts in safe, natural way—no dyes or harsh

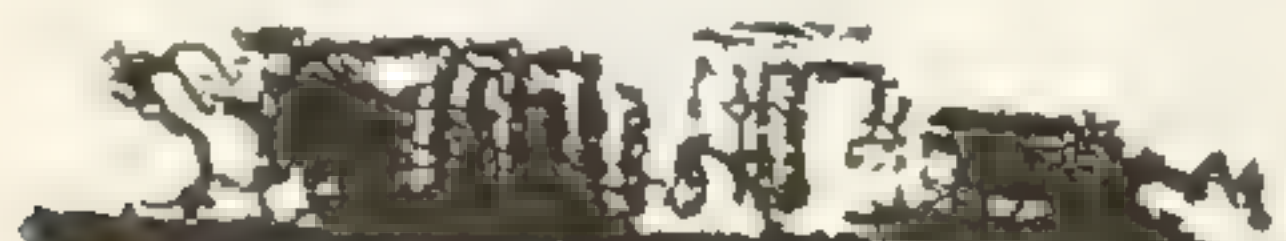
bleaches—fine for scalp. Already used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



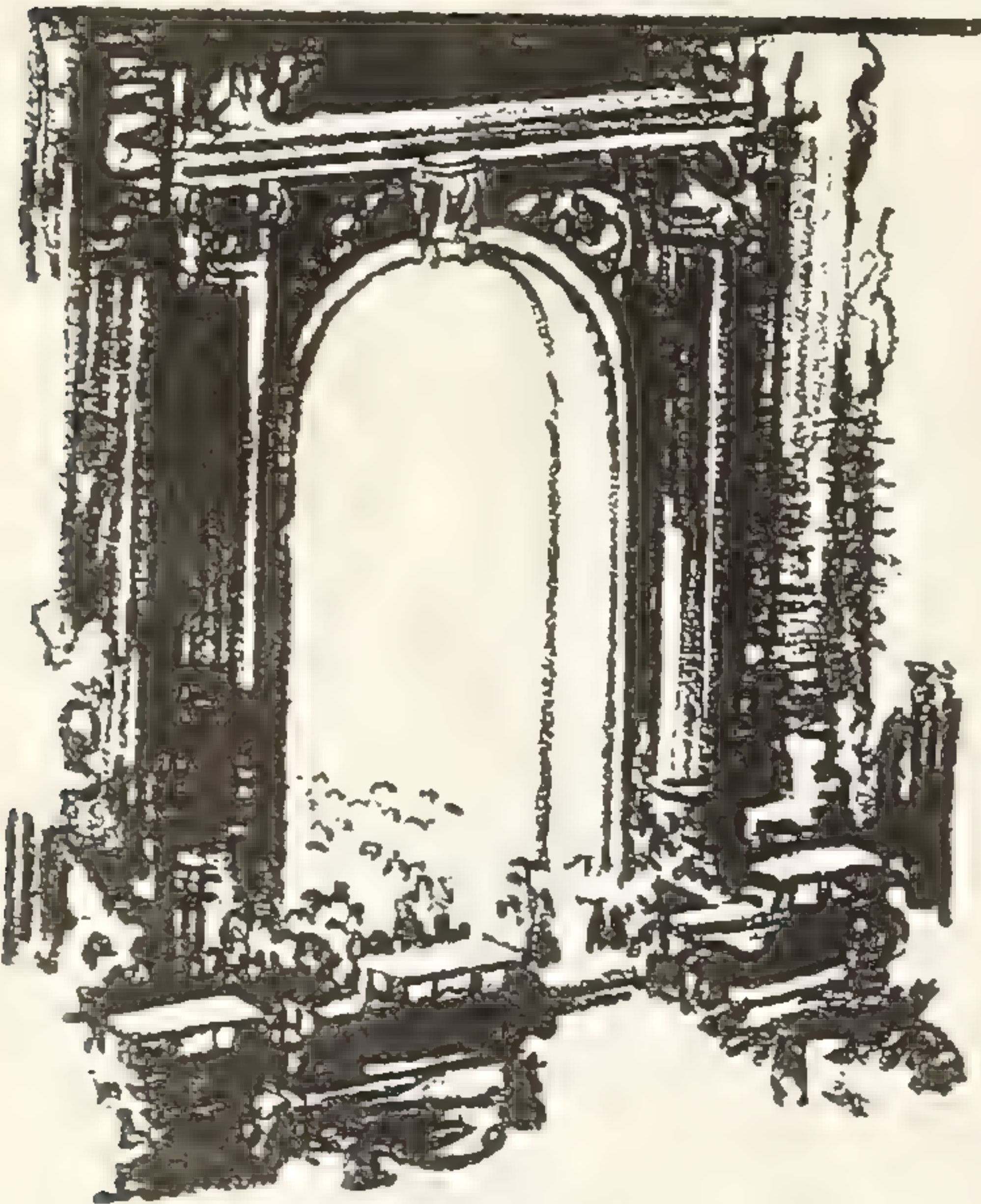
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THE Doorway of Hospitality



ENTER the doorway of this popular hostelry and you feel at home. There's an atmosphere of cordial welcome which marks the difference between the Hollywood Plaza and ordinary hotels.

Your room, too, has that added touch of distinction. Pictures on the wall, overstuffed furniture, a floor lamp and reading lamp... these are but a few of the features that make you feel at home.

Pig'n Whistle Dining Service insures the best of food. Therefore, when you are next in Los Angeles be sure to investigate.

THE HOLLYWOOD PLAZA HOTEL

Vine Street at Hollywood Boulevard
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

every day, is very tall, handsome, and so nice. Buddy Rogers, America's boy friend, is just as nice in flesh as in pictures, rather dark and such a nice smile. Charles Chaplin is about the most friendly-looking person I have ever seen. How I wish he would make a modern picture without his trick makeup. He would be a wow! Billie Dove is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She always looks just like a picture. Colleen Moore is just as sweet and lovable as can be. And all the others I have seen are as wonderful as we expect.

Thanks, SCREENLAND, for giving us this department. You are our favorite and we knew you would do right by 'Us Fans!'

Sincerely yours,

William Shumate,

2927 Exposition Avenue,
Shreveport, Louisiana.

A Trouper Fan



DEAR EDITOR:—

Having read SCREENLAND for several years I decided to attempt a fan letter. It might have a few items that may interest the other fans. I have traveled from coast to coast several times. During these travels I've met some of my favorite movie stars. (No, I'm not a traveling salesman—I'm a chorine in one of the picture houses!)

The jolliest man I ever met was Ben Turpin. He spoke to everyone around and seemed very gay and carefree. I saw Francis X. Bushman, Jr., with his wife and daughter. They lived at the hotel where I was stopping. One time I saw Hoot Gibson on Market Street in Los Angeles and said 'Hello' to him. He smiled and waved to me. Being rather bold, I stood on the fence of Marion Davies' beach home and took pictures of her home and beautiful Great Dane. While looking over the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood I saw John Holland coming out. In Omaha I saw Eugene O'Brien, who was in vaudeville at the time. He's getting stout. Of course, I saw nearly all the movie stars' homes and other interesting sights but I'm getting rather lonesome for New York City.

Sincerely,

Blaire Dean,
c/o Billboard,
1560 Broadway,
New York City.

Personalities



DEAR EDITOR:—

Your fan department is getting more interesting all the time.

A word about Lupe Velez. I have just

seen her in "Lady of the Pavements." That girl has more pep and personality than any actress I've seen in a long time, with the exception of Clara Bow. I'd like to compliment Lupe for this, too: when William Boyd kissed the palm of her hand she didn't breathe deeply and look very disturbed. The only actress I've seen who didn't do that. It was a relief.

And then, Joan Crawford. After seeing "Our Dancing Daughters," "Dream of Love" wasn't so good. However, I'm looking forward to seeing her play opposite Doug Jr. in "Modern Maidens." Joan's eyes speak volumes.

Greta Garbo I think is the most arresting personality on the screen today. No matter what the picture is, Garbo makes it vital and real.

Good wishes to Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Emil Jannings, George Bancroft and Warner Baxter.

Most sincerely,

Isobel Burnap,
412 St. Paul Street,
Burlington, Vermont.

To Baclanova



DEAR EDITOR:—

Since viewing Back-LON-ova in the mighty talkie of Wall Street with George Bancroft, I have studied, worried, written to, and found out how, the correct pronunciation of her name and there it is for you—above. I figured that quite an achievement.

I didn't think Baclanova so hot at first: she had to grow on me, but with the talkie and her spicy enunciation along with an excellent performance, she won me over entirely. And I think she should properly appreciate that fact! She is truly a Russian menace.

A rare treat I enjoyed recently and I just must tell the SCREENLAND fan readers about it—while attending a performance of "Wolf Song" with the whoopee Lupe Velez and strong, silent Gary Cooper, no other than Claire Windsor appeared in person. And a rare, exquisite treat it was. I think Claire should appear in more pictures and am anxiously awaiting to hear her in talkies, inasmuch as her clear, sweet voice only adds to her charm and beauty.

"Show Boat" is another winner for talkies, a fascinating tale well enacted with Laura La Plante adding another feather to her cap. And Joseph Schildkraut's voice registers—and the singing!

And Richard Barthelmess in "Weary River." Richard is flowing on and on, upward to success—and more success, beautifully assisted by Betty Compson.

Betty is a lot like Lillian Gish—only different. Betty is always telling her man she doesn't expect him to marry her—while the ever-abused Lillian expects them to—and they never do! Lillian Gish is without a doubt the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen.

I'm pulling all strings for Novarro to appear in his concert abroad, so that he will rush back to Hollywood all the quicker and sing in the talkies.

Please, Miss Editor, use your influence and don't let them separate Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor: a combination so perfect, so exactly true to type, it is a shame even to divide Janet with George O'Brien.

This Fans' Forum department is by far the most entertaining one I have ever read and I do not miss an issue of SCREENLAND—mostly because everyone who contributes is always For-'Em.

Yours truly,
Ruth Wadlington,
1405 E. Broadway,
Joplin, Missouri.

She Likes Co-starring Teams



DEAR EDITOR:—

Speaking of the talkies—and who isn't these days?—why can't folks leave them alone until they hear a few more of them? I enjoy the talkies. As a matter of fact, unless the picture has sound it doesn't seem right to me.

Like everyone I have my favorites: Richard Dix, Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford, Jack Holt and Joan Crawford. I also like the John Gilbert-Greta Garbo combination. They were wonderful in "A Woman of Affairs." The Norma Talmadge-Gilbert Roland team is good too. I like Johnny Mack Brown, and see every one of his pictures.

Sincerely,
Mary Lee Poole,
Seaford, Delaware.

Greta Garbo's Artistry



DEAR EDITOR:—

I read SCREENLAND regularly and I think it is a splendid magazine.

My favorite is the incomparable Greta Garbo. She is, in my opinion, the greatest personality of the screen. She's not only beautiful but a great artist.

At first I detested talkies but Al Jolson sold me on them. His sound-proof voice and personality are an asset to the movies.

It would be a shame to lose some of our silent stars because their voices do not record. A double should speak for them so that we may keep our favorites and our illusions.

Sincerely,
Russell P. McCallum,
Lenox School,
Lenox, Massachusetts.

This is
YOUR DEPARTMENT
Let's hear from you!

"Amazing—so many women
must learn this from others"

—writes a Washington hostess



An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved

WHERE smart women gather socially—or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

Kotex now scientifically deodorizes*

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that deodorizes safely, completely. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may adjust layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been

specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



MADAME

¶ We wish we had the handkerchief concession for "Madame X." We would be rich—and then we could buy Ruth Chatterton, the star, a gold-plated laurel wreath for her exquisite performance. She melted the hearts and mascara of society ladies and film critics and usherettes, at the opening on Broadway.

¶ A Lovely Lady from the Stage Steps into the Screen Spotlight

¶ Screenland's Chapeau is Raised to the Glamorous Ruth Chatterton

¶ Ruth Chatterton was famous on the speaking stage for her tender and true characterizations in such plays as Barrie's "Mary Rose." But when she came to the screen she was cast in rôles of a different mould. In the Jannings film, "Sins of the Fathers," she was a hard-boiled wench. In "The Doctor's Secret" she played a wayward wife. And now in "Madame X" she scores in the time-honored part of the erring but gallant mother. Ruth Chatterton has earned her place among the movie immortals.

SCREENLAND

July
1929



DELIGHT EVANS,
Editor.
Her Page.

SCREENLAND is wired
for sound!

Everybody else is talking, why not you? You—Joe and Josephine Public, have been pretty patient while the talkies roared and muttered and gurgled and grunted. Now it's your turn. SCREENLAND is your microphone. Speak right up! Are you for or against talkies? What do you really think of them? Do you hope they live and prosper, or are you wishing them a speedy demise? This may seem, at first, like asking you if you are sold on spinach. Whether you are or not, you get it just the same—it's an old spinach custom. But listen!

The talkies were upon you almost without warning. One day you were sitting peacefully in your favorite aisle seat in your pet picture theater, when a strange sound smote your ear. Maybe it was a football crowd cheering. Maybe it was Sonny Boy. Whatever it sounded like, it was actually the first cry of the new-born talking picture. The producers were nearly as surprised as you. They didn't know what to do with this changeling. Some of them declared in no uncertain terms that they wouldn't have anything to do with it at all. In a few months or even weeks they were eating those words—with sound accompaniment.

It has been well said that the silent and the sound pictures are distinctly different art forms—if any. The in-

audibles are supposed to evoke mood, atmosphere, emotion. The talkies—and particularly in the future if color and depth are added—are the next thing to real life itself. Nearer than literature, nearer than music or painting or sculpture. In fact, the darned things may be so realistic that they'll have us all actors in a colossal super-talkie, which some master director may sweep boldly and bodily from the street scenes of the city, the movement in cafes and factories and offices and homes—"All the world's a sound stage!" (Oh, mind your own business! Can't we

have any privacy?)

Right now, however, we should stop to consider that three of the greatest artists of the silent stage have taken their stands once and for all against the talkies. Charlie Chaplin, Lon Chaney, and Emil Jannings have flatly refused to become audible. (You don't catch any of the lady stars refusing, do you?) Chaplin's decision has placed him 'twixt love and duty—business interests pulling him one way and his art another. He reiterates: "I will never make a talkie." Chaney is equally adamant. Jannings will make silent dramas in Europe. As long as this trio holds out, the silent drama is not dead.

Think it over. You, the public, are the final judge of whether talkies are here to stay. Consider the coupon on this page. Mark an X beside your opinion, and then mail the coupon to me.

The results of SCREENLAND's Reader Ballot will be presented to the leading motion picture producers. They will be interested, I can assure you, in your verdict.

Let's go!

The Editor of SCREENLAND
49 West 45th Street
New York City

I prefer talkies to silent pictures.....

I am NOT in favor of talkies.....

Name

Address

Come Right In!



☞ Ina Claire is one of the First Ladies of Broadway and we won't be surprised to find her soon becoming one of the foremost stars of Hollywood



☞ Marilyn Miller is coming to the screen to defend her title of America's premier musical comedy star. She will sing and dance in "Sally."



☞ Ze piquant and provocative Parisienne, Mademoiselle Irene Bordoni, who will make ze ooh-la-la for First National-Vitaphone. She will bring that dear Paris to your front door!



☞ Left: the lovely and very blonde Ann Harding is doing her first talkie for Pathé.

☞ Barbara Stanwyck opens the studio door to her sister-stars who have come all the way from Broadway to make talkies in Hollywood. Barbara will play in "The Locked Door" — her movie debut.



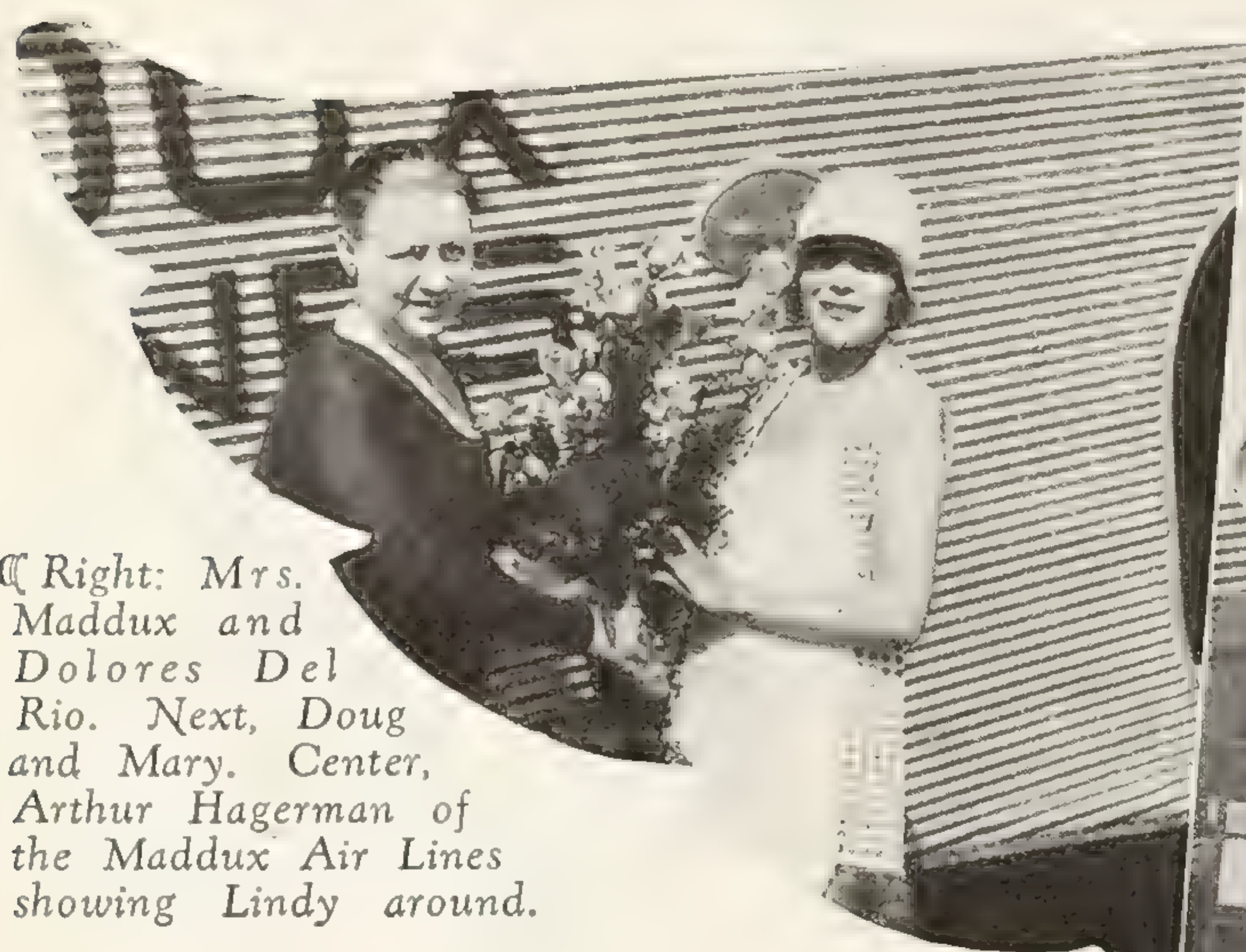
☪ Patsy Ruth Miller — movie star and student pilot—she loves it!

The High

☪ Up in the Air with the Hollywood Stars.

THE stars have taken to the air! And what, I ask you, could be a more natural state of affairs?

Hollywood small talk is full of such terms as: "hop off," "sit down," "zoom," "crack-up," and so on. Hollywood hostesses never know whether guests will really appear or just wave to the party as they dip toward them in their plane, as Clarence Brown did the day Frances Marion



☪ Right: Mrs. Maddux and Dolores Del Rio. Next, Doug and Mary. Center, Arthur Hagerman of the Maddux Air Lines showing Lindy around.



☪ Below: Bill Hart saying his prayers to Captain Jess Hart before he goes up for his first trip in the air. Bill wishes he had Pinto along!



All photographs by Dick Whittington except Patsy Ruth Miller's by Manatt and Miss Cooper's by Inman.

gave her farewell party and practically all the stars of the film world were there. Clarence looped and spun into the canyon beside the house while we yelled at him from the lawn.

"I hope that's not Dorothy (Sebastian) with him," said Gertrude Olmsted, "because she hates to do air stunts. She is still none too comfortable over straight flying, and never would go except that Clarence is so mad about it." But it wasn't Dorothy. It was Merrill Pye



☪ The members of the Studio Flying Club. Back row: Buckingham, A. E. McManus, Jr., Tay Douglas Shearer (Norma's brother), Bottom row: Francis Durfee, Merrill Jimmie Manatt,

FLIERS

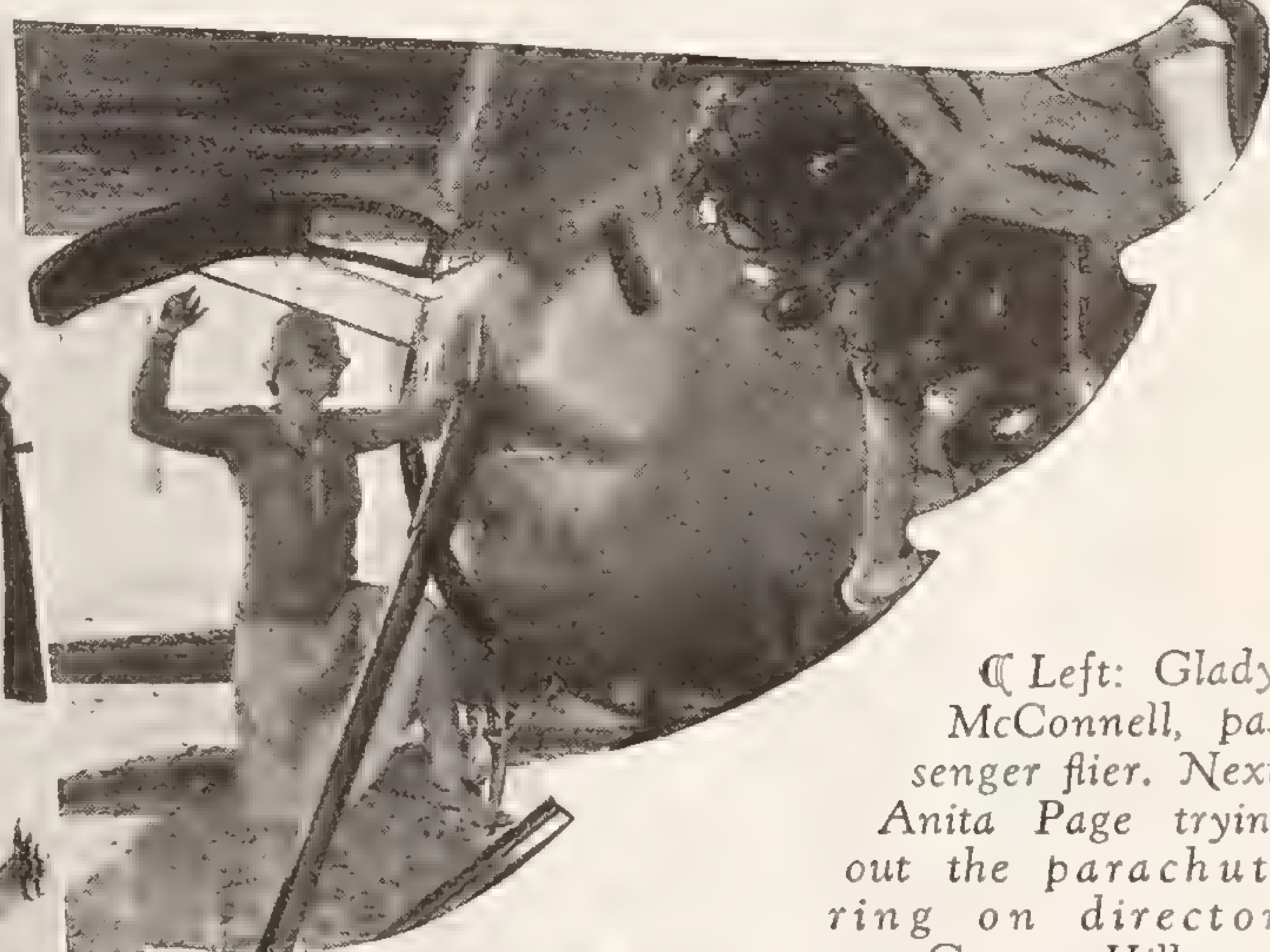
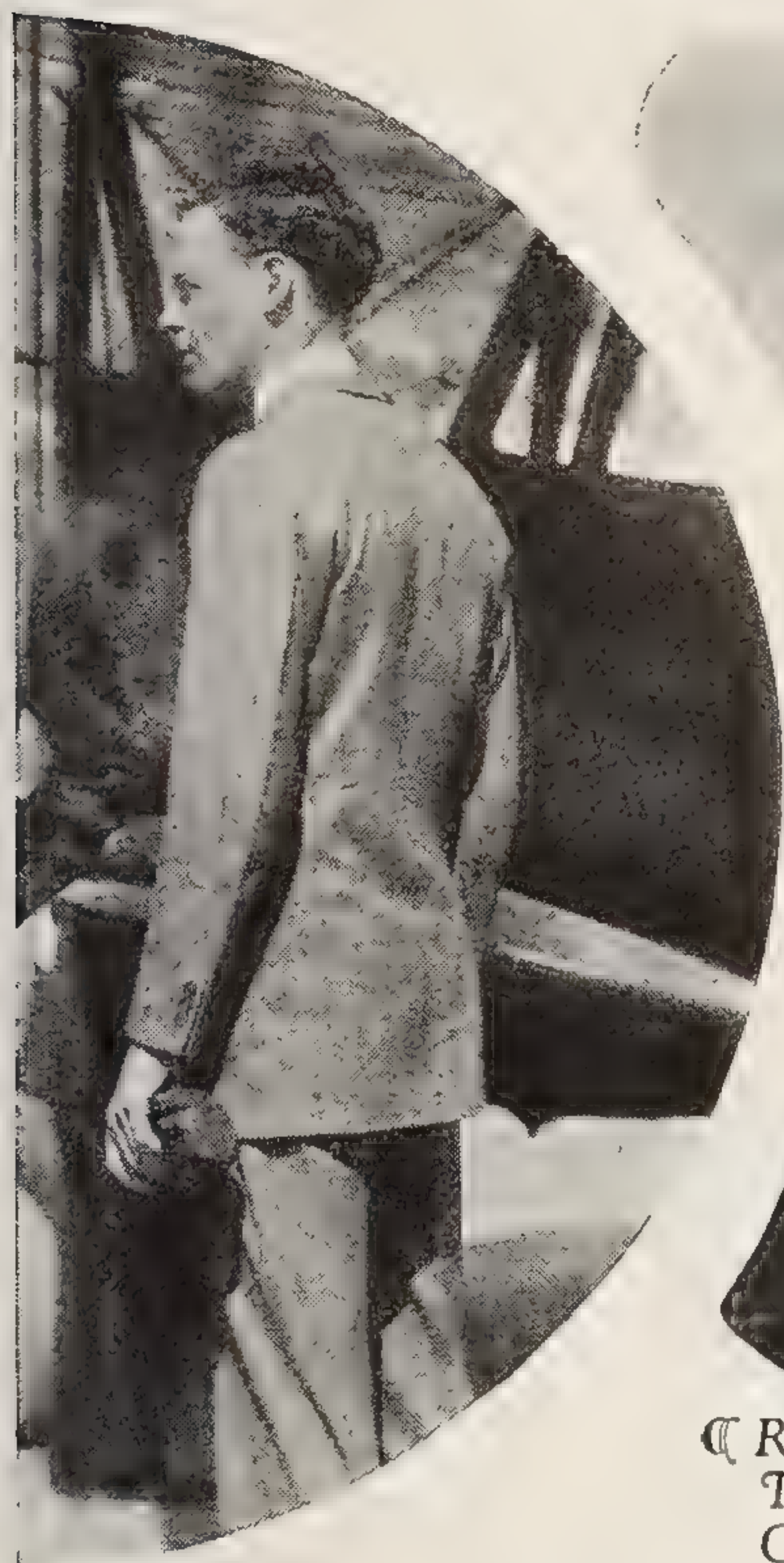
By
Helen Ludlam

with Buddy Gillespie.

The vision of our artistic friend Leonardo da Vinci, who seems to have been a very astute gentleman, is, in this day and age, vindicated with a vengeance. Signor da Vinci was laughed to scorn by his townspeople when he attempted to fly off a hill with a mechanism that he had designed himself. How he could laugh at *them* now! Except that men of vision



Edna May Cooper thinks flying is fun. She's a snappy student pilot.



Left: Gladys McConnell, passenger flier. Next, Anita Page trying out the parachute ring on director George Hill.

Right: Mary and Doug greeting Lieutenant D. W. Tomlinson, president in charge of operation of the Grand Central Air Terminal at Glendale, Cal.

do not laugh, unkindly, when their ideas have been proved and gained the world's approval. Great men are tolerant, understanding of their limitations and the limitations of others, and besides, by the time the general public has caught up with them, if it happens in their lifetime, they are far ahead again, working out some other problem that hammers at their brains.



Club, from left to right, top row: Tom Garnett, Patsy Ruth Miller, Paul Franklin, Buddie Gillespie, W. G. McAdoo, Jr. Pye, William Daniels, Harry Ashe, R. O. Binger.

And, still on the subject of Leonardo, I don't know what the traffic problems of Rome were in his day, but the world, and New York in particular, is ready right now for his solution of it; though when they do adopt it they probably won't give the great artist-engineer credit.

But Hollywood has simply gone air crazy. They even have toy banks made in the form of airplanes (Cont. on page 98)





The Spanish

¶ Viva Hispana! The Latins Came, Charmed, and Conquered!

heavy in any old film; his present association with Chaplin is anything but Spanish. As one may easily guess, Charlie is temporarily 'all off' Mexico.

It will be recalled that Rudy had a contractual difference with Lasky and was temporarily off the screen, and Jesse thought to replace him with a charming chap who looked Latin but who bore the Anglo-Saxon name of Jack Crane. Jack was renamed Ricardo Cortez, and the poor fellow tried to learn Spanish, if only to answer his fans. But Jack didn't add anything to the Spanish fad.

Nor did Ramon Novarro contribute much. This handsome and intelligent young Mexican became an immediate favorite, but, alas, he too was cast as everything from an American to a German college boy.

The girls were the ones to carry on

¶ Rudy! We learned about Latins from him. Though an Italian, Rudolph Valentino led the Spanish invasion of Movieland with "The Four Horsemen." He will never be forgotten.



¶ Left: Raquel Torres brought Latin charm to Hollywood and Hollywood is grateful.

TEN years ago, the Mexicans were our villains; today they are our pet heroes.

Ten years ago, Mexico was protesting to Washington against the film degradation of her citizens; today she is sending her fairest daughters to participate in the films.

How come? What happened to change the Mexican from a swart villain to a romantic hero, and to turn Mexico from indignation to applause?

Will Hays? Lindbergh? Ambassador Morrow? No. Rudolph Valentino!

And Rudy was Italian!

Yet our Spanish heroes indubitably date from "The Four Horsemen" and "Blood and Sand." Before the release of those now classic films the only rôle permitted the Spaniard was that of the familiar peon with the five-gallon hat, the sharp knife and the sinister smile. Rudy brought to us for the first time the aristocratic young Spaniard of the tango and the bull-ring. Which, added to that young man's personal popularity, was the beginning of the Spanish invasion of Movieland.

It is true Antonio Moreno, a real Spaniard, had been in pictures for years—but not as a Spaniard. In fact, Tony was played for every character in the cast except Spanish. Al Garcia was another of the pioneer Spaniards, dating way back to the Selig days. Al was usually played as a



Conquest

By Rob
Wagner

what Rudolph Valentino had started. Dolores Del Rio led the onslaught. Here was a young woman who represented everything fine in one of the most aristocratic societies of the world. Though she was cast in "Resurrection" and "What Price Glory," she did not come to her particular glory until she made "The Loves of Carmen." From that moment on it was "Viva Hispania!" and "Viva Mexico!"



☞ Lia Tora won a Fox Film prize for being the greatest beauty in Brazil.

Lupe Velez! Don Alvarado! Raquel Torres!

And Gilbert Roland. Yes, Gilbert is Spanish, but just as they made Jack Crane, a perfectly good Anglo-Saxon into a Spaniard, so the foolish producers, during a run on English heroes, gave a Spanish boy the anything but Latin name of Gilbert Roland.

Every studio now has a Spanish boy and girl or two in training for stardom, and the wily Fox has what the gang disrespectfully calls a whole stable of them.

Capitalizing their present ascendancy, nearly all the Spanish-American countries are going into production. At first they imported Spanish-speaking technicians to make pictures on the old home grounds, but most of these efforts flopped. Picture making is a game so



☞ Armida, Spanish dancer and a daughter of Mexico, adopted by these United States.

☞ The group below, from left to right: Jose Crespo, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Don Alvarado and Maria Alba—100% Mexican and 100% with us!



highly complex that no one or two men can know all about it, thus these Hollywood-trained Spaniards could make little progress away from Movieland.

The next move was to send actors to Hollywood with the official and financial backing of their governments and to make the pictures here. Last year an Argentinian company made a "Birth of a Nation" super-special, celebrating Jose de Sannartin, an Argentine George Washington.

By far the most interesting group that has struck Hollywood recently is the Julio de Moraes company from Brazil. Senor de Moraes is a young Brazilian aristocrat, reeking with money, who wished to show his countrymen just how a Spanish picture should (Cont. on page 106)

CLARA BOW'S

Q Get in the Swim. Clara Offers her Favorite New Bathing Suit to the Writer of the Best Letter Answering Her Question. Concentrate! What are Those Wild Waves Saying?

Q Clara Bow in the smart bathing ensemble which she offers to a SCREENLAND reader. The suit is of silk. The cape is an enormous square of black and white satin flaunting a center of white rubber dotted in black.



New Bathing Suit

If You Win Clara's Bathing Suit You're All Set for the Summer! Splash! Let's Go!

Does Clara's new bathing-suit suit you?

SCREENLAND proudly presents Clara Bow in her latest and her favorite bathing suit—and Clara Bow presents it to you! We all know that Clara and bathing suits are practically synonymous, and with summer here what could be more appropriate as a gift?

This is your big chance to select Clara's leading man. Isn't there someone you would like to see Clara vamp? You pick him and she'll make him!

Collect your thoughts and write them down. If you win, you collect Clara Bow's bathing outfit and make a big splash at the beach.

The best letter, that is, the clearest, cleverest, and most sincere will win Clara's bathing suit.

Clara in her SCREENLAND contest bathing suit—of light gray crepe trimmed with bands of cerise satin. The trunks beneath the flared skirt repeat the brilliant hue. The last word in bathing suits!

Clara Bow always gets her man in pictures. But she wants you to like him, too. She wants you to tell her what type of man she should play opposite. Is it Clive Brook, the sophisticated man of the world, or boyish Buddy Rogers, or the clean-cut American average man like Richard Arlen? You tell her!

Make your choice, and present your reasons for thinking so in your letter.

Address:—CLARA BOW
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes July 10th, 1929



The New Technique

¶ *The Brains of Screen and Stage Unite in Creating Talkies. Chester Morris from Broadway is the Hit of "Alibi." Read What he Thinks of the New Entertainment.*

OVERNIGHT, the talking picture has grown up! That bawling infant of six months back has transformed itself into a respectably behaved adult with downright artistic tendencies.

You don't believe it?

All right! I'll prove it to you!

Let's take the case of "Alibi" as an example. For to my way of thinking, this is an almost perfect talking picture.

"Alibi" is perhaps the best crook film ever made. And its excellence is due, in great part, to two people: Roland West, the director, and Chester Morris, who plays the part of Chick Williams, the killer. Why, that boy Morris can express more sex appeal simply by bending his head in a girl's direction, as he does in the theater scene in "Alibi," than most heroes can in a hundred feet of amorous contortions.

This picture has the speed and the sinister, staccato sound quality of a machine gun. Every sequence is staccato. Morris and West suggest rather than work out long involved situations. Like most great creative efforts, "Alibi" is simple. Just the story of a killer. But from the very beginning when your ears are assailed by the sinister shuffle of the convicts' feet until the end when Chick falls to his death from a bungalow on the top of a skyscraper night club, Roland West and Chester Morris have taken sound and so dramatized it that an almost perfect talking picture has resulted.

This new technique which has raised the talkie from a noisy nuisance into a force so compelling that several theatrical producers are pessimistically proclaiming the death of the legitimate drama, has been brought about by combining the brains of the screen and the brains of the stage. Both sides have contributed liberally and both sides are frank to say they know very little about it. Every director and every actor has to fight his way through the dark of mechanical imperfection into the light of perfect articulation.

Because Chester Morris, for ten years a well-known juvenile lead

"I had heard that all you need to make a good talkie was a cast of fine actors from Broadway. But the nearer my train rolled toward Hollywood the more I realized that was all apple-sauce! You can get the finest actor on Broadway but if he doesn't have that intangible screen personality he's a flop. Nobody can describe that quality and nobody knows if he has it until the camera focuses on him.

"The novelty of hearing sounds issue from a screen character's mouth is no longer sufficient. The audience must be amused, stimulated, entertained.

"To a stage player the making of a talkie is bewildering. My first day on 'Alibi' Roland West told me to turn around. I said if I did my back would be to the audience. 'Don't worry about your audience,' said Mr. West. 'You haven't one audience in pictures. You have a hundred. Your audience is wherever the camera is placed.'"

¶ If you have not yet been converted to talkies, "Alibi," will do it!



¶ Roland West's direction of "Alibi" is a real achievement. The film is one of the outstanding melodramatic successes of the talkies.

OF THE TALKIES

By Rosa Reilly

in New York City, has made such an instantaneous and tremendous hit in his first talkie, SCREENLAND has asked him to give us his impression of this new science, or art, or whatever you choose to call it.

Chester Morris met me at the door:

"Come to see the killer at home?" he asked.

I draw back a little. The same sinister impression that I had gathered from "Alibi," clung to me as I looked at this man, for in real life he appears exactly as he does on the screen. But as I walked into the drawing room I saw he wasn't sinister really. He is a slight, little above medium height, sex-appealing young man, twenty-seven years old; and he is completely unspoiled.

His clothes were those of a prosperous young broker—gray suit, brown shoes, white shirt, gray and wine-colored tie. Only by the plaited gold brace-

let around his right wrist and the jade ring on the little finger of his left hand, did his dramatic instincts assert themselves.

First of all, since you're soon going to be tacking Morris' picture on the wall alongside of John Gilbert and Ronald Colman and the rest, it may ease your mind to know that Mr. Morris impresses me as regular. Simple, unassuming, he seems downright likable. And so does his wife. And his mother-in-law. And also his business associates who surround him. Walking into his apartment is like going to tea at a famous portrait painter's studio. Everybody wanders in and out of the drawing room, the kitchen, the dining room, eating and drinking, chatting and joking.

About four o'clock, Mr. Morris' wife, a pretty slim blonde who used to be in films, turned up from a shopping expedition on Fifth Avenue where she'd been buying presents for their nine-months-old baby, left behind in Hollywood during their trip east for the Broadway opening of "Alibi." Mrs. Morris seemed scarcely more than an infant herself, with her short blonde ermine coat, green and white-checked skirt and green shoes. Mama-in-law, an extremely young and attractive red-haired woman, did the honors in a lounging robe consisting of black satin trousers and a tropically flowered coat. Even Ebon, the dog, and Alice Foote MacDougall, the cat, seemed to enjoy the sympathetic atmosphere.

On a red-brown divan in the red-brown drawing room—a chamber of lovely proportions, lit with ingenious jade green lights—Chester Morris sat down beside me. But he edged away a little when he heard I wanted to know about the new picture technique.

(Continued on page 99)



☞ Chester Morris—after Broadway triumphs he scores in talkies, and now his permanent address is Hollywood!



☞ Chester Morris' magnificent acting dominates "Alibi."

This scene is one of the most stirring—in which Chick (Chester Morris) shoots the stool pigeon (Regis Toomey) from the pocket of his coat.

How They Play

IN HOLLYWOOD

Screenland's Party Department

"OH, Buddy Rogers is going to be there, and he has offered to bake the waffles!" exclaimed Patsy.

"I don't know what you mean," I retorted, "but, while Buddy is my favorite actor, I don't know whether I'd really prefer him to the man in the window when it comes to baking my waffles."

"Don't be so material," Patsy retorted, "and I'll tell you all about it. Those three precious people, Agnes Christine Johnston, the scenario writer, Frank Dazey, her husband, the playwright, and Ann Rork are going to risk their precious necks next Sunday, riding in a steeplechase down at the polo grounds in Santa Monica Canyon at the Uplifters' Club, and we are invited to watch them do it. Also we are asked to a regular hunt breakfast beforehand at Agnes' and Frank's house, and that's where it is that Buddy has promised to perform on the waffle-iron."

"Sounds perfect," I said, "and anyway if anything happens to our beloved hosts, we'll be right there to pick up the pieces."

We found Frank, Agnes and Ann and their guests—Ann was helping to receive, along with her sweet mamma, Mrs. Sam Rork—up in the roof garden atop the Dazey home at Santa Monica, having their orange and grape-fruit juice before breakfast. The day was glorious and one could see miles off over the Pacific; but of course one was so

The oval picture below shows Top row, from left to right: Lopez Novarro, Raquel Torres, Don Alvarado, Doris Arbuckle, Matty Kemp, Madge Bellamy, from top: Leroy Mason, Rita Manuel Sortres, Mary Brian, O'Day, Mrs. Finis Fox, Juan Ona Brown, Mrs.

Bessie Love receives the Garter which makes her a Pal of the Breakfast Club from the Club President, Maurice Dumond. Left to right: Johnny Hines, Polly Moran, Doreen Pastor, Norman Kerry, Blanche Sweet, Sally O'Neil, Bessie, Jimmy De Tarr, Sally Phipps, and Mary McAllister.



interested in the people that one rather let the Pacific slide for the time being.

Ann and Agnes were wearing their riding suits and looking very snappy in them.

Buddy Rogers was there with Mary Brian. They are together a great deal these days, and one hopes it will turn out to be a real romance, both are such lovely young people.

William Locke, who has been in the west

By Grace Kingsley

the gay guests at Ona Brown's party. Hal Battley, Billie Joy, Polly Ann Young, Mona Rico. Second row from top: Mrs. Jane Winton, Camilla Horn, Lily Damita, Jose Crespo, Miss Torres. Third row Carewe Mason, Mrs. Gunther Lessing, Renee Torena, Gwen Lee. Below: Molly Cordona, Don Alvarado, Billie Dove, Frank Borzage, Danny Darling.



Agnes Christine Johnston, famous scenario writer, and Ann Rork, actress, taking the hurdles in a steeple-chase. Ann won the silver cup!

writing for the movies, and his charming wife were among the guests, and Mr. Locke turned out to be just the sort of person you'd think him—gently humorous, kindly, and entirely delightful. He is tall and thin and rather florid of face, as becomes an outdoor Englishman. And what do you think is one of the things he loves about America? The comic strips!

Ann had a slight cold in her head, and somebody told her that she should take a little alcoholic nip before going into the race, but she wouldn't. Whereupon the somebody appealed to Mr. Locke, asking him whether she shouldn't.

"Well, either she or the horse should," he smiled.

Nance O'Neill, noted stage actress, was there with Alfred Hickman, and presently Kay Hammond, of the stage, but who is shortly to go into the talking pictures, arrived with her nice non-professional husband, Henry Wetherby, and there were Douglas Gilmore and Matty Kemp.

Rather late there arrived Theda Bara with her husband, the director, Charles Brabin.

We heard Mr. Brabin call his wife 'Tootie,' and how that nickname did melt away all the still rather high wall that we ourselves have somehow built about Miss Bara, and make her entirely human!

Patsy said she would never really feel the same about Miss Bara after hearing that nickname, but admitted that it was entirely likely that all those historical characters she used to play had nicknames.

"Probably Mark Antony called Cleopatra 'Cleo' or even 'Patty' for short," she said.

Presently we all went down to breakfast, and it was then that we looked to Buddy for sustenance. Buddy did not fail us. But he looked rather sunk for a minute, when he glanced down the table at the long line of quite eager faces, and so Ann Rork came to his aid, and both made waffles at opposite ends of the table on the little electric waffle irons.

Buddy said nonchalantly, "Why, I used to do this as a child!" But Ann evidently was being very brave in the undertaking, because she admitted she had never cooked waffles before, and she did rather hope that the iron would open automatically when the waffle was done. Later, however, she gained great skill, and even (Cont. on page 102)

H O W D O



Ⓒ How a rain scene was made for "The Voice of the City." Notice the standing pipes which carry the water high above the two men fighting in the street—Robert Ames and John Miljan—and the aviation motor and propeller which force the rain into the scene, where it drops naturally. The big light in the rear helps to give the proper 'rainy day' effect.

ALADDIN grabbed off a lot of publicity with his magic lamp. We're still hearing about what happened when he rubbed the thing. But if he came to Hollywood tomorrow and started to do his stuff, nobody would look around. The town is full of magicians who can spin a cobweb or flash lightning with equal ease; who control wind and rain, fire and storm and earthquake, who respond to the call for



Ⓒ Cobwebs for this scene in "The Last Warning" were machine and not spider-made!

anything from an icicle in midsummer to a bloodless dynamiting of a prehistoric city.

The studios usually refer to them as 'technicians,' but they might be called the sons of Ajax and Jove, since thunder and lightning is right in their line. Apparently the one thing these wizards can't do is to say "No!"

The other day, when "Evangeline" was on location in the Feather River Canyon, Edwin Carewe demanded a rainstorm. The best Nature could do about it was snow, so Mr. Carewe turned to Patrick C. Drew, illuminating engineer for the production.

Mr. Drew had 1500 feet of hose, the nearest body of water was 4000 feet distant. A railroad spur track was within 1500 feet of the set, so Mr. Drew selected two tanks, ran them back to the water, filled them and brought them back to the spur. Here it was discovered that the



Ⓒ Cecil De Mille shows Kay Johnson how to break a (candy) bottle over a hero's head

Ⓒ The cobweb-machine worked by a prop man.

THEY DO IT?

Q The Hollywood Technicians are the Master Magicians of the World.

By Ruth Tildesley

tanks were too high to siphon out the necessary rain; also that the weather was so cold that the water froze in its hose. The young engineer built fires beneath the tanks, while his men dug a well into which the heated water was poured, from which well a convincing rainstorm was siphoned out upon "Evangeline."

We don't have lightning in California, but many pictures demand it. William Johnson, head of RKO electrical department, has perfected a device for creating the illusion in miniature. He takes a pair of long, thin sticks, through which run wires, on the ends whereof are fastened a handful of carbons. The sticks are bolted together like scissors and the length of flashes is controlled by a man moving the handles. Instead of being connected directly to a current, the wires in the sticks pass first through a barrel of brine, made fresh for each shot from salt and water. This gives the device resistance and a control of the flash.

The expert with "Evangeline" uses a special kind of powder which when shot from a gun does not ignite until several seconds after it strikes the air, making a lightning-like flash.

Louis Marlowe, one of the chief necromancers on Warner Brothers' lot, was called on to produce a washbasin full of ice-crusted water for Dolores Costello's current picture, a Russian tale. According to the script, Dolores had to break the ice to wash her hands.

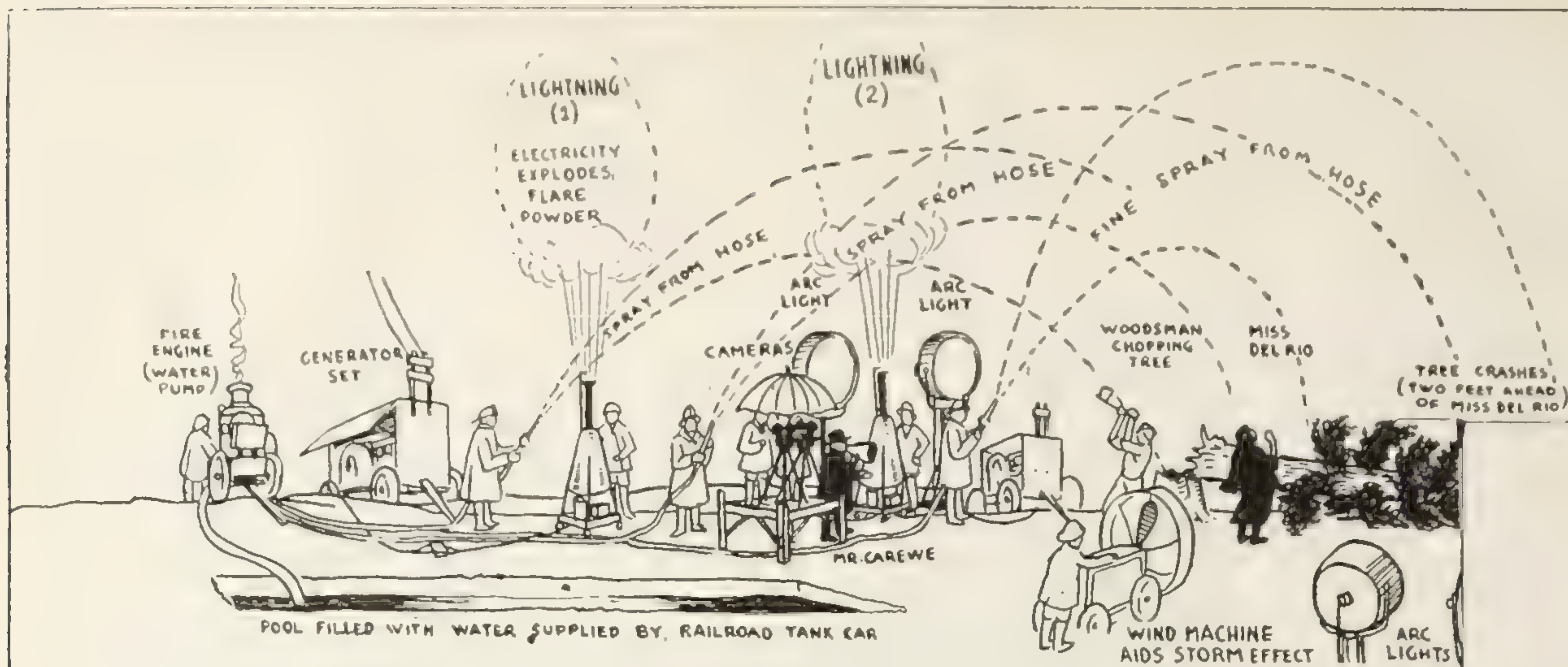
"I put hot water into the bowl," explains Mr. Marlowe, "poured paraffin on top until it filmed over, let it cool, then brushed it with ice to make it brittle, and it cracked like real ice when Miss Costello broke it."

If this young sorcerer were called upon to decorate a set with icicles, he would order fifty pounds of paraffin, melt it to form, shellac them and blow Christmas tree snow on them to make them glisten. For a frosted window, he uses stale beer—Eastside will do,



Q How did Douglas Fairbanks obtain the effect of that marvellous Magic Carpet soaring through the air for "The Thief of Bagdad?" And how did he apparently climb a rope in thin air? It's a long story, but Doug consented to divulge it to SCREENLAND and you'll read all about it in this article.





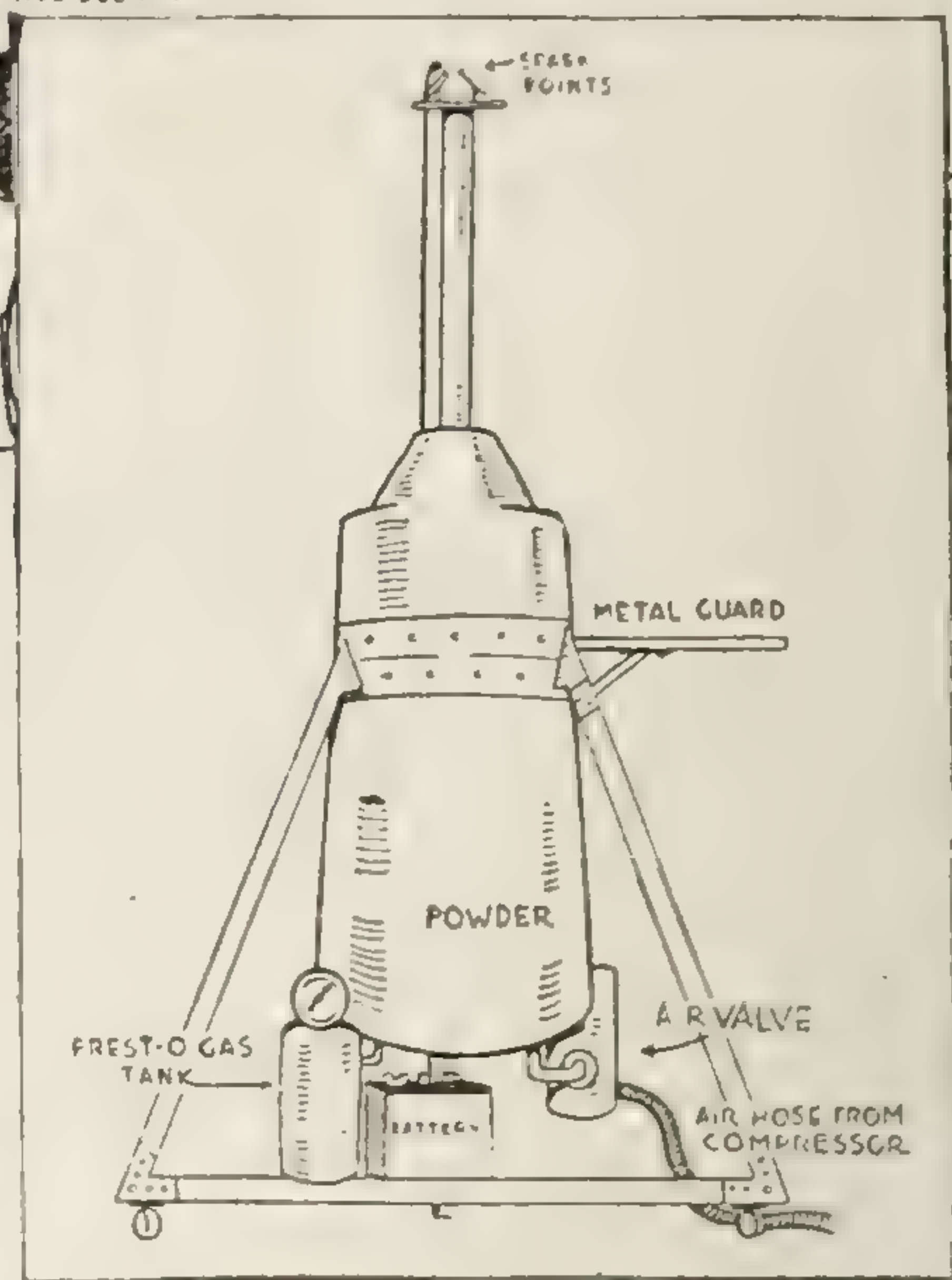
☞ The sketches show what it actually requires—and this is but a minimum of detail—to make a flash of lightning for a motion picture. The large diagram explains how the lightning flash was obtained for Edwin Carewe's picture, "Evangeline," starring Dolores Del Rio.

but it must be stale!—mixed with Epsom salts; daubed on a window, this forms crystals like Jack Frost's own.

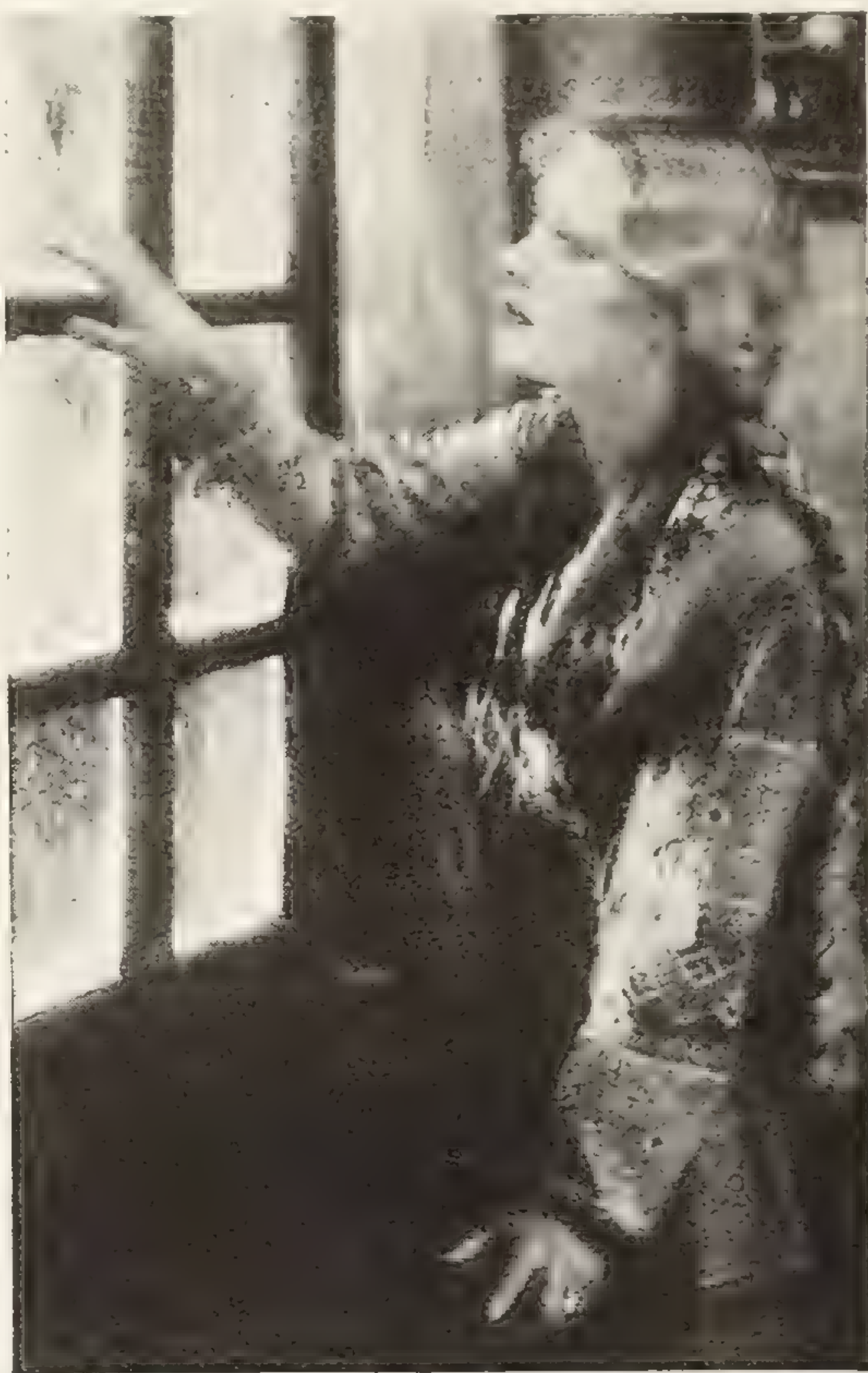
Nujol from a spray-gun makes the most popular fog, although occasionally a fog filter on a camera or liquid smoke is substituted.

"To make snow, we take a mica-dust foundation, top it with white corn-flakes, dressed with salt to make it glisten, blow it with wind-machines and sift it through a screen," says Mr. Marlowe.

But when Von Stroheim was making "The Wedding March," nothing but real snow would do. Each morning, he sent men to the local refrigeration plants to scrape the ice from frosted pipes and bring the resultant slush in trucks to the



☞ The smaller sketch shows the machine which makes the lightning. The powder is ignited by a spark as it leaves the thin pipe at the top and the explosion gives out a flare about 30 feet high.



☞ Louis Marlowe, one of the chief necromancers of Warner Brothers, was called upon to provide a frosted window for Dolores Costello to look through. He obtained the desired effect with stale beer!



☞ William Johnson, RKO Electrical Department Chief, holding his own clever invention for making movie lightning, explained in the story.

set. As the picture was made in the heat of summer, the snow melted before noon and work had to be called off until more was on hand.

Pathé's "High Voltage" was really made in the snow country, but on returning, they found they needed a few snow scenes to match up. They followed the Von Stroheim procedure first, but the result was so artificial-looking when photographed, that the property man was called to the rescue. He used corn meal and asbestos, scraped fine, which looked more real on the screen than the actual High Sierra shots!

Fay Wray remembers a hail storm in "The Wedding March."

"We used tapioca and I went home every night with tapioca pudding in my hair! Another time, we used salt, chipped ice and feathers for falling snow. The feathers looked marvelous, but we had a scene in which we stood for a long time talking, while they fell about us. Our shoulders and heads were covered with them and someone wondered if real snow wouldn't have melted. Then we all nearly went mad worrying about it, until I went to see a newsreel and noted that real snow didn't seem to melt, either."

It would take a spider a thousand years to spin the webs used in a Hollywood studio in a single day. A machine that looks something like an electric drill. The decorator dips it into glue and aims it at edges of a revolving disc and—there you are!

They can't wait for seasons to change in Hollywood. When M-G-M was making "The Student Prince," technicians

(Cont. on page 105)



Henry Freulich

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

COLLEEN MOORE *and* JAMES HALL

in

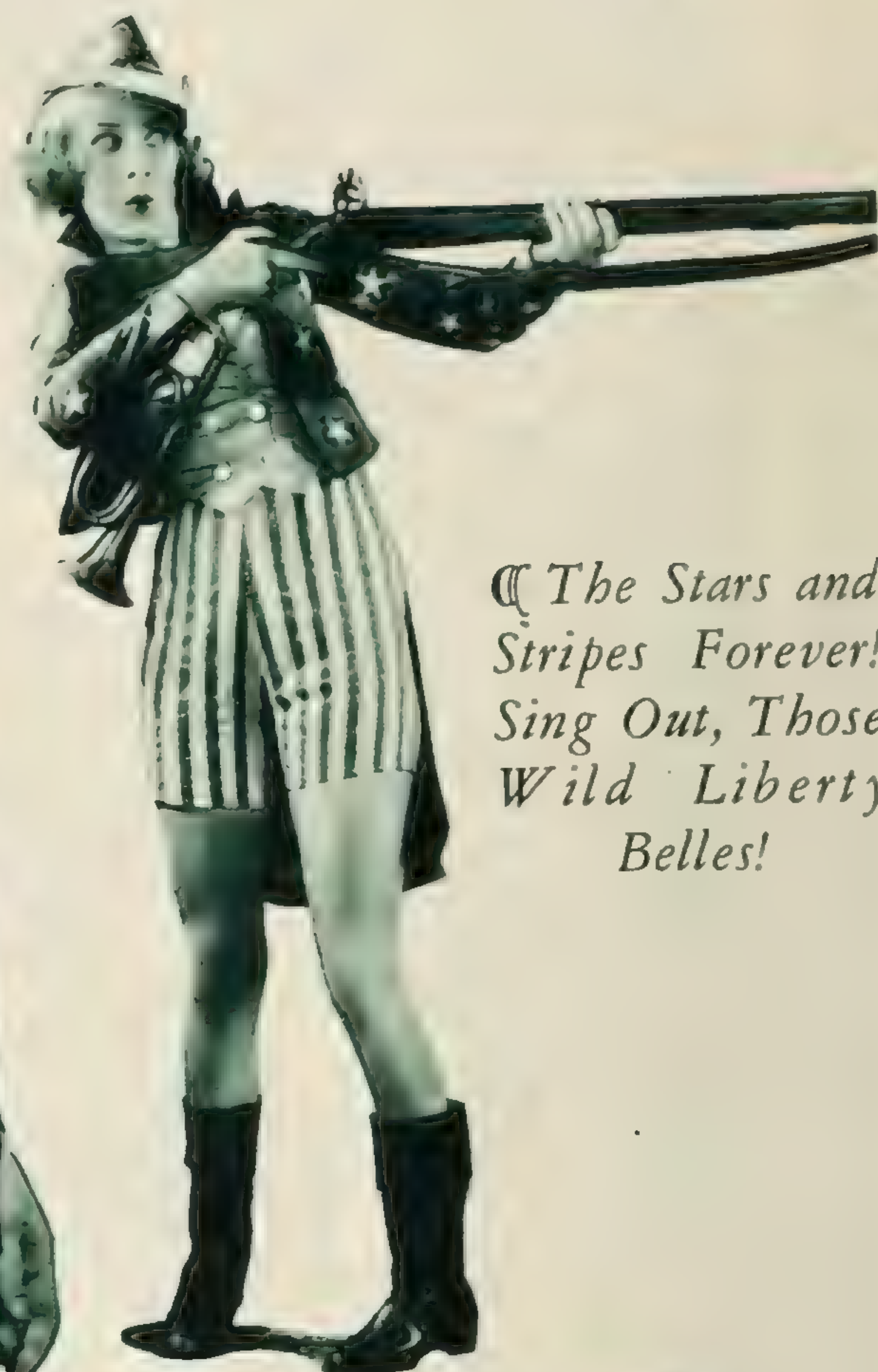
"Smiling Irish Eyes"

☞ If Anita Page sincerely believes in a safe and sane Fourth, says Joe Fan, then why does she dress up like the goddess of Liberty and upset his peace of mind?

American Beauty!



☞ Gwen Lee—she's always cleaning up



☞ The Stars and Stripes Forever! Sing Out, Those Wild Liberty Belles!



☞ Present arms! And—oh, er, ah—well, arms!

Large photographs on both pages by Ruth Harriet Louise. Small photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull. All posed expressly for SCREENLAND by MGM.



Leila Hyams has
all the makings of
a most successful
July Fourth.



"Hurrah for Uncle Sam and the freedom of the knees," cries Gwen Lee.





Hommel

RICHARD DIX renews his popularity as a talkie star. His dialogue debut was comedy. His next will be eloquently dramatic.



Russell Ball

EVELYN BRENT, who smoulders for the screen, is so frank and friendly off that Hollywood hails her as 'Betty.'



Harold Dean Carsey

IN a city of beautiful girls—yes, Hollywood—
Doris Dawson stands out for her own special brand of piquant and provocative charm.



Eugene Robert Richee

ANOTHER Doris—Miss Hill, of Paramount. Her charm brightens a corner of any picture lucky enough to have her in it.



Ruth Harriet Louise

NOT only is Lewis Stone esteemed as a great actor, but his ingratiating way with a moustache has won the fans' affection.

Camilla HORN'S Gift Bracelet

Write the best letter in Camilla's SCREENLAND contest and win the lovely bracelet of moonstones that you see on her wrist.



Her hobby is gathering rare moonstones on the beach and having them set in jewelry to give to her friends. She wants one of her fans to win her favorite moonstone bracelet!



Above: Camilla examining some of the stones which she collected on her ramblings along the beach. In the little pile to the right are the rough stones in their unpolished state. Later they were matched, cut and polished for the SCREENLAND gift bracelet.

CAMILLA HORN, the lovely little German actress, has made so many friends since she came to this country for United Artists that she wants to show her appreciation of their kindness. The nicest thing she could do, she thought, would be to present to some fan one of her own ideas in jewelry—a bracelet especially made from moonstones which she herself had hunted for on the beach in front of her ocean home in California. "It would be more personal, no?" smiled Camilla. "Yes!" SCREENLAND smiled back. Write the best, that is, the cleverest and the clearest letter and you will win the bracelet. Her question was inspired by her rôle in the John Barrymore picture, "Eternal Love": What makes for eternal love between man and woman? Is it spiritual understanding, mental stimulation, physical attraction, or mutual interests? Camilla wants to know! Address: Camilla Horn, SCREENLAND Contest Department, 49 West 45th Street, New York City. Contest closes July 10, 1929.





Ⓒ Right: Ken Maynard and school boys who had the luck to wander by on their way from school.



*Yip-ee!
Ya-hi!
Ride
Em,
Cow-
Boy!*

Ⓒ Above: Ken Maynard showing Edith Roberts how to rope. Below: Ken teaching the cowboys the song which you will hear in his picture, "The Wagon Master."

A Wild West Location

Pull your freight, ye sons of heathen,
Stretch out now, we're on our way,
Skinner's a-ridin' and a-singin',
We are headed for home and pay!

TEARING down the desert stretch at the reins of a 'six-up,' a heavy 'freighter' rumbling and swaying back of him, and caroling the above verse which is the theme song of the picture, sat Ken Maynard—the ridingest rider of them all. Ah, we've had many a rider, but never a rider like Ken! Which may be misquoting a bit, but what good is a typewriter if it can't emotionalize once in a while?

It was the first runaway. The girl and her father, played by Edith Roberts and Frank Cooley, unable to hold the frantic, stampeding steeds, were helpless. *The Rambling Kid*, who is of course the gallant and dashing Ken, sees the dilemma, vaults from his own Palomino, Tarzan, whom you all know as well as you know Ken, on to one of the leaders, runs along the tongue and up to the wagon seat where he takes the





*Our
Location
Lady
Goes
Wild &
Woolly!*



☞ Left: Edith Roberts, Ken Maynard and Helen Ludlam, SCREENLAND'S Location Lady, at Lone Pine, California, about 200 miles from Hollywood.



☞ Ken Maynard provides his own entertainment when on location. He plays both banjo and fiddle and Edith Roberts plays the heroine. Below: a glimpse of the outdoor 'set.'

With Ken Maynard



reins and brings the horses under control. "Ya-hi-i-i!" he cries, while the cameras grind and the graflex clicks and Ken brings the snorting, excited steeds to a perfect landing just beyond them.

"Hello," he called from his perch, waving an expensive cream felt 'ten gallon' in my direction. "How do you like our desert?"

Since I was the visiting lady, and the only one in the outfit of thirty or forty men except Edith Roberts, I had been granted an hour's grace. The troupe had risen at dawn.

There were two reasons for filming "The Wagon Master." One was to show what a time folks had to get their groceries in those days and the other was to exhibit the superb riding of the star and producer, Ken Maynard.

"Oh, I don't do anything much," said Ken deprecatingly. "The stunts that are hard to do don't look like anything on the screen so I don't do them any more. Jumping from one side of a galloping horse to another is a trick any cowboy can do without half trying. (Cont. on p. 95)

SHE'S

¶ *In Mary Brian's Dictionary 'Sweetness' Means 'Good Sportsmanship.'*



¶ Mary Brian won the title of 'Hollywood's Sweetest Girl' four years ago when she played Wendy in "Peter Pan." Mary's sweetness is the brand that wears well under light, heat, cold and Cooper-Hewitts — and she learned it when she was a kid, playing Indian with her brother and his gang. Read this story about Mary and you will discover a new definition of 'sweet.'

SUGAR-COATED ladies are Hollywood's staple product, but the usual brand of studio sweetness melts quickly when exposed to a bit of cloudy weather. In fact, saccharine reputations have suffered from over-production and the inevitable reaction has set in, leaving sweet young things wistfully waiting on the wrong side of the casting-office window.

Yet Mary Brian flourishes and prospers as 'The Sweetest Girl in Hollywood,' a title she won four years ago when she was Wendy and Betty Bronson was *Peter Pan*.

When the fashion for sullen and sophisticated heroines swept the country, the wise guys hinted that 'Hollywood's sweetest girl' was due for a fall. If playing in more pictures per year than any other girl on the Paramount lot means a tumble, the w. g.'s are right.

Mary's sweetness isn't the syrupy variety. It wears well under light, heat, cold and Cooper Hewitts, a sweetness that goes way down deep, the sort that is inherited from generations of true-blue grandmothers who could wear whale-bone and muttonleg sleeves with an air..

Mary is the kind of a girl that causes mothers of only sons to languish sentimentally about their boy's marrying a girl like that. What greater tribute could any woman achieve?

About two weeks ago at exactly two a. m. upon a chilly Hollywood morning, a few of us scribes found a tired but smiling Mary huddled over a charcoal stove in the middle of a draughty studio stage, awaiting her cue. For twelve consecutive nights she had been working from six p. m. to six a. m. in a maze of gruelling work, to complete an all-talking picture with Richard Arlen, called "The Man I Love."

Night shifts, by the way, are quite the thing these days at the Paramount studios. When the handsome new sound stages burned down two months ago, all production was moved to night work on the old silent stages, so that traffic noises would not run interference with talkie noises.

Our early morning visit to the studio was in the way of a lark, for we thought it quaintly amusing to stop and gaze upon a hard-working company on our way home from an evening of whoop de la.

We sat by the glowing, but meager heat-giving stove and whispered the news of the boulevard with Mary. Richard Arlen was speaking into an unseen microphone some fifty yards distant, necessitating the whispers. A hairdresser stealthily



¶ *Isn't she sweet?*

'The Sweetest Girl in Hollywood'!

By Julie Lang

rearranged the curls about Mary's tired little face. Another interruption was caused when a wardrobe assistant whispered a message about getting to the studio two hours early next evening for another fitting. The publicity man on the production beckoned Mary to get ready for a few publicity shots. A prop boy brought a bundle of thirty pictures to be autographed that night. The assistant director proffered a sinister sheaf of papers, stating that these were the lines she would have to re-memorize for the next day—the old ones had been changed!

Mary had a smile for each one, not a smile of weakness, but a sweetness that grows from strength, a strength that protects her from hysterics, temper, tantrums and grumbling.

"How do you do it, Mary Brian?" I asked wonderingly. "I'd be in a comatose state after that barrage."

"Perhaps you didn't play with boys when you were little," she sagely whispered. "It's wonderful training in sportsmanship, patience, good humor—in fact, all the things you need to face in the labor of a 'movie career.'"

"I was raised in Snyder, Texas. You can guess its size by its name. We lived there during the winter to be near the school, and in the summer we went to my uncle's ranch. I had my brother and four cousins, all older boys, for playmates. Their Indian warfare, cowboy roundings, and secret sign language fascinated me, and I tearfully resented playing with the little girls of the town.

"I can recall mother telling my brother Taurence to let me play with the boys. 'She's crying, and it won't hurt you boys to let her enter your games. Now Taurence, play with your little sister or you shan't have a bit of dessert for a week!' That worked, of course, and the boys grudgingly assented.

"But I paid the price when mother was out of sight. I was the wild Indian, to be captured, scalped and tied to a tree. I was the pirate to walk the plank. I was the enemy pilot to be shot down from the tree, which was my plane. I was (Continued on page 108)

☞ Mary today—grown up just a little.

☞ You know that Buddy Rogers must like Mary Brian pretty well to let her get away with this!





“Go back to acting?” says Lionel Barrymore. “I hope not! I want to keep on directing. There is so much more to set your teeth into.”

LIONEL BARRYMORE had just finished the last scenes in “Madame X.”

“New York,” he was informed by the enthusiastic publicity office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, “is wild about your film, and they want a set of new portraits of you—right away, for exploitation. Can you pose for ’em now?”

“Aw, gosh!” pleaded the aggrieved Barrymore. “Can’t I do something else for ’em? Maybe I could kill someone. Anyhow, I haven’t shaved today—got up too late this morning—and besides, I posed for a lotta portraits only a coupla years ago. I don’t look a darned bit different now, so what’s the use?”

By which it can be gathered that of all the things Lionel Barrymore detests, the one he detests most is posing for his photograph.

He hates the still camera with an earnest and undying hatred—even more than he hates to talk about his work. When directing, he seldom speaks, save to call this or that actor to one side and suggest something in a few brief words. People at first think that he draws himself into a shell, like a sort of directorial abalone; but, when you know the man better, you see that this isn’t the case at all. Barrymore is really one of the most genial of souls; he likes everybody and everybody likes him. But he doesn’t waste words over it.

Barrymore—

¶ *Lionel, now a Director, Wastes No Words and Makes Great Pictures.*

When Barrymore forsook acting to direct his first picture, a ‘short’ called “Confession,” he was probably really happy in his work for the first time in his life. For, though he had scored huge triumphs as an actor on the stage, later on the screen, and more lately in talking pictures, acting never really filled the want that was in his soul. He never was satisfied with it as an outlet for his creative instinct.

It was that which led him to abandon acting in Paris, study art, and become a painter. He scored a success at that, too, but gravitated back to acting when he found that it was, perhaps, more vivid than cold colors. He essayed music, too, with the same result. Incidentally, while in Europe he did some of his greatest creative film work for a German studio, which never won recognition in this country.

But when the talking picture came in, he saw in the direction of the new form of play, a real outlet for what was in him. He pleaded for his first chance to direct, and his first picture convinced the producers that a new directorial genius had dawned. So, when they filmed “Madame X” with Ruth Chatterton, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Hackett, it was only natural that Barrymore got the assignment. And the furor that it created further established him in his new art.



¶ *The famous brothers of the royal Barrymore, as they were entering “Madame X,” which*

Young Man!

By Bradford Nelson



☞Left: Novarro as Pelleas in "Pelleas and Melisande."



☞The first song Ramon ever uttered from a stage was the "Ave Maria" by Mario La Fragola.



☞Above: Novarro in one of his Spanish characterizations in a song cycle with which he entertains audiences at his own "Theater Intime."

"Scaramouche," and the rest, he had, constantly in the background of his thoughts, the idea that some glorious day he'd step before the boards in one of the operatic rôles he loved.

He studied ceaselessly, with Louis Graveure and other famous masters of song. He rehearsed his rôles in his little theater in his home, where he gives his famous concerts for musical friends.

"But it's all such a surprise—no one knew how really in earnest you were about it," commented the interviewer.

"Oh, that's one of the reasons, perhaps, why I am going through with this," smiled Novarro. "You see, if one wants to achieve something, and keeps talking about it, part of the energy that goes toward the achievement is expended in the talk. It's like day-dreaming; it interferes with direct action. Really to finish something you have willed to do, it is best to keep it pent up within yourself until it's done."

"What operas will you sing, if you continue with an operatic career?"

"Well, of course, I have my own idea of how I'd like to sing *The Duke* in 'Rigoletto'. You see, all operas are sung in a traditional way, and few singers ever depart from these. Not even the great Caruso dared too far to violate operatic traditions. That is, I think, where I have a little advantage, for, being identified with dramatic rôles, I may be permitted to inject more of the drama of the story into the presentation than otherwise. For instance, the *Duke* is always played as a sort of roué—what we'd call in pictures a 'heavy.'

"But my conception of this

fellow is far different. I don't think of him as a villain, but rather as a gay sort of Benvenuto Cellini, seeking everything in life. I think he could be played this way and really enhance such gorgeous arias as *Questa O Quella*, *La Donna Mobile* and *Fairest Daughter of the Graces*. I'd like to play him as a romantic young adventurer, thoughtless rather than sinister. And I think such a conception of the rôle would improve the entire drama of the story, for "Rigoletto" is really intensely dramatic.

"Of course, I subconsciously apply picture technique to the drama of the opera. I see behind the traditional methods, many of which make for clumsiness to an operatic production, a chance for 'snapping up' the action. I can't help thinking how George Hill, for instance, or Fred Niblo might direct it! And thus I sometimes am a little rebellious at the arbitrary rules laid down in operatic tradition.

"Maybe it's because I'm less afraid of my acting than my singing. I know I can act the rôles of *Cavadarossi* or *The Duke*, for instance. But I'm not sure that I can sing them effectively enough to win popular acclaim. All I

can do is to go ahead and do my very best; and, if I fail, I will at least be able to say that I put my very heart and soul into an honest attempt. They'll be able to say of me, in the words of the comic song—"He done the best he could."

"Did you ever think of going into concert work?"

"No—that is, not public concert work," confessed Novarro, "though in some ways it's much easier than opera. You see, I am going to make pictures as before—that is my life work, after all, and I can only appear in opera in spare time. Concert tours (Cont. on page 111)

"I have my own idea of how I'd like to sing operatic roles. Few singers ever dare depart from tradition. I may be permitted to inject more drama into the presentation.

"I subconsciously apply picture technique to the drama of the opera. I see behind the traditional methods, many of which make for clumsiness, a chance for 'snapping up' the action. I can't help thinking how Fred Niblo might direct it!

"I'm less afraid of my acting than my singing. But I'll go ahead; and they'll be able to say of me, in the words of the popular song, 'He done the best he could!'"

¶ Helen throwing a
kith to her fanth—
to act! Just Helen
in a very pretty pose.

No, Thir— Helen Doth Not Lithp!

¶ *The Story
of Helen
Twelvetrees.*

By Franklin James

HELEN TWELVETREES is a hit. She came from Broadway to Hollywood — and made good in one picture. Almost a record. But if you catch her looking a little wistful, don't be surprised. She is trying to figure it all out. And it is a little hard. Listen!

Helen was chosen from the many actresses playing in New York stage shows to come to Hollywood to play in the talkies—chiefly because she is noted for her excellent voice and expert diction. The movie makers figured Helen would be able to make audiences sit up and take notice when she spoke her lines. They cast her as the heroine in "The Ghost Talks." And the role required a lisp! Imagine Helen's feelings! Here she had come all the way to California to give the microphone a treat by speaking the best English

¶ She is young, beautiful, and one of the first stage players to win admirers among the army of movie fans. Smart girl, Helen Twelvetrees.

into it—and they asked her to lisp! To lisp, mind you—when the other actors and actresses were doing all they could *not* to lisp! Helen worried. It wasn't too far-fetched to expect that when the public heard her lisping away in her first screen part, they would jump to the conclusion that she couldn't talk any other

way. And in those pioneer talkie days a lisplless voice-record was more to be desired than an exercised option. But Helen had her orders. And lisp she did!

And she stole the show. Speaking of irony! Only in the movies can such things happen—an actress imported from Broadway because she doesn't lisp makes a hit in one of the first talkies because she lisped so charmingly!

(Cont. on p. 106)



Eugene Robert Richee

NEIL HAMILTON, unhand that woman!
Wait a wait—does Doris Hill look as if
she wants to be unhanded? It's all for a movie.



Ernest A. Bachrach

SALLY BLANE, having been appointed a starlet by RKO, is all set to emerge from the ingenue ranks into real dramatic importance



Ernest A. Bachrach

OLIVE BORDEN, one of our most vivid young ladies, is a suitable star for a film entitled, "Help Yourself to Happiness."



Ruth Harriet Louise

A NITA PAGE, the world's most amazing ingenue, has already proved her right to be called a real actress as well. A great star bet.



Elmer Fryer

THE talkie vogue found Carmel Myers prepared. She was in Broadway musical comedy some seasons ago, and knows her lines.

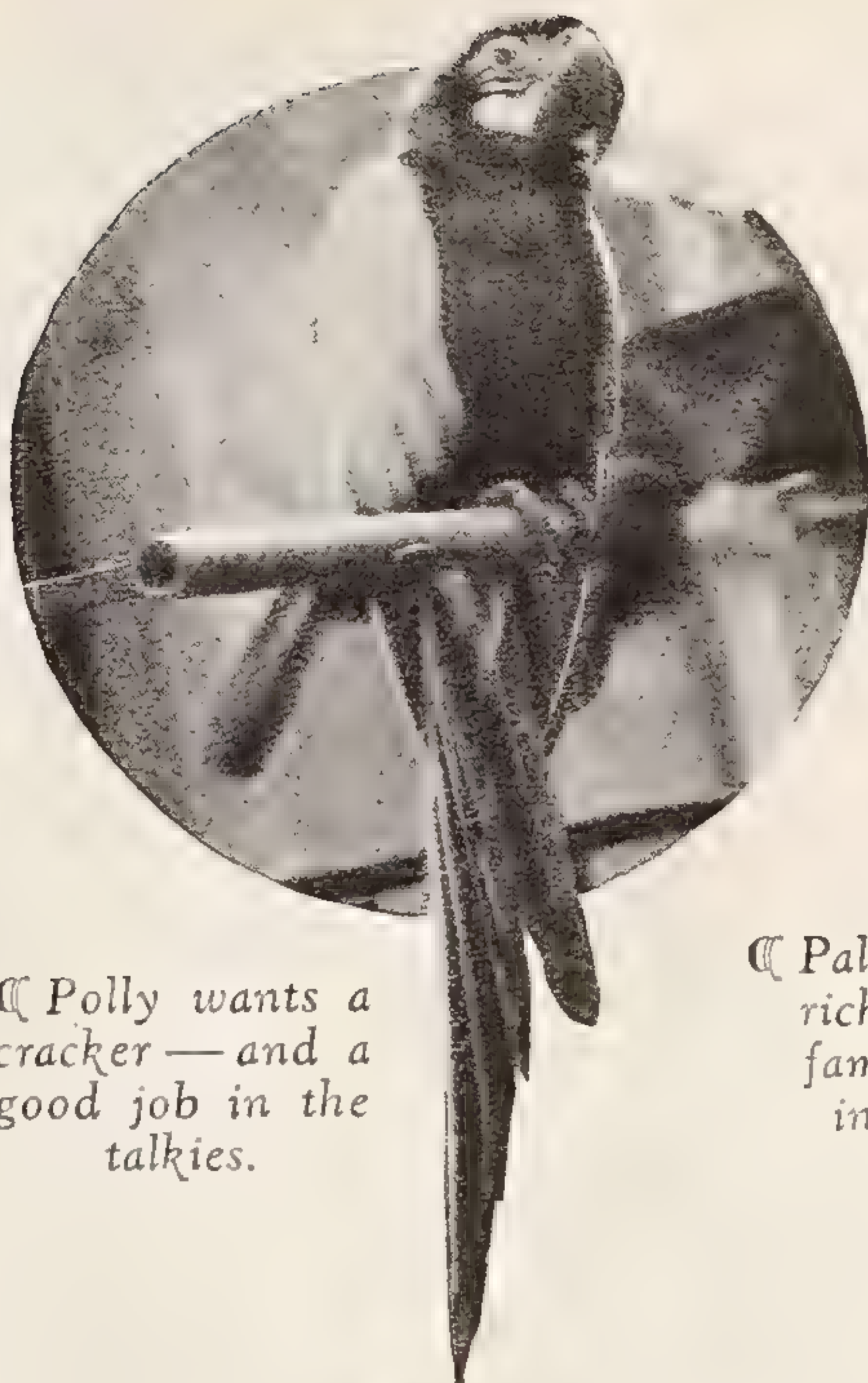


Preston Duncan

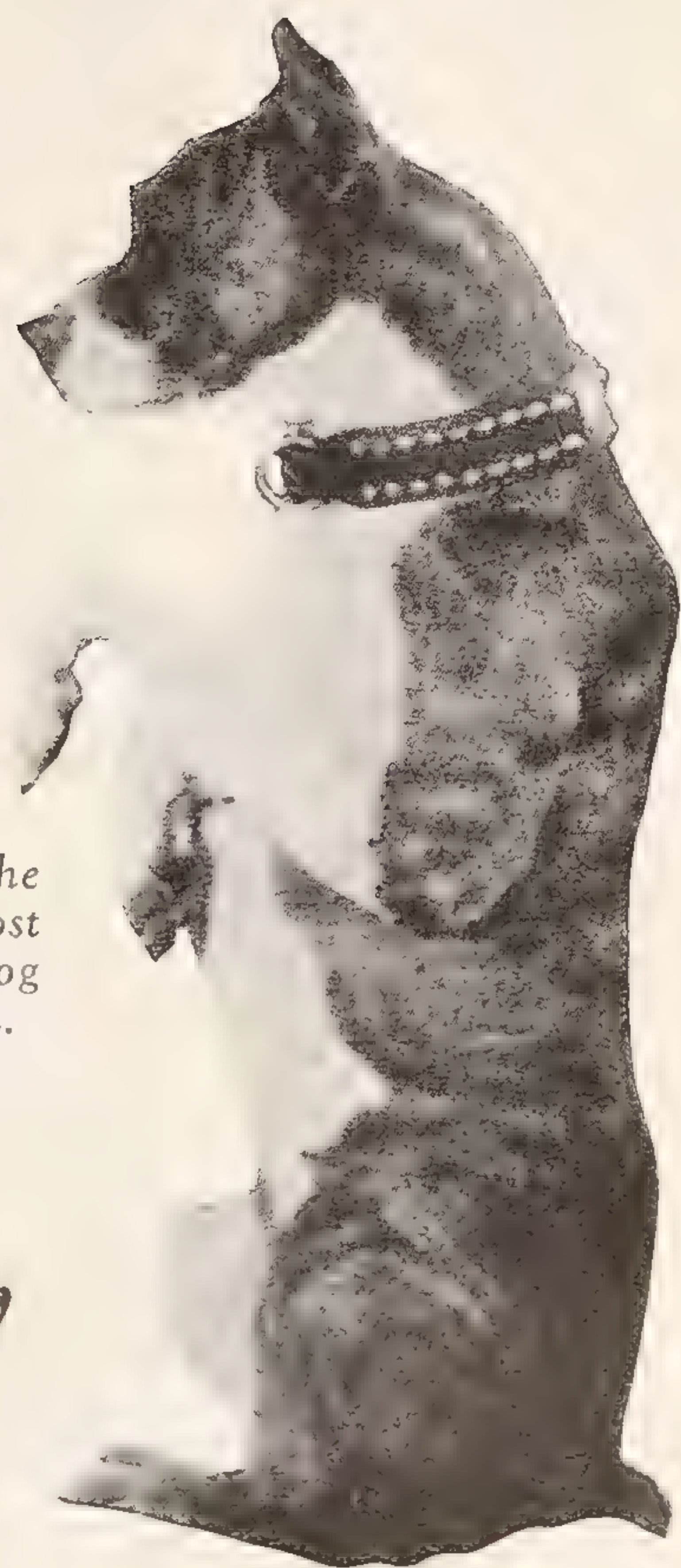
PLEASE, Mr. Warner Brothers, let's see Dolores Costello play opposite her husband, John Barrymore, in a talking picture soon.



☞ You've heard of a pig in a poke. Well, a lion cub in a basket is nothing like it.



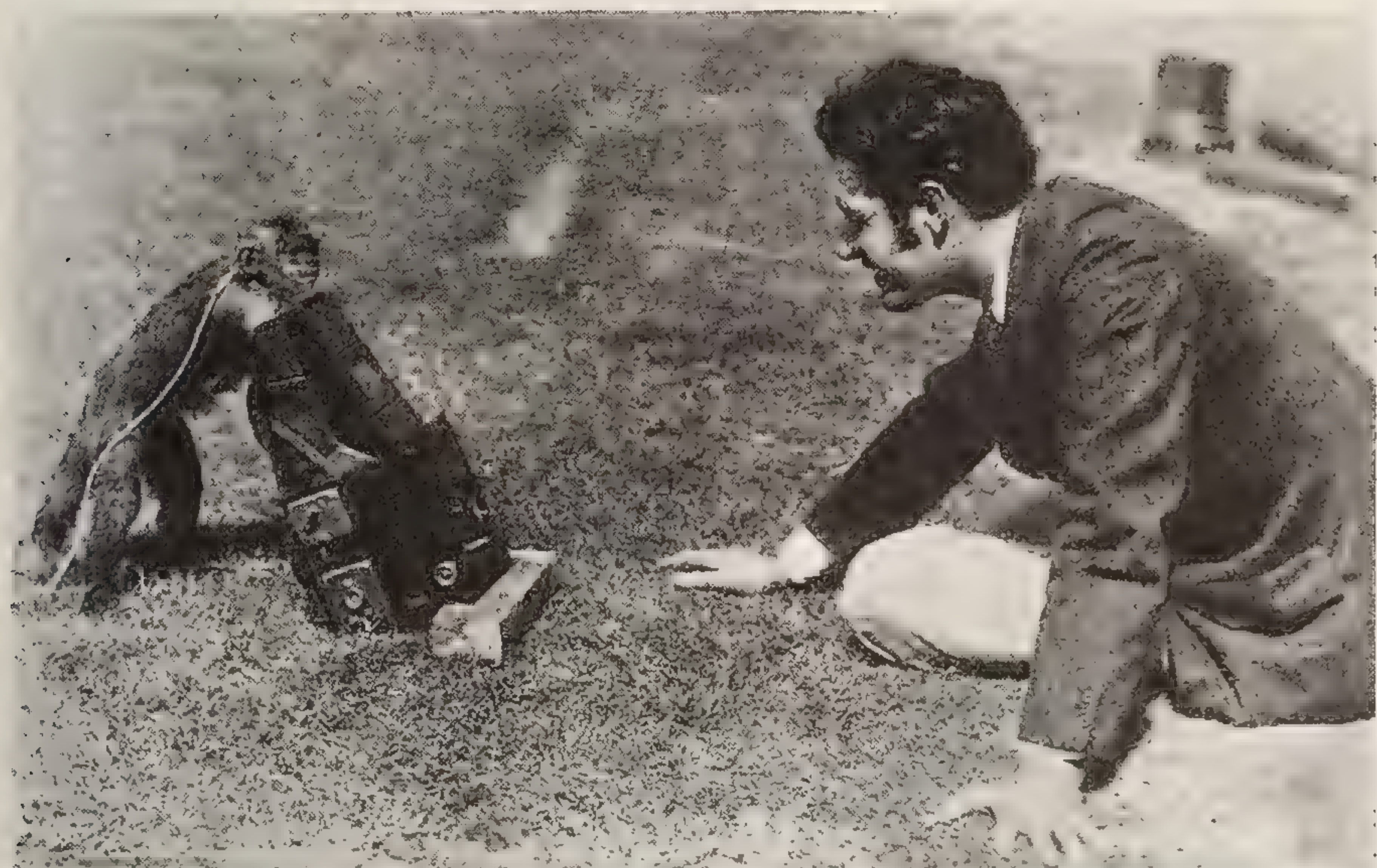
☞ Polly wants a cracker — and a good job in the talkies.



☞ Pal, perhaps the richest and most famous bull dog in the world.

the Movies—Maybe!

By Amelia Screech (*All in Fun*)



☞ Jack Gilbert, above, makes a monkey of his photographer. Right, below—Jack Mulhall and Peter Rabbit, both good troupers, in a scene for a picture.

it and rent it to the movies. You will be able to retire and collect its salary while it emotes on the jumping gelatines, and you can demand a raise for it when it doubles in brass and buzzes in the sound pictures.

I'll try and show you what a great break you and I would have if we were animals. Of course, I don't suppose you would care to be a horse—well, but how do I know but what you might not love it! If you'd rather be a cat even in just an extra role, you can earn from fifty cents to a dollar a day for milk-money. And if you show a knack for taking direction, you're apt to get seven-fifty per day, which would guarantee you a casserole of mouse at least three times a week.

There's a man in Hollywood who knows his animals, and if you will only hurry and decide what kind of an animal you want to be, you only have to look him up and tell him I sent you. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he gave you the part. He's the animal casting director at the First National Studios in Burbank, California. He has done right by the animal race; he's hired the acting services of birds, beasts, reptiles, fleas, elephants, *ad animalum*. And the first thing they knew they were acting like everything with Colleen Moore, Corinne

Griffith, Alice White, Dick Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, and the rest of the gang. You can begin to see what a broad field this is.

Now, as an example of what you might be up against—suppose you decide that you can carry the responsibility of becoming a flock of honking geese and can swim in a strange pond without sinking. If you could have filled that contract, your admiring friends and relatives might have seen you paddling around with Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time." To get down to the money facts, each goose pulled down fifty (Cont. on page 110)



Meet the King!

Charles the First, Formerly of Broadway, Now Reigning in Hollywood.

By Ralph Wheeler

CHARLEY KING just couldn't have been born anywhere else than Thoit-Thoid street and Thoid avenue.

For not even Ireland itself could give a lad the courage he needed to battle his way to the top with only a stout heart and ready fists to begin with.

Charley never had a singing or dancing lesson in his life, save the crooning he heard at his mother's knee or the jig-steps of his old dad.

It was a battered hurdy-gurdy, serving as a messenger of Spring to the tenement house urchins in that historic New York neighborhood, that gave Charley his first urge to burst forth into song.

Very likely it played, "Side-walks of New York." Charley has forgotten now just what it was. He only knows he sang and that passersby paused to listen.

Fired with an Irish ambition, Charley started out selling newspapers at the old Sheepshead Bay race-track. Those were glorious days! Fine carriages, smart people, bands, flags, excitement!

"Wuxrt-Wuxrty — pick yer winners!" was his smiling shout.

A portly and dignified man stopped to buy a paper. As he bent over to search his pockets for some change a ribboned badge, fluttering in his frock coat lapel, was whisked away by a frolicsome breeze.

'Tis an ill wind,' etc.

Charley chased the badge but the owner, unaware of the loss, passed on

through the milling crowds. The newsboy picked it up and ran to the paddock.

The badge belonged to 'Father Bill' Daley, dean of the racing stable owners. He patted Charley on the back and pressed a crisp banknote into his besmudged palm. It was a ten-dollar bill, the first he ever owned.

And he took it right home and gave it to his mother!

After that Charley had the freedom of the clubhouse. He needed no pass at the gate. Soon he sacked his newspaper trade and used his voice.

Every day he sang for nickles, dimes, quarters when he warbled gay tunes of the day. Then he discovered he could get more money singing tear-jerking ballads, and before he got through the race-track looked like a yachting regatta. "Mother Machree" always was good for land-office business, and "Just Break the News to Mother" was a Klondike to the singing youngster.

Along about this time Charley decided to break into the theatrical business. The nearest he got to the stage was a job as office boy to William A. Brady, doubling as a sort of confidential messenger boy.

All was well until the day that Brady gave him a message to deliver with strict instructions not to leave it with anyone other than the person to whom it was addressed.

Amiable—Irish—Charley King rose from New York newsboy to Broadway star. And now he is winning new honors in the talkies.





☞ There was something pretty nice about Charles King in "Broadway Melody"—Bessie Love and Anita Page, for instance!

Now it so happened that Charley had a pair of tickets for his weekly splurge at the old American Theater. They burned holes in his pockets as he waited and watched the hands of the clock spin around, impatient to deliver the message.

Dinner hour came and passed. Charley was still camped in the hall. Eight o'clock boomed from a neighboring church steeple. He shoved the note under the door and dashed away to the theater.

In the morning he was fired.

That night Charley made his first stage appearance. He hid himself to Hurtig & Seamon's up on 125th Street where they held regular Thursday amateur nights in the famous get-the-hook variety house.

Charley quaked inwardly as he awaited his turn. A stage hand was poised in the opposite wing with the dreaded hook. He sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

They didn't use the hook.

And when Charley left the theater he had a job plugging songs for Harry Von Tilzer.

Night after night he stood up in a box or in the gallery and echoed the songs sung from the stage—of course you remember that gag?

His first numbers were "Pretty Little Dina" and "My Little Coney Isle."

Road troupes—at \$35 a week—seemed heaven after that to the little smiling Irishman. Somehow he managed to squeeze in schooling between times. He did blackface, song slides, knockabouts—just everything.

Gus Edwards caught Charley's appearance one

day and signed him up for a part in his "Postal Telegraph Boys" which he was producing. Eddie Cantor, Graucho Marx and Sammy Lee were among the other boys in the cast. Oddly enough, today Charley, Edwards and Lee are working together on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's big revue.

Charley's rise to stage stardom came quickly.

George M. Cohan brought him to the front in "The Little Millionaire." During this engagement he met Lila Rhodes, Cohan's cousin. A year later they were married.

Last year, after starring in "Hit the Deck," Charley was in "Present Arms," playing in Philadelphia. The show was not doing well and the closing notice was posted on the board. It was at this time that Louis B. Mayer was in New York seeking a leading man for "Broadway Melody."

Mayer was persuaded by a friend to run over to Philly and have a look at King.

"I'm sold," said Mayer after one act. "Have him make a test."

Charley, told for the first time that Mayer had been in the audience, raced over to New York between shows and they made the test.

He sang "That Old Irish Mother of Mine." Did he get the job?

Just look at the box-office lines wherever "Broadway Melody" is playing!



☞ Mr. King all dressed up and waiting for Greta Garbo. He is one of the stars of Metro-Goldwyn's impressive singing and dancing spectacle, "The Hollywood Revue of 1929."



☞ Marion Davies refuses to be artificial. Her clothes should have a buoyancy and lightness. She can look expensive easily and gracefully—but she is always sincere.

Clothes FOR *the* GIRL

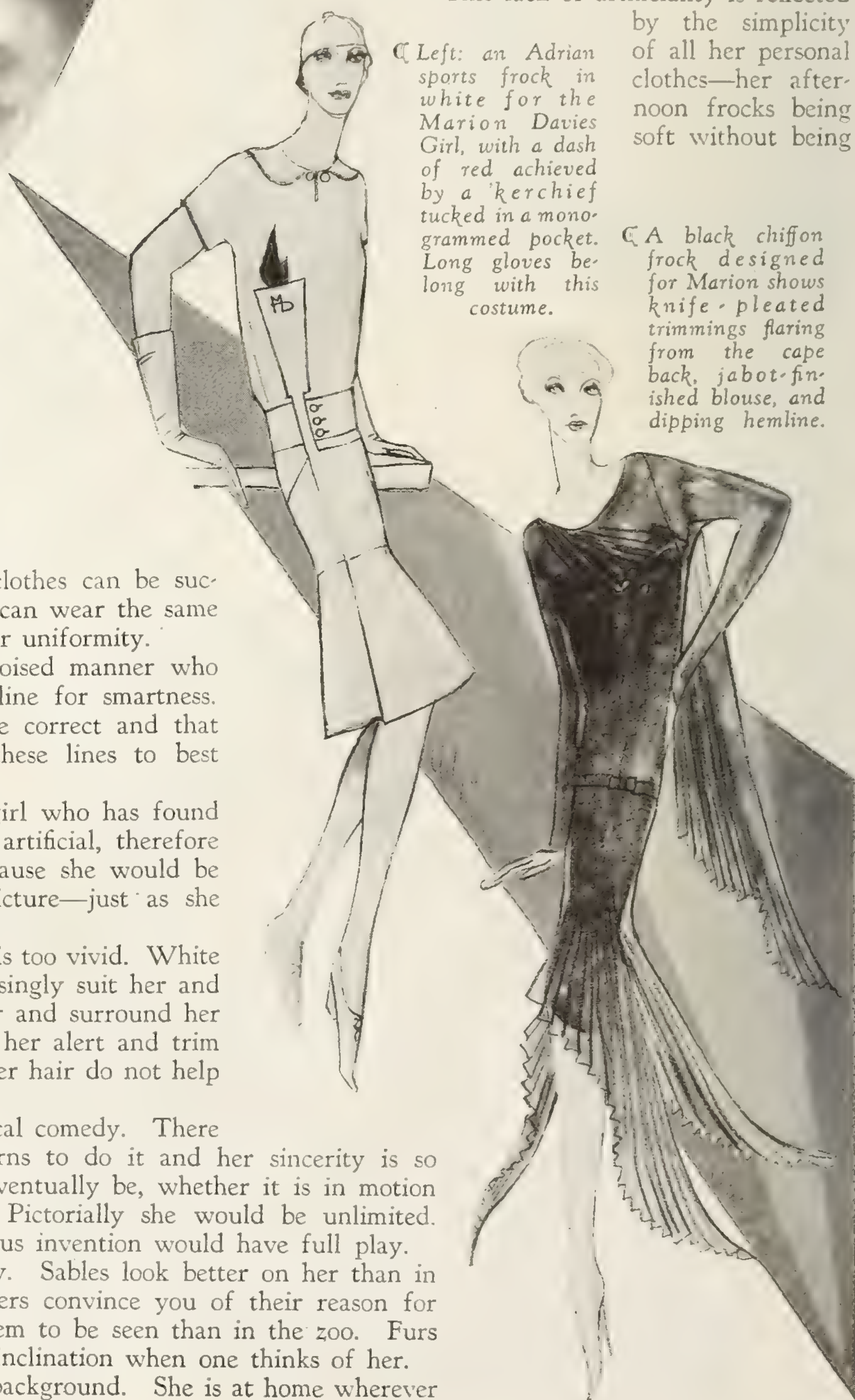
By *Adrian*

there is life. One is more apt to find her participating in the fun of some sports contest than appearing as a spectator. For this reason her sports clothes have an unrestrained freedom about them. One always feels that her clothes should have a buoyancy and lightness, and her continuous activity makes them a very legitimate part of her wardrobe.

This lack of artificiality is reflected by the simplicity of all her personal clothes—her afternoon frocks being soft without being

☞ Left: an Adrian sports frock in white for the Marion Davies Girl, with a dash of red achieved by a kerchief tucked in a monogrammed pocket. Long gloves belong with this costume.

☞ A black chiffon frock designed for Marion shows knife-pleated trimmings flaring from the cape back, jabot-finished blouse, and dipping hemline.



PERSONALITIES must be studied before clothes can be successfully designed, for no two people can wear the same type of gown, despite the tendency for uniformity.

There is the girl with the slow, poised manner who suits the type of gown that depends on its line for smartness. One is sure that the draperies will always be correct and that the wearer will hold the poses that show these lines to best advantage.

Then there is the Marion Davies type of girl who has found humor to be her essence. She refuses to be artificial, therefore one cannot dress her for effect too much because she would be continually winking the effect out of the picture—just as she should be most important-looking!

Her clothes must be colorful—no pure color is too vivid. White is a foil for her. Peasant colors adapted amusingly suit her and bring out her vivaciousness. Pastels soften her and surround her blondness like feathers. Tailored things make her alert and trim and very 'good-morning' looking. Things in her hair do not help her as it is like gilding a lily.

Miss Davies has the twinkle made for musical comedy. There is no doubt that this is her forte. She yearns to do it and her sincerity is so intense that a musical comedy star she will eventually be, whether it is in motion pictures or on the stage. It is her place. Pictorially she would be unlimited. Spontaneity is its by-word and hers. Impetuous invention would have full play.

She can look expensive easily and gracefully. Sables look better on her than in Russia. White fox slipping from her shoulders convince you of their reason for being—and that there are other places for them to be seen than in the zoo. Furs or feathers, used extravagantly, are a natural inclination when one thinks of her.

But the musical comedy field isn't her only background. She is at home wherever

Creations

with a SENSE of HUMOR!

☞ *If You Have the Exuberance and Spontaneity of Marion Davies You'll Find These Fashion Hints Helpful.*

fluffy, and feminine without being sickeningly sweet. It gives her every costume a genuine quality that is noticeable, and whenever clothes attract attention they are bound to be copied.

We are planning an elaborate wardrobe for "Rosalie," Miss Davies' next picture.

One evening wrap will be especially striking, with a modernized Persian embroidery influence worked in silver, lavender and turquoise blue on a white satin background. An original collar-line will be introduced with this wrap.

☞ *Below: an ensemble created for Miss Davies shows a slender-line frock with a flaring flounce and a hip-length coat. A touch of color is noted on the scarf and gay little handkerchief.*

☞ *Left: a lovely evening wrap of white satin for Marion has an amusing collar.*

☞ *Left: a sketch of Marion wearing a black evening gown of satin and chiffon with an extravagant trimming of curled ostrich feathers.*

All drawings exclusive to SCREENLAND by Adrian.

☞ *Marion has the twinkle made for musical comedy.*

The evening gown that belongs with this wrap will follow the Grecian line with the same pattern of embroidery forming a heavy border. Grecian sandals will further carry out the spirit of the costume.

One of the delights of working with Miss Davies is her enthusiasm and understanding of clothes. Although her entire wardrobe for "Marianne" was of the peasant type she became so interested in the hand-embroidery work that outlined the

(Cont. on page 110)

Let's Go to

You Movie Fans Want Your Money's Worth. Screenland's for Worth-While Entertainment. Read Them

The Charlatan

This mystery drama, full of oriental figures, off-stage screams and terrific thunderstorms, turns out to be a personal triumph for Margaret Livingston. Although she plays an unsympathetic rôle, Miss Livingston in appearance and acting shows herself to be as capable an actress as we have in the films today. While the picture is not in the 'big time' class, it will be more than worth your while to see it to catch a glimpse of the new Margaret Livingston whose beauty and dramatic ability give verve and tilt to an otherwise old-fashioned melodrama. Featured with her are George Melford and Radcliffe Fellows.



Girls Gone Wild

Fast-stepping picture of youth gone plumb crazy. Sue Carol thought she wanted to be w-i-l-d until she got kidnapped by a bootlegging gang. Nick Stuart, the boy in the case, is a knockout. Fine supporting work by William Russell, Roy D'Arcy and John Darrow.



Children of the Ritz

To "Dancing Daughters," add a lot of tomfoolery and whimsy and you get a quick idea of this film. It's Dorothy Mackaill's picture by six reels. Jack Mulhall plays the boy, once a chauffeur, who tries to support Dorothy in all her glory. How that girl makes clothes live.



Scandal

Polo comes before the microphone in this talking picture. Huntley Gordon wields the mallet. Laura La Plante, as his wife, is the victim of wagging tongues. John Boles scores a neat goal as Laura's former lover. The film is old wine in new reels but pre-war strength!



Rainbow Man

Eddie Dowling makes his first talking picture, with Marian Nixon, Frankie Darro and others. Despite Dowling's excellent singing and dancing, this film of back-stage minstrel show life left me cold. Darro is a fine trouper but too sophisticated. Nixon did admirable work and her voice reproduced splendidly.

the Movies!

Revuettes Are Here To Aid and Abet You in Your Search and Be Guided to the Right Pictures.



Syncopation

Seeing "Syncopation" is like taking in a legitimate play, a musical comedy, and vaudeville—all in one, with a night club entertainment thrown in for good measure. In this film you see and hear Warings' Pennsylvanians, Barbara Bennett, Bobby Watson, Morton Downey, Dorothy Lee and Osgood Perkins. Barbara and Bobby form a ball-room adagio team. Although Bobby is very much in love with his partner, she wearies of the life and leaves Bobby to dance in her own night club, where she flops. The unofficial star of the picture is Morton Downey, who sings and plays the piano excellently. A very enjoyable film.



Molly and Me

This film is of the "Burlesque" and "Excess Baggage" and "Broadway Melody" school. Belle Bennett and Joe E. Brown are tank-town troupers. Belle has a thankless rôle—the gum-chewing wife whose stage talent is mediocre. 'Me' is Joe E. Brown. Alberta Vaughn is piquantly present.



Chinatown Nights

Wally Beery talks his way back to the rôles he had before they found out he could be funny, too. As the strong and at times sinister emperor of Chinatown, he talks. So does Florence Vidor, the society woman who falls in love with him. An interesting picture.



Strong Boy

New angle on railroad films! As Ziegfeld would say, it 'glorifies' Lost and Found Department of a big railroad station. Victor McLaglen, Clyde Cook and Slim Somerville are comic glorifiers. Leatrice Joy is the spark igniting the boys' ambition. John Ford directed with many sympathetic human touches.



Shakedown

"Shakedown" has nothing to do with the furnace. It's a prizefighting 'racket' with James Murray as a fake fighter. That is, James really is a fake until he meets Barbara Kent—and Jack Hanlon. Hanlon walks away with the picture. He's a wise-cracking kid with talent. It packs a real punch!

In New



☞ Phyllis Haver arriving in New York for her marriage to William Seeman. Next, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn and Ronald Colman in town for the opening of "Bulldog Drummond." And Claire Windsor, a welcome visitor on vacation.

☞ West is West and East is East— And They Meet in Manhattan!

THIS week: Ronald Colman.

You'll have to excuse me if I seem to stop and stare off into space every little while with a dreamy look in my eyes. I just can't help it. I have been meeting picture stars for a long time, now, and have interviewed dozens and dozens. But the thrill that comes once in a life-time was reserved for the other day. Ronald Colman—in person—sunburned and charming and courteous, in a tweedy suit and coat and his own particular mysterious smile, came up to call at SCREENLAND. The main object of his visit was to greet our Editor, Miss Evans, and to deliver in person the gift which he will present next month, in the August issue, to a fan. But before Mr. Colman left, he had been inspected, ogled, admired, interviewed, and appraised by everybody from SCREENLAND's staff to the elevator boys. And I told him that since he was in New York—the city—he might just as well submit to being included in New York—the department in SCREENLAND, at the head of an all-star cast.

He shakes hands as if he means it. He is somewhat distressed because he thinks the picture-goers may get the idea that he is indifferent, aloof, and bored with his work. "I'm not at all, you know," he said. (Wait until you hear his immaculate English voice in "Bulldog Drummond!") "It is just that most of the portraits circulated of me have been in sombre, unsmiling poses, suggesting an immense indifference. And the rôles given me to play carried out the idea. I hope that 'Bulldog Drummond,' which is comedy, you know, will help to dispel any mistaken ideas!"

As a matter of fact he is not in the least a sober fellow. He smiles openly often. He wants to do comedy. He

York



☞ Above: Maurice Chevalier, French and famous, at Grand Central Station. Then Leatrice Joy, who made a big hit in vaudeville. Last, but not least, Victor Varconi, who sailed for Europe with Mrs. Varconi—they'll be back soon.

By Anne Bye

was bored with the type of character he had to play, but hopes in the future he will be allowed to indulge his preference for warmer and more human rôles. He still hopes to do Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" some day, but his wish shows no signs of being granted. He likes talkies and is naturally at home in them, since he was on the stage before he went into pictures. But he thinks it will be a great pity if pantomime, after achieving such a high degree of excellence on the screen, is discarded in favor of a new talkie technique.

"Bulldog Drummond" opened on Broadway with Mr. Colman making a personal appearance—but only from a stage box which he shared with Samuel Goldwyn and Mrs. Goldwyn—the former Frances Howard of stage and screen—and his compatriot, Percy Marmont. "Drummond" is a hit. Its star is a sensation in these parts.

* * *

"Mrs. Molly Myrtle Malone has the honor of announcing the marriage of her daughter, Miss Phyllis Haver, to Mr. William Seeman. New York, Wednesday, the 24th of April, 1929. At Home, after July 15th, at 136 Waverly Place, New York."

What a wedding! After this New York will simply refuse to bow to Hollywood in the matter of social events. Phyllis' wedding to Bill Seeman was as brilliant as any occasion that the western film colony can boast of. What's more, the ceremony was performed by Mayor James J. Walker—known to the bride and groom as their best friend, Jimmy. The Seeman-Haver nuptials were solemnized at the home of Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist, whose wife is Bill Seeman's sister. The Goldbergs live in a pent-house (Cont. on page 109)

How to Have Hair

☞ *Help Yourself to Beauty! Anne Van Alstyne, Authority on the Problems of the Modern Girl, Advises Screenland's Feminine Readers Every Month on the All-Important Subject of Charm.*



☞ Mary Astor's own long and lovely Titian locks are covered with a blonde bobbed wig these days for her screen scenes, but Mary takes the best of care of her own hair. Right: Dolores Del Rio's smooth black coiffure is the delight and despair of her feminine fans.



takes care of that by coloring our hair to suit our faces. Every head of hair may have a beauty all its own. The first requisite to this beauty is good grooming. And the first step in acquiring faultless grooming so far as the hair is concerned is absolute cleanliness.

A well-known hair specialist remarked to me that the main trouble with hair is that women interfere so much with Nature and so unintelligently. All she wants us to do is to keep our hair clean and give it a little exercise. By this she means air, sunshine, daily brushing, scalp massage, and a shampoo every three or four weeks.

☞ Below: Esther Ralston never leaves her dressing-table without that last reassuring look at her blonde bobbed locks!



IN books of fiction the authors describe in glowing terms the wonderful tresses of their heroines. If the heroine happens to be a blonde, her hair shines like spun gold. If she is a brunette, perhaps it glistens like coal in the sunlight. If auburn, it reminds you of gleaming red-brown leaves on a crisp autumn day. Even the grandmothers—in books—have marvelous hair. It is always silvery white, and invariably it falls in natural waves over the dear lady's ears.

On the screen, we see hair quite as perfect, and admire it in terms quite as extravagant. Sometimes we are a bit envious too, and feel, remembering our troubles with our own rebellious locks, that the beautiful hair of the screen heroines is a beautiful privilege—with heroines' rights reserved. But cheer up, girls, this is not true at all. Even the lovely ladies of stage and screen must know their hair and how to take care of it. And I promise you that together, we can work out a theory of distribution that aims to grow good hair on every girl's head!

Even though you have the nondescript, in-between garden variety of hair that cannot possibly be likened to copper, coal, gold or silver or any precious substance, you may have live, lovely lustrous hair. The color, you see, doesn't matter. Nature

Like the Heroines!

By Anne Van Alstyne

☞ Tell Miss Van Alstyne about your beauty problems and she will solve them for you. If you wish an answer by mail, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Right here, I fancy I hear a wail of despair something like this: "But my hair is so oily. Three days after washing, it is lank, stringy, oilier than ever. I must wash it every week!" And there is the main reason for your oily hair! The frequent shampoo, by over-stimulating the oil glands, causes them to relax and overflow, and simply aggravates this condition.

From the girl with the tense scalp and dry, lusterless hair

☞ Esther's hair is naturally blonde and curly, but she doesn't neglect the daily brushing that keeps it looking its very best.



☞ Above: one of the real blonde beauties of the screen is Jeanette Loff, whose soft wavy hair has so far resisted the lure of the bob. And now that long hair is once more considered smart, Lily Damita's the last word in chic coiffures!

comes another despairing cry: "But my hair is so dry and lifeless and is falling out by handfuls. It needs very special treatment, I am sure."

Certainly. This condition is due principally to lack of natural oil secretions, and washing your hair every week won't help a bit.

If hair cannot be washed frequently enough to keep it clean, and if a weekly shampoo ravishes its health and washes away its food, leaving it undernourished, what in the name of beauty can a poor girl do? Just be patient, and I will try to tell you.

Let's begin with the shampoo. Of course there are many good shampoos on the market, but the kind of shampoo to use is an individual proposition. There are shampoos for the girl who has light hair and wants to keep it so; for dark hair; for every variety of hair. Generally speaking, the egg shampoo is good for its cleansing qualities, and castile or any mild, pure soap is good. Remember, a cake of soap should never be rubbed on the hair. If you use soap, shave it fine, and cook it to a jelly.

First comb and brush your hair. Wet it thoroughly, then rub the shampoo directly into the hair and scalp. After sufficient rubbing has been administered, rinse the hair several times in luke-warm water. This is for cleanliness— (Cont. on page 107)

The 'Stock-Shot'

*Johnny Mack Brown Made Good
in the Newsreels Playing Football
and Now he is Playing Leads.*



Johnny Mack Brown today—a successful Hollywood actor, but he still has a yen for corn pones, honey and fried chicken!

FUNNY how the movies picked up Johnny Mack Brown. They photographed him when he didn't know a camera was trained in his direction. They doubled him for Lloyd Hughes, when he had never met Mr. Hughes or anyone else connected with motion pictures. He provided movie audiences with some good thrills without the least idea that he was doing so.

For Johnny Mack Brown was a 'stock-shot' star in those amiable days before he knew what a stick of grease-paint looked like. That we may better explain his peculiar entry into pictures, it may be well to give a definition of the 'stock-shot'.

A 'stock-shot' is any newsreel shot which is inserted into a dramatic motion picture. Fires, storms, parades, automobile and horse

Now Mr. Brown is an accomplished young actor in the movies. Among his recent jobs was making love to Joan Crawford for "Our Dancing Daughters."



Johnny was the football idol of the University of Alabama. He came west with his team two years ago and Hollywood grabbed him for pictures.

processes lend themselves frequently to this purpose. The Hollywood hero, via this good old standby, may fight his way through a tornado which occurred six months before and three thousand miles away. The heroine may, from a balcony on the studio lot, cheer a parade which took place in Paris in 1918.

But the most popular 'stock-shot' of all, especially since the influx of college pictures, is that of football games, and right here is where Johnny Mack Brown steps in.

Johnny was the football idol of the University of Alabama. Two years ago he came West with his team to play the University of Washington at the Pasadena Rose Bowl. Newsreel men covered the famous New Year's game very thoroughly, focusing particularly on Johnny Mack Brown, who won the game for dear old Alabama.

Back home in Dothan, Alabama, several months later, Johnny strolled into a show to view the art of Lloyd Hughes in "Forever After," and the Southern lad who had brought thousands to their feet, cheering madly, now saw himself providing thrills aplenty for a movie audience. But without credit, for Hughes was supposed to be the hero of the screen opus.

The following year Johnny came back with his team to play Stanford. On the advice of George Fawcett and other players who met him on the football field, he stayed.

STAR

By
Margery
King.

☞ Thank George Fawcett for persuading Johnny Mack Brown to try pictures.



☞ College was never like this! Johnny gets paid for scowling at Anita Page.



☞ As Norma Shearer's leading man in "A Lady of Chance" he won new laurels.



☞ Above: Johnny made his first big hit opposite Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed."



☞ Mary Pickford chose him for her leading man in "Coquette" and Johnny's fortune was made.



☞ Left: making love to Marguerite Churchill in "The Valiant." Lucky John!

Johnny Mack Brown is a complete flop as an interview subject. He just hasn't anything to say for himself.

"Seems so silly-like to talk about yourself," says Johnny.

"A feller don't seem right shooting off his mouth about what a great guy he is—or wants everyone to think he is."

Too bad type and ink don't pick up dialect. If you could hear Johnny say that the way he did say it you would appreciate the futility of any attempt to reproduce it on the printed page.

Johnny hails from Alabama and you know it the minute you see him. He is six feet of rugged muscles and not too handsome to spoil his splendid manliness.

He will do anything in the world for you—except talk about himself!

Remember the day he was chosen as Mary Pickford's leading man in "Coquette?"

Friends piled on him when he strolled into the studio for lunch after the announcement was made of Mary's choice.

"Isn't that great?" they chorused.

"Sure is right swell," responded Johnny. "Miss Pickford is a mighty fine lady. Sure will be nice to work

with her."

"Yeah, but don't you realize what a great break it is for you—a talking picture with Mary Pickford?" his friends asked.

Johnny wrinkled up his brow.

"Ye-e-e-s, I reckon so," he mumbled.

Everyone had predicted that Johnny's drawl and quaint dialect would doom him in the talkies. Instead it made him even more important in the eyes of Hollywood.

Again he was clapped on the back by his well-wishers on his home lot.

"Boy, you rang the bell on that one—it's just great!" they told him.

"I hear so," agreed Johnny, "Miss Pickford sure is a wonderful actress!"

And that was that.

Some wag around the studio said once that the height of something or other would be a debate between Johnny Mack Brown and Calvin Coolidge.

It is quite true that Johnny talks less than nothing, particularly about himself. But it is no indication of mental vacuity by a long shot, for Johnny is one of the best little thinkers that ever grabbed a pigskin on a soggy gridiron and plunged to victory after (Cont. on page 111)

News and Views of Studios and Stars.



Q Doris Hill on the trail of a very rare baseball, not autographed by Babe Ruth.

Photograph of Miss Hill by Otto Dyar of Paramount.

HOLLYWOOD'S biggest thrill this month was the news that Winifred Westover had been chosen to play Bertha in Fannie Hurst's "Lummox." It will be directed by Herbert Brenon. Mr. Brenon has had the story in mind for more than a year, postponing it month after month mainly because he couldn't make up his mind as to who was best fitted for Bertha. Winifred made up her mind six months ago that she was, and the rest of the time she has doggedly campaigned her way to victory. In a speech at a luncheon given in honor of Fannie Hurst's arrival in Hollywood at which Winifred was present, Mr. Brenon told how both he and Miss Hurst had been sure that Miss Westover was *not* the type, and how the girl had persistently broken down their defense until in the end they fully agreed that whatever she might lack in their first vision of the character she did have the essential quality needed to make Bertha real, and that as far as they knew she was the only actress who did have it. What that quality was Mr. Brenon refused to say. "She will tell you herself, by means of the screen, on the opening night," he said.

All of Winifred's friends are very, very happy for her, and I am sure her fans are happy too.

* * *

Lupe Velez landed safely back in Hollywood, along with eleven mud turtles which she has invited me to meet but threatens death and disaster if I swipe one of them. Lupe fell right off the train into Gary Cooper's arms and wanted to know whether he had been a good boy while

she was away.

What she is to do next in the way of pictures has not yet been decided.

* * *

Little Lena Malena has a break at last. She didn't know whether she would be able to learn English fast enough to get ahead of the demands of talking pictures, and then along comes a bit in which her accent is a necessity. It is the little gypsy girl for whose kiss John Gilbert jumps through the fire in "Redemption." But just as he is about to claim his reward his eyes meet those of an interested and distinguished visitor to the camp, Eleanor Boardman, who is the fiancée of Conrad Nagel. And the little gypsy girl is forgotten. Lena looked very stunning and her clear, sweet voice records very well.

* * *

Dolores Del Rio, worn out after five months roaming about the country during the filming of "Evangeline," says she knows how *Evangeline* must have felt after forty years of it. "And traveling was not as good then as it is now," said the first woman to make her country popular on the screen. Dolores was trying out her make-up for the last scenes of the picture which will be finished this week. It is where *Evangel-*

line, on her rounds of the hospitals, finds Gabriel ill, and after years of separation, calling her name.

Dolores' make-up was so perfect her own mother would not have known her. She looked old and bent and her eyes held the sadness of years of sacrifice and resignation. Even when she came to greet me I could not find a trace of resemblance to the beautiful Dolores that I knew. "And I tell you I feel as old and as tired as I look. I got so nervous I couldn't wait to have them make up my other hand—one is enough to take the test with. You see the wrinkles?" and she held out her little paw for me to examine. "Two layers of make-up have to be put on and then the wrinkles laid on afterwards. It takes so long.

Look!" she pulled the full black merino skirt she was wearing away from her feet and ankles. "I did not change my tennis shoes—the camera will only pick up a three-quarter view of me—and I just felt lazy."

"Where's your racket, Dee?" asked Edwin Carewe coming up at that moment and using the nickname he has for her. "Oh, wouldn't it be funny to see poor old *Evangeline* bouncing around with a tennis racket?" cried Dolores. She looked so comical anyway that we couldn't help roaring, because, not acting in character just then, her face did not match up with the youth and virility of her movements.

It seems that Louisiana was the most trying place of all the locations, as well as being almost the most beautiful and the most interesting, because Dolores is fond of milk—often eats nothing but milk and crackers for her lunch—and there was very little to be had and no cream at all. "I kept myself alive on oysters, and of course ate too many and they made me sick."





☞ Lupe Velez returns from her personal appearance tour and is greeted by Gary Cooper. No, they are not engaged—just good friends!

After the test had been taken Dolores said she would not take her make-up off until she got home. "I want to give mother a laugh—she hasn't had a good one today," she said.

Dolores has taken Ernest Torrence's house at Malibu for the summer and has turned the place into a little Mexican village. The house she calls Ramona Cottage, and she is looking forward eagerly to a summer of rest and quiet by the sea.

* * *

Rumor has it that Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, grandson of the famous Wilhelm, came all the way from his native heath to gladden his eyes with the beauty of Lily Damita. Right away the gossips said they were 'engaged.' People are so funny that way. But if they are, Lily doesn't know anything about it, though they do plenty of sightseeing together.

Lily is very busy with singing and English lessons every day—you know the talking pictures are very exacting and it's just like going to school again to keep up with them.

* * *

Sue Carol is much upset because announcements have been made that she and Nick Stuart are soon to be married. Neither Sue nor Nick wants to be married just yet. Sue told me this morning that she felt they were both working too hard to gain a firm footing in their profession to take on the added responsibilities of marriage. "I wouldn't feel that I was being fair to Nick if I married him now," said Sue. "We are so happy as we are—I don't think we could possibly be any happier. And we are so busy. There was enough to learn before, but now that talking pictures are in strong there is so much more to do. Nick and I are like two school children—each running a race with each other to see which one will learn most. And we have so much fun! Marriage would put our companionship on another basis entirely—and well, we just don't want to marry yet!"

Pretty wise kids, I think they are.

* * *

It just about breaks Estelle Taylor's heart, but she is preparing to sell her beautiful home on Los Feliz Boulevard because Jack's business will keep him definitely in the east. "But I'll be back often," said Estelle. "Not only because of my own work but because I simply can't live away from California. I get everything the matter with me when I leave it for very long, and coming out this time I stayed awake until two-thirty in the morning so

that I could see what it felt like to cross the line into California!"

An amusing thing happened on the train. Estelle brought with her from New York a writer friend, Betty Colfax. The two girls were preparing for bed when they heard a knock at the door. Thinking it was the porter Estelle called, "Come in." On the threshold stood a young lady. "I would like to see Miss Taylor," she stated. It is no wonder that she didn't recognize Estelle for both she and Betty had their heads tied up in towels and their faces smeared half an inch thick with cleansing cream. Estelle hasn't a spark of that sort of vanity, however, so the unexpected visit was not upsetting to her. "All right," she said in a friendly voice. "But—it is Miss Taylor that I want to see," said the girl with some dignity. "Well, all right," repeated Estelle. At last a gleam of understanding appeared in the visitor's face, and—"Oh-o-o!" she said backing hastily and confusedly out.



☞ Why, Alberta Vaughn! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? There's a run in your stocking.

Estelle never did see her again.

Phyllis Haver Seeman may change her mind about retiring. It's pretty hard to give up a career like hers, just all of a sudden. But I imagine that the twelve and eighteen hour shifts the studios are imposing upon the actors had a great deal to do with her decision about pictures. I remember a day when she was making "The Office Scandal" Phyllis was ready to weep with fatigue. "I can't have any recreation or do anything outside of work, and when friends invite me to parties I could scream. It's turning me into a bundle of nerves—I don't know what I'll do if I don't get a rest soon." Directly after that picture was finished she went to New York and met Mr. Seeman, and I expect it wasn't very hard for him to persuade her to give up pictures entirely after her marriage.

Hollywood was so interested to hear that Jewel Carmen was returning to the screen. Do you remember her as Mimi in "A Tale of Two Cities" and as Cosette in "Les Miserables" and the girl in "When A Man Sees Red," all with William Farnum? How beautiful she was! Then some trouble arose between Fox and salary and Jewel dropped out. She married Roland West, one of our finest directors, about that time, and appeared in one or two of his pictures; and now she is to be in his next picture with Chester Morris.

I don't know if it means anything or not, but June Collyer and Buddy Rogers are certainly seeing an awful lot of each other lately.



☞ Dorothy Dwan waving a welcome to her summer vacation.



☞ Victor McLaglen demonstrates the use of his new vibrator to Maria Alba. Does it tickle?



☞ June Collyer and her favorite fan, Clayton Heermance of New York. He's her proud father.

Little Davey Lee is very busy between scenes with a yellow toy duck which he pulls along on a string. He was being interviewed by a newspaper man the other day, but his entire conversation was about the duck, which would seem to indicate that Davey had early learned the lesson of impersonality.

The other day an umbrella was returned to Cecil De Mille that his father had lost forty-six years ago. Mr. DeMille's father left the umbrella in a shop in Elkhart, Indiana. The keeper of the shop lost track of him and put the umbrella away, thinking that some day the owner would come back. In the meantime he moved to Trinidad, Colorado, and with his belongings went the lost

umbrella. Not long ago he saw "The King of Kings" and the producer's name reminded him of the DeMille who had left his umbrella in the shop so many years ago. First he made sure that he still had the umbrella and then he wrote to Mr. DeMille and asked whether his father's name was Henry C. And that is how one lost umbrella returned home!

Probably the largest consignment of coal ever ordered in Southern California at one time was used by the Cecil DeMille production of "Dynamite." Kay Johnson, Conrad Nagel and Charles Bickford had a great time on that picture with the wind machines blowing the coal dust deep into the pores of their skin. And you know how blond both Conrad and Kay are.

Any time seems sun-burn time in California. I happened in at Jimmie Fidler's office the other day and there were Sue Carol, Marian Nixon and Jobyna Ralston comparing sunburns and jealous as anything if one peeled more than another!

It looks as if Johnny Mack Brown needn't worry over his future any longer



☞ Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, author of "The Miracle," visits Dolores Del Rio and Edwin Carewe on the "Evangeline" set.

and that George Fawcett knows an embryo star when he sees one, for Johnny is Mr. Fawcett's 'discovery.' Johnny's popularity has been something tremendous since "Coquette" appeared and now he is playing opposite the aloof Miss Garbo in "The Single Standard," directed by John Robertson.

* * *

Bill Powell's fan mail has taken about a thousand a week jump since "The Canary Murder Case" and Bill is to be starred on the strength of his fine performance in that picture. It may please the Bill Powell fans to know that their good wishes helped, too.

* * *

Before Clive Brook left for Europe he jokingly said he might not get back because of passports and foreign quotas and so on. To make sure that there would be an exception made in his case he planned to leave the children here with a nurse. His son is American-born, which makes him a citizen. They were to leave at five in the afternoon and at two-thirty the authorities called to say that he would have to take the little girl, who was born in England, with him. Clive and Mrs. Brook didn't want to leave the little boy alone so at the last minute they bundled both children and the nurse on to the train.

And now if there is quota trouble Paramount will have to do its stuff if Clive is to come back.

* * *

Buddy Rogers' mother departed for her home in Olanthe, Kansas, the other day. Her younger son was to be in a play and wrote his mother that it simply couldn't come off if she wasn't there to see it. "So what can I do?" she asked. But she's coming right back. Buddy worries her because he forgets to answer letters and doesn't attend to anything promptly unless she gets after him!

* * *

In spite of the slating some of the critics gave Clara Bow's first talkie, "The Wild Party," the public refused to be told by the papers what to think about it. They adore the little red-head as much as ever—the only difference being that *more* people adore her. She only got thirty-six thousand letters a month from her fans; now she gets several thousand more than that; and the box-office

—well, just ask Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor!

* * *

There were some outdoor scenes taken on the Marion Davies picture "Marianne" and they happened to be in a corner of the lot near a fence. It didn't take long for the 'public' to discover that something was happening that a little perseverance on their part would let them in on. So in far less time than it takes to tell it the fences were crowded with progressive youths and maidens. What was their delight to find that it was a Marion Davies picture, and alas! — what their disappointment — to be chased off the fence by the Metro cops. Someone told Marion about it and she called the assistant director over to her and said, "I don't care whether they are on the fence or not. Unless there is some objection from a pro-

☞ Watch out, Doris! Suppose that lighter happens to work? Miss Dawson is all set on celebrating the Fourth in her own way.





☞ Raquel Torres is sure of having a cupid's bow make-up on her lips for she uses a lip mould while applying her lipstick. Now if Raquel can only be sure it will stay on—

duction standpoint let them come back—they don't bother me."

Always the good sport and good pal!

* * *

In the old days the characters on the set who were not in the immediate close-ups and the extra people in cafe and ball room scenes could converse as they pleased, but not any more. The little old 'mike' picks up bits of conversation in the most unheard of places and all conversation on the set must now be regulated to suit the atmosphere of the occasion. It's getting harder and harder to be a movin' pitchur actor.

* * *

I have not been able to confirm it yet, but there is a report that D. W. Griffith bought "The Cradle of the Deep," the sea story that everybody is discussing, and that the youthful author, Joan Lowell, will be starred in the picture. And thereby hangs a tale!

For years after she left her father's ship Joan lived right across the street from the United Artists' Studios. Wistfully she watched Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford and other players come and go in their beautiful cars and their beautiful clothes and swathed in the glamour that surrounds a star. Joan tried every way to get even extra work. She was an expert swimmer and diver and I hear that she has as lovely a face as ever met a camera. On other lots she did succeed in doing two pictures. She was featured in one of them, a sea story, and I am informed by one who knew her well that she helped materially in the

technical work on the boats, and that she did water stunts that the stunt men refused to do.

She told the story of "The Cradle of the Deep" to at least a hundred people in Hollywood, offering the information she had to anyone who wanted it to help them out on a story. She had no idea of selling it. But no one could see it—perhaps because it was offered them! Recently Joan was married, and I expect her husband, Thompson Buchanan, realizing the worth of the story, urged her to write it, and she did, and now she may be a star. Just another case of sticking to your ideal.

* * *

Fannie Hurst is another one. When Miss Hurst began her career she lived at The Three Arts Club in New York. To pay for her bed and board she 'walked on' in a play on Broadway and during the day she wrote stories which she sent to The Saturday Evening Post. She didn't have enough money to send the rejected manuscript anywhere else so she just tore it up and wrote another story.

When I saw her at the luncheon given in her honor at United Artists I checked up with her on the number she sent before one was accepted. "Was it the thirty-sixth or the thirty-seventh?" I asked. She laughed heartily. "It was the thirty-sixth!" she replied.

Can you imagine the grit and faith that took? It discourages most people for life if one story is rejected, if it is their first, but to keep steadily on through thirty-five discouraging rejection slips—well, the gal certainly deserves the rich reward she has since obtained.

* * *



☞ Lena Malena, German movie star, is studying English for the talkies.

Is it possible for a woman to keep a secret?

Out of the chorus of 'nos' which the question always brings forth comes the voice of a young Hollywood woman who has proved the feminine theory that a woman can be as 'mum' as a man when the occasion demands.

The young woman is Jeanne Kent, whose name appeared on the cast sheet of "This Thing Called Love," the Duffy production at the Hollywood Playhouse with Kay Hammond and Tom Moore.



☞ Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, discussing their first all-dialogue picture with director Richard Wallace.

Who is Jeanne Kent? She is Mrs. Robert Armstrong. The audience did not know. The young actress' appearance was practically her theatrical debut. She had been on the stage previously only in one rôle in "Is Zat So," the James Gleason play in which Lucille and James Gleason and Robert Armstrong played for three years together and which made all three of them famous. Armstrong is now under contract to Pathé.

* * *

Bebe Daniels has been assigned the leading feminine rôle in "Rio Rita." She passed her voice tests with flying colors, according to William Le Baron of the RKO Studios. Bebe used to be on the stage as a child actress, so she will be right at home in talkies. She's been taking singing lessons and her voice is said to be one of the best yet released by a movie favorite. What's more, she is the ideal selection for the colorful rôle of Rita. Brava, Bebe!

* * *

While Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason (Lucile Webster) have been spending their days on a Hollywood golf course for "Fairways and Foul," the talking comedy they are making, their son, Russell, has been spending his time in the air, doing scenes with William Boyd for "The Flying Fool."

The other day a plane circled above the green where the Gleasons were tearing up the turf learning new golf strokes and a weighted package was dropped over the side of the airship. It contained a letter addressed to Mrs. Gleason and signed by her son and read: "Dear Mother, don't let anyone eat that piece of apple pie I put in the ice box, I want it for dinner!"

* * *

Louise Fazenda is an example of preparedness. While in school she learned ventriloquism, and to-day this voice control is invaluable to her. While other actresses are struggling with their vocal tubes, Louise casts her speaking tones to suit the rôle she is portraying. Anyone following the career of this actress



☞ The home Page—Anita, with her father, Mr. Pomares.



☞ Virginia Bruce, blonde and blue-eyed Fargo, North Dakota, girl, who signs her first movie contract at eighteen. She was discovered by Mrs. William Beaudine, and will appear in Beaudine's films.

knows how many characterizations she attempts, and what a voice to suit each one would mean. But she is equal to the occasion.

Now playing a mother part, Miss Fazenda employs a dignified, reserved manner of speech. Her previous rôle was that of a stage-struck girl, so she talked as a silly flapper would talk. Before that, Louise played a sedate spinster, and spoke with a nasal twang.

* * *

Last minute news! John Gilbert and Ina Claire, famous actress from Broadway, met at a Hollywood party. Ina asked Jack's advice about talking pictures. And two weeks later they eloped to Nevada and were married! It was a complete surprise to

everyone, especially since Gilbert was supposed to be Greta Garbo's boy friend, while Miss Claire was said to be engaged to Gene Markey, well-known New York writer. Jack and Ina had no time for a honeymoon, since Miss Claire had to start work in her first talkie for Pathé the day after the wedding. Gilbert had two previous matrimonial ventures—with a non-professional and with Leatrice Joy; Miss Claire one—with James Whitaker, newspaper man. Here's wishing the brand-new Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert happiness!

* * *

Ina Claire's first talking picture for Pathé has been put into production. It is from an original play by Arthur Richman, the title not yet selected. Marshall Neilan is directing, with Richard Boleslavsky director of dialogue. In Miss Claire's supporting cast are Henry Daniel, Paul Harvey and Blanche Frederick.



☞ Elizabeth Meehan, scenarist, and Herbert Brenon welcome Fannie Hurst to Hollywood for the filming of "Lummox."

Screenland's Review of the Broad- way Play Parade

The STAGE COACH

By
Morrie
Ryskind

The Camel Through the Needle's Eye

HERE is the Guild offering for the summer season. A nice comedy written by a Czechoslovakian, Frantisek Langer, but for a' that, it has a little of 'It Pays to Advertise' in it. Say, maybe it pays to advertise even in Prague.

A story of young love that won't be thwarted by parents or money. That, come to think of it, is what practically all of this month's shows are about. Or next month's. Or last month's. And some awfully nice and interesting Czechoslovakians, quite as admirable in their own way as Mr. Drinkwater's in "Bird in Hand."

Here is the Guild in definitely a non-cerebral mood. They've stepped out and got the lovely Miriam Hopkins for their love interest, and darned smart of 'em, too. Helen Westley and Henry Travers get a chance to exhibit their wares—and give grand performances. Eliot Cabot as the none-too-talkative swain is excellent. A nice evening that all of us lowbrows can enjoy, and still get the kick of having seen a Guild play.

Man's Estate

As The Theater Guild winds up its eleventh subscription season and reaches man's estate, it drops some of the pose of adolescence. There was a time when the Guild was radical as Lenine; but the years passed, the Guild waxed wealthy, bonds grew where there had been only debts, and today the Guild, while liberal still, moves away a bit from the Extreme Left, and casts a more tolerant

Love and hate, hugs and hisses! Props of the theater as of the cinema. Watch Mr. Ryskind's department for comments on the new offerings which you will recognize later in their screen versions. The scenes below are—left, Miriam Hopkins and Eliot Cabot in "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye"; right, Earle Larimore and Margalo Gillmore in "Man's Estate"—both Theater Guild plays.

eye on property rights in general. In short, the Guild today is willing to produce a pretty good play that has elements of popular appeal, even if that play does not smash all the forms and even if that play may not be, in the course of time, a classic.

This is not said disparagingly. We have followed the Guild and its beginnings from the old days at the Bandbox Theater, and nobody is more conscious of its contribution to the progress of the American theater. We merely state a fact that is as true of individuals as of the Guild. The Guild still does daring things, but it also is perfectly willing to put on something that will make money, too.

Here is "Man's Estate," then, a very nice show that we can recommend to you in spite of the fact that it has no chime in it to ring through the ages. It is an honest, workmanlike semi-comedy of youth in revolt that gets caught by nature in the snare of love, and gives up its golden day-dreams for the privilege of working for the wife and kiddies. It is, ladies and gentlemen, the history of all of us—and, as we have hinted, of the Guild, too.

Jerry Jordan, poor, young and idealistic, doesn't want to enter his well-to-do uncle's business. He wants to be an architect and his winning of the first prize in a competition indicates that he has definite talent along his chosen way. He's in love, but with a girl who realizes that Jerry's career will be blocked by marriage. He must work and study—meanwhile she will wait.

It's a poor love that says it can't wait—and it's a poorer love that waits, no matter what it says. Jerry has before him the example of his father, who wanted to be a lawyer

—but Jerry's mother came along, and he got married instead. Nevertheless, nature has her say. In the end, in spite of the girl's willingness to waive the conventions, Jerry picks up the yoke of the husband and father. His dreams still ring, but he hopes that his child will fulfill them. After all, there are worse things than the hardware business. And, inside, the dream still lives. It has to—or kill the human race with it.

As usual, an excellent cast doing right by the play. Dudley Digges, Elizabeth Patterson, Earle Larimore, Margalo Gillmore, Edward Pawley and Armina Marshall.

Bird in Hand

John Drinkwater, who wrote this one, wrote "Abraham Lincoln" and achieved international fame with it. But we weren't quite convinced. The very name of Lincoln has so much glamour for us that we feel it next to impossible to write a bad play about Abe.

But this time Mr. Drinkwater stands on his own, without relying on our attachment to the rail-splitter. And this time, so dexterous is Drinkwater, that we are convinced. And our saying so is equivalent to the Legion of Honor in France.

Drinkwater takes a very simple tale: the son of a rich man is in love with the daughter of a poor man. The



☞ Janet Beecher, one of the most distinguished stars in America, is still playing in "Courage," the longest-lived of the season's Broadway plays.

poor man, with all the pride of the respectable poor, wants his daughter to stick to her own class. He fears seduction—and, as much as seduction, marriage.

A simple story, with the ending, to anybody who has seen as many as three shows, fairly obvious. But what Mr. Drinkwater is interested in, more than in arriving at a solution for the problem, is the unfolding of characters and of whimsy. He is in no hurry: the piece goes nicely, leisurely and gaily to its predestined end. But not until you've met some swell characters, and had a glorious time.

Mr. Lee Shubert has had the good sense to bring over the original English cast, so that the integral charm of the piece remains intact. Incidentally, Drinkwater himself directed—with admirable results.

Jonesy

"Jonesy" has a first act that's third-rate Tarkington. Even that is not so bad. But the next two acts, aided and abetted by an excellent cast, let you take this comedy of a small-town youth to your heart.

There is nothing particularly new, but the types are those that are dear to the American scene. Donald Meek, Nydia Westman, Spring Byington, and Raymond Guion help enormously.



☞ A family conference in "Bird in Hand," the John Drinkwater play. From left to right, Herbert Lomas, Jill Esmond Moore, and Amy Veness.

Ask Me!

*An Answer Department
of Information about
Players and Pictures.*

By
Miss Vee Dee

SCREENLAND'S Answer Girl will be glad to answer any questions you may ask about pictures and picture players. If you wish an answer in the magazine please be patient and await your turn, but if you prefer a personal reply from Miss Vee Dee, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Norma Shearer and her mother reading Norma's fan mail. She is a favorite with Miss Vee Dee's correspondents, too. Such devotion must be deserved, Norma!

GARY COOPER Fan from St. Thomas, Ont. Will I tell you about Gary? With a lot of pride I hark back to the time Gary played with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," for I picked him for a pinch-hitter then. He didn't get his gal in that picture, but he gets 'em now. He has appeared in "Arizona Bound," "The Last Outlaw," "Children of Divorce," "Beau Sabreur," "Legion of the Condemned," "Lilac Time," "The First Kiss," "The Shopworn Angel," and "Wolf Song."

Lee Bailey, Houston, Texas. Much welcome—I've missed you; where you been? Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., September 9, 1900. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Neil's parents decided to prepare him for the priesthood and with this end in view, Neil studied at several theological schools, graduated and was on the verge of taking the oath when he changed his mind—having had a secret longing for the stage he got a job with a New York stock company. After touring the U. S. several times with different companies, he tried motion pictures. D. W. Griffith gave him a part in "The White Rose" which was released in 1923. Among his first films are, "America," "Isn't Life Wonderful?" "The Side Show of Life,"

"Men and Women," "The Golden Princess," "The Street of Forgotten Men," "New Brooms," "The Splendid Crime," "Desert Gold" and "Diplomacy."

White Heather, Port Huron. Will I be as kind to you as I've been to others? I'm the world's kindest answer lady and just let anyone talk me out of that! Your favorite, Ronald Colman, was born February 9, 1891, at Richmond, Surry, England. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was at the front in the World's War, wounded and invalided home. His mother and two sisters live in England and he has a brother and sister in Australia. He has been married but is separated from his wife. His latest picture is "Bulldog Drummond."

Wendy Edina from England. How could a star refuse to send you a picture if your letters to them are half as nice as your letter to me? That's a bit complicated but it's my story and I'm going to stick to it. Mother's Boy in "What Price Glory" was Barry Norton, and you can reach him at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave. Hollywood, Cal. Clive Brook plays with Olga Baclanova in "The Dangerous Woman." You can write to them at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. W. B. from Chicago. Why do you think I'm Frances Lee? That doesn't make me mad but what would Frances think? Her real name is Merna Tibbetts, and she was born in Minneapolis, Minn. She was one of the 1927 Wampas Baby Stars. You can reach Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Gloria Swanson at United Artists, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Gloria's next picture will be "The Love Years."

Inquisitive Queenie of Baltimore. You'll see me in SCREENLAND, will you? No boasting, but you couldn't see me in a better place. Victor Varconi played in "King of Kings" and not Victor McLaglen. Write to Mrs. John Barrymore, or as we know her best, Dolores Costello, for her picture at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. We do not send out photographs of the stars. Dolores' newest film is "The Glad Rag Doll." Belle Bennett is playing in "Reputation" at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

G. A. J. of Newport News, Va. Many thanks for your confidence in my department. Sorry your reply was so long in appearing. Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1905. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Her latest film



☞ Ah there, Josephine Dunn! The 'Ask Me' fans are asking about you.

is "The Canary Murder Case." Ford Sterling was born in La Crosse, Wis. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He was in "Oh Kay," a First National release. Frankie Darro was born December 22, 1918, in Chicago, Ill. He played with Norma Talmadge in "Kiki" and with Colleen Moore in "So Big." His latest releases are, "The Circus Kid" with Poodles Hanneford, the famous clown; and with Tom Tyler and Josephine Borio in "Tyrant of Red Gulch."

A Hoosier from Indianapolis. So you'll dance the Varsity Drag at my wedding if I'll answer your questions. That's a swell offer—as I'm somewhat of a hoofer myself, you'll have to step lively. Mae Murray was born May 10, 1893. She has blonde hair, gray-blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her husband is Prince David Mdivani. They have a young son born in May 1927. Greta Garbo is 23 years old. She speaks with a delightful accent. Her latest release is "Wild Orchids" with Nils Asther and Lewis Stone. A recent film of Virginia Lee Corbin's is "Jazzland" with Vera Reynolds, Carroll Nye and Bryant Washburn.

Mac of Mobile, Ala. I've helped many a frantic fan from one brain-storm to another. Never mind, that's just one of my friendly greetings. Grant Withers was born in Kentucky in 1904. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has light brown hair and gray eyes. Due to a misprint, Grant's height was given as 5 feet 2 in the April issue. Sorry, Grant. John Mack Brown, who is Mary Pickford's leading man in her new picture, "Coquette," was born in Dothan, Ala., September 1, 1904. Johnny has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Nick Stuart was born in Roumania in 1906. He has brown eyes and dark curly hair. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 6, 1895. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall and has black hair and brown eyes. Jeanne Morgan was born in Port of Spain, British West Indies. She was one of the Paramount School's 16 graduates, coming to the U. S. about seven years ago.

Three Florida Blossoms. I'll let you put

yourself in a paper frill and send yourself to me. Ivy Harris was born in New Orleans, La. She is about 20 years old, I believe. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 123 pounds and has blue-gray eyes and dark brown hair. Vera Reynolds was born in Richmond, Va., in 1903. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. on April 9, 1884. Evelyn Brent claims Tampa, Fla., as her home town; born in 1899. Olive Borden's latest film is "Stool Pigeons," produced by Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Merely Me from N.Y. City. There must be several of you, to produce such an array of questions. Pass the vodka, I'll need some after all that rapid fire. Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. Matt and Owen Moore are not related to Colleen Moore—her real name is Kathleen Morrison. Gloria Swanson has two children—her own little daughter and an adopted little boy. The late Charles Emmett Mack played with Dolores Costello in "Old San Francisco." Gary Cooper's real name is Frank J. Cooper. F. J. C. is not married. Figger that out! Renee Adoree's real name is Renee de la Fento. Her next film will be "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro.



☞ Don't go yet, Neil Hamilton! We want to tell you that you are very popular with Miss Vee Dee's readers.



☞ Barry Norton inspired the most questions this month, according to Miss Vee Dee, of any young star this month.

Hobart Bosworth was born in Marietta, Ohio; but he doesn't give his age. His first picture was made in 1909 but his stage experience dated from 1895. Richard Arlen is 30 years old. Buddy Rogers will be 24 on his next birthday, August 13. Jackie Coogan has been abroad on the vaudeville stage and hasn't made a picture since "Buttons."

Poison Ivy from San Antonio. Unaccustomed as I am to giving out any back talk for publication, I know a lot of things I could say, but poison ivy isn't one of them. You can write to Ruth Taylor, Mary Brian and Lane Chandler at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Sue Carol at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Her new picture is "Fox Movietone Follies." Alice White works at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Alice plays with Jack Mulhall and James Ford in "Naughty Baby." James Ford is one of the new boys. He was born March 21, 1905, at Lawrence, Mass. He has curly brown hair, gray eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. has a contract with Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., but has been borrowed by M-G-M to make "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford.

Jack L. of Toronto. May all your picture troubles be brought to my department and sooner or later, more likely the latter, they will be taken in and cared for. Just now I'm suffering from my usual inability to answer as many questions per month as I'd like; but don't let that wreck your composure. The Editor should give us more space. Anita Page, whose real name is Anita Pomares, was born August 4, 1910, in Long Island, N. Y. She has blonde hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She plays with Joan Crawford in "Our Modern Maidens." Josephine Dunn was born in New York City, May 1, 1907. That is her own name. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has golden hair and blue eyes. She plays with Lawrence Gray in "The Sin Sister," and also in "Our Modern Maidens."

Alice White is delighted with the result of her \$500.00 Theme Song Contest, announced in the April issue of SCREENLAND, and takes great pleasure in announcing the three winners on this page.



Winners of the ALICE WHITE Theme SONG Contest

THE winners of the Alice White \$500.00 Theme Song Contest, announced in the April issue of SCREENLAND, have been selected. This popular contest proved to Miss White that there are thousands of aspiring American lyric writers. And good ones, too! The judges selected the following as deserving of the prizes:

First prize, \$250.00:

H. McFARLAND,
2219 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, California.

Second prize, \$150.00:

ANDY McALISTER,
Radio Broadcasting Sta. WMAZ,
Macon, Georgia.

Third prize, \$100.00:

MILTON TANNENBAUM,
2444 West Euclid Avenue
Detroit, Michigan.

The first prize lyric follows:

Wherever You Are—It's Springtime!

VERSE:

That tantalizing Baby, she's my April day,
Likes to make me sad, then likes to make me gay,
She's naughty, she's good, she's wicked, she's
saintly,
But whatever she does, she does it so quaintly.
Wicked little angel, saintly little sinner,
I'd give a million—if I had it—to win her.
Wherever she goes, I tag along,
And this is the burden of my song:

CHORUS:

Wherever you are, it's springtime,
And that's where I long to be.
Flash of sunlight—that's your hair.
Rosebud lips say, "Kiss me—dare!"
Velvet pansies, teasing eyes.
There's where my temptation lies.
Do I love you? Baby—say!
It's winter time when you're away.
You're burning sunshine, glowing skies;
You're birds and flowers, you're Paradise!
Wherever you are, it's springtime,
And that's where I long to be!

The second prize lyric:

Knock-About Baby

VERSE:

Gee, I'm lonesome all by ownsome,
When someone else is with you;
Won't you ever realize,
I'm jealous of other guys?
You keep saying you're only playing,
That I'm the fellow for you.
But there's one thing
Keeps me wond'ring,
Are you kidding me, too?

CHORUS:

My knock-about Baby
Pretending you're wild,
When really you're only
An innocent child.
Dozens of fellows claim you,
And you're teasin' each one.
I guess that I can't blame you,
Sweet little devil, for having your fun.
But maybe you'll like to
Someday settle down,
And then say good-bye to
The men about town.
I'd be so satisfied in
A cottage for two
And nobody else to knock-about with
But you.

The third prize lyric:

Come Across to Baby

VERSE:

A girl I know once had a beau
The kind of a friend, who would never spend.
She up and told him where to go
His chance was slim and she said so.

CHORUS:

Come across to Baby or Baby will be cross
with you,
Open up with something besides your heart,
Else you and I will have to part.
If you've got it let's have it—
If not go get it.
If you can't let's forget it.
All you'll get is a long range look,
If you don't come across with that little check
book.
Promises alone will never do for anything more
than an I. O. U.
So come across to Baby or Baby will be cross
with you.

A Wild West Location With Ken Maynard

Continued from page 43

"I started out full of pep and did the trick as I had been taught, that is, with grace. But it looked too easy and what was my chagrin to have letters suggesting that it had been faked. It sure had me sore. So I began to wobble and half lose my balance and then everyone thought I was great.

"The other stunts that I used to risk my neck doing had to be too quickly done for the camera to pick up, so they didn't mean a thing."

I had been quite excited when I heard that Ken's picture was in the offing for I hadn't been on a Western since the old days when I did publicity for Bill Farnum. Many of the Farnum boys were in Ken's outfit, too. Pedro Leone, Curly Revier and some others were among the cowboys. One of the actors I talked with had been with Bill too: Fred Burnes, who plays the 'wagon master.' Fred gets shot by Tom Santschi's henchmen, Edwin Moulton and Charlie Whittiker, and after winning his spurs, Ken is elected 'master' in his place.

You will see a lot of old friends in "The Wagon Master," boys who have been in all the Westerns that have ever westerned—White Horse, Bobby Dunn, Frank Rice, Al Ferguson, Tom Santschi, Frank Cooley, Buck Bucko, Fred Burnes—and by the way, Fred said he thought talking pictures would eventually restore the great outdoors to the screen because the natural sounds were so interesting and people were getting tired of four wall dialogue, with nothing but interior decoration to look at.

The location was Lone Pine, California, over two hundred miles from Hollywood. It was first Ken's intention to fly there and tote me along in his plane, but a cold spell such as there has never been in sunny California hit us the day before and the flying trip was abandoned, to my infinite relief. But please don't misunderstand the reason for the relief. It was not doubt, because in commercial flying circles Ken is accounted a good pilot and he has had years of experience in the air, but his plane is an open one and since we would have had to fly at an altitude of seven or eight thousand feet to clear the mountains you can imagine what a bitter cold trip it would have been.

So we drove through the most lovely desert country in a motor car. There were Joshua trees, native to California soil, in blossom; twenty different colored desert shrubs; changing lights on the mountain ranges; curious rock formation through the brilliant Red Rock Canyon where there were mines to be seen, for 'thar is gold in them thar hills'—even yet, no foolin'. After all the ravaging of hundreds and thousands of gold seekers, there is still gold in California. And then, at a sudden turn in the long road—range upon range of snow-capped mountains! What a sight! The colorful desert and the high, white mountain tops. Lone Pine is right near the highest of them all—in fact, the highest peak in these United States. It is Mt. Whitney, which rears its hoary head more than fourteen thousand feet in the air. 'He' looked like a generous helping of home-made vanilla ice cream—you know how it peaks and jags over the plate. But I must get back to moving pictures.

While waiting for the next shot Ken, Edith Roberts and I sat in Ken's Packard straight eight and chattered.

When Ken was twelve years old he ran away and joined a circus. A week afterwards his father found him. "And I sure was glad to see him, too. Because they had me doing everything—peeling potatoes, washing pots and pans, scrubbing floors and sleeping with the horses," said Ken.

But it wasn't long before he tried it again, and this time to stick. He was with Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Brothers.

"Five thousand hot cakes that cook turned out every morning of his life," Ken went on. "There were fourteen hundred people and he figured that while some would pass up the hot cakes entirely, others, like myself, would take four or five, and he was dead right. There was never one left. Thirty-five hundred pounds of meat a day that bird cooked for the troupe, and the same amount was bought and fed raw to the animals.

"After a while I got pretty good, began to earn thirty dollars a month!" Ken looked at me with a grin. "Gee, the salaries I pay out every week now amount to more than I thought the whole world held in those days.

"The Palomino I rode got to be pretty old, and after I left they threatened to shoot her. They began to call her 'Don't-shoot-Mazie,' because I'd usually get a hunch that they were thinking of doing it and would send a wire reading 'Don't shoot Mazie.' I saved her life for some time, too."

Ken was born in Texas and although he speaks briskly his words have a mixture of softness and twang that is very charming. For instance he says 'dew' instead of do, and 'tew' instead of to—yet that isn't exactly it, either!

Edith and I wanted to know what a Palomino horse was. "Well, it is supposed to mean white mane and tail, but two or three times I have seen black horses with white manes and tails and when I asked the Spaniards whether those were Palominos too they said, 'Well, yes, but—' and then they would burst into long explanations and get all balled up, so I really think

a Palomino is a throw-back. You can't be sure in breeding them that a Palomino colt will be the result."

They are beautiful horses, cream colored with dead white manes and tails. They are daintily made, round and graceful in appearance, but not in any respect better than other horses or more intelligent. They are very warm-blooded though, and someone remarked later that they were rather like blonde women, who can't seem to rise above the popular opinion that they are frivolous and can take nothing seriously. In the language of our day, I would say that Palominos have it.

Ken has six of them—Tarzan, who is a trick horse, and the others who are also specially trained. In some scenes Ken rides the five at one time.

"How on earth do you manage that?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I just spread out over them, or jump from one to the other when they are riding abreast. I don't know exactly—but it isn't hard."

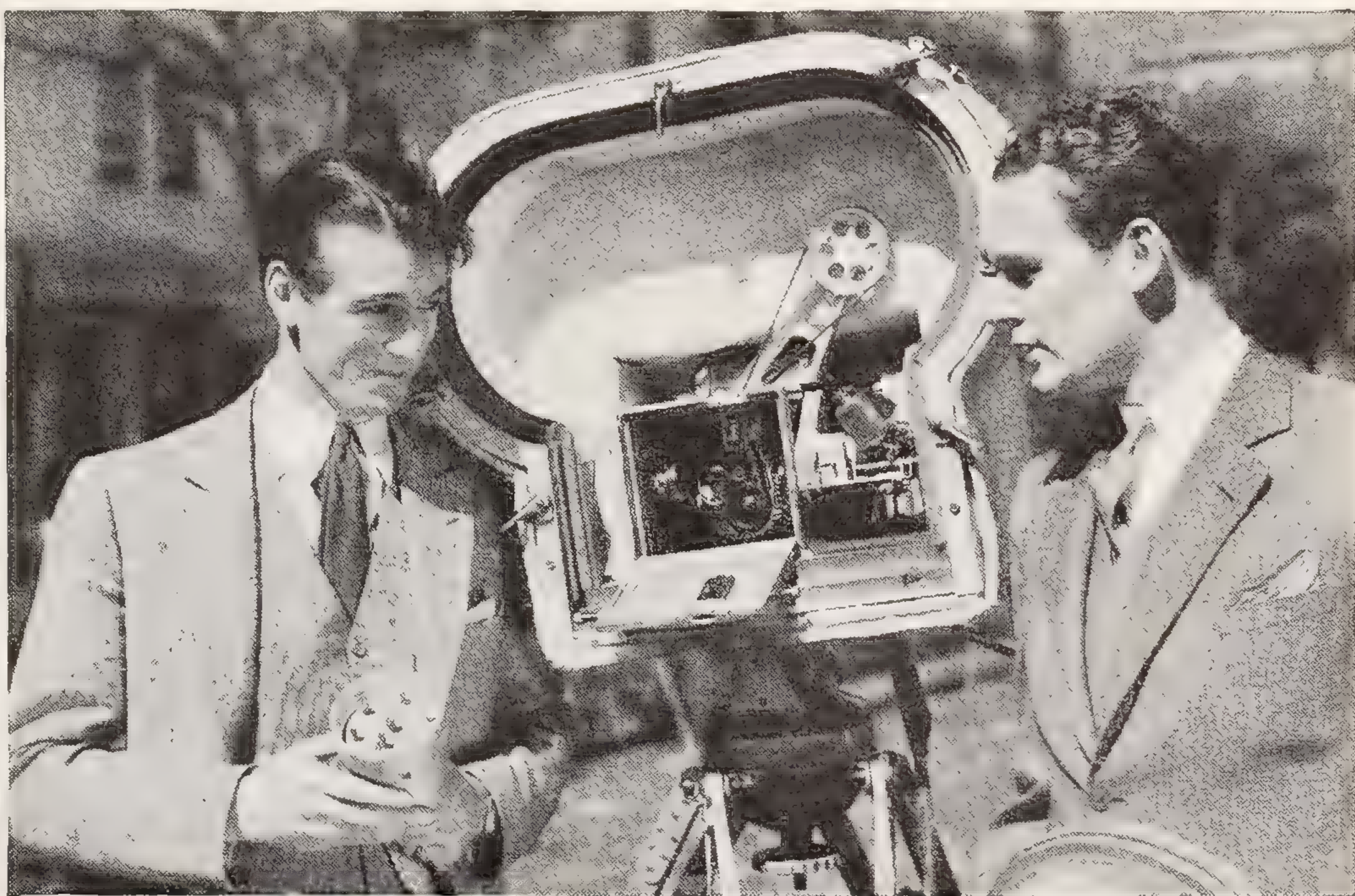
You remember Ken said in the beginning that he 'didn't do much.' It just seems to be a matter of opinion what 'much' is.

Early in Ken's circus days he had been taught that half the trick of showmanship was in the proper use of his hat. So when Ken took his bows he did it with a flourish of his hat and it would put the most modest act across with a bang.

"Before I learned that trick I could do my darndest and as soon as I was finished the people were too busy watching to see what was coming next to give me much of a hand when I took my bow. I used to try them out on it. Sometimes the simplest stunt, with the right flourish afterwards, would bring down the house.

"The circus cry of 'Ya-a-a' is also a great help to the player. I find it very useful in pictures when I am not just in the right mood, or am tired, to just cry 'Ya-a-a' and it sort of brings the right light into your eyes."

We ate our lunch in the car. Ken brought sandwiches and coffee and pie, which had been brought from the hotel in Sid Rogell's car, to Edith and me while



Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler investigate the mysteries of the new 'Blimp' camera just perfected by Paramount to insure noiseless camera operation.

he sat outside in his location chair using the running board of the car for a table.

Joe Brown, the director, had been plenty busy all morning but did take time enough to grab a sandwich and a cup of coffee. "Joe, you ought to take a closeup of those gloves of yours. They sure are something to write home about." Ken chaffed him.

Mr. Brown patted the heavy woolen mittens he had been wearing. "Say, I just love those gloves. They'll be with me in 1934, if I'm still wearing gloves by that time. When my hands are warm I'm warm all over. Try them on," he said, holding one out to me. They were warm, sure enough. "And you need 'em, too, in this country. Every time a breeze comes down off those snow caps, boy, it sure makes you shiver!"

Bobby Dunn, one of the comedians of the company, charged past in imitation of a little boy who got shot in the rompers.

"Hey, Bobby! Pull up those bedroom slippers!" called Mr. Brown.

"Huh?" said Bobby, his face a blank, his eyes two anxious points of light.

"Pull 'em up!" Quick as a flash Bobby yanked the offending boots into place.

"Bobby picked those boots from the wardrobe because they were so funny looking. I told him to get another pair and not to depend on his boots for comedy, but I knew I had broken his heart. He got the straight pair but never did turn the others in. The first day on the set he wore them, but he was careful to pull them up where they belonged. They have never been straight since. Every time I want to scare the heart out of him I tell him to pull up the bedroom slippers.

"Come on, Edith. Climb into the old freighter. No leisure for young ladies on location."

In a moment the desert was seething with bucking horses, runaway teams and cowboy yells; then the work settled down to close-ups of Edith and her 'father' and the cowboys squatted around Ken, swapping yarns or stretching out in an unused freighter for a snooze.

The theme of the picture is instructive. It seems that in the old days, all the food the miners in some parts of the country could get had to be brought to them on the freight train. Except that those words didn't mean what they do now. The 'train' was composed of many wagons which were called 'freighters' because of their heaviness of build. They were often loaded up with ore for a return trip. Each man had his own wagon but all were under the command of a Wagon Master. The men obeyed his orders rather as soldiers obey their General. They pulled along to the tune of a song popular in their day. The one Ken used is quoted at the beginning of this story. O, Yes! It's a talking picture—singing, too.

There was a scene in which Edith was asked to jump from the plunging wagon. But the freighters are very high and very awkward to get out of, and hampered as she was by the long and voluminous skirts of the period, Edith decided that in this instance discretion was the better part of valor, and did not jump.

Later they were photographing her expression as she watched Ken bring the whole troupe under control. Butterfly nets were held between her and the sun to soften the light. Suddenly, one of the middle team of the 'six-up' that had been standing stock still for over an hour took a notion to cavort and did so without a moment's warning. Half a dozen cowboys sprang to his head and as many to the other horses in case the mutiny spread.



☞ Hobart Bosworth, the distinguished character actor, with his son George.

But Edith didn't stop to find out what they were going to do. Like an airplane she sailed over the side of the wagon and to the ground six feet below.

"Who said you couldn't jump that wagon?" Joe Brown laughed, "I'm going back and take that scene over again."

"I did it that time, didn't I?" said Edith, who with Ken's help was scrambling back upon her perch.

"You looked like a balloon going to ground with those full skirts."

"Where's the powder department?" asked Ted McCord, head camera man. Whereupon a property man dug around among some reflectors and emerged with a bag of fuller's earth which he patted over the actors' clothes. They were supposed to be very dusty from their long ride across the plains, you see.

"Come on, Bud McClure. This is your big scene," chaffed Joe Brown. "Step up to the wagon and tell the old man that now is his chance to get the water while the men are fighting. Put some dust on his beard and mess him up a little, boys," Mr. Brown said to the property men.

"Yeah," sneezed Bud as the dust blew into his eyes and nose. "Be careful and not miss any little space. It might show in the picture."

"What are you grinding, Ted?" asked Mr. Brown of his camera man.

"Sixteen, Joe," said Ted.

"Sure?"

"Sixteen, Joe."

"No foolin', now. You know that blooming sound track has to be figured in."

"Sixteen, Joe."

"Well, sixteen is all right—but be sure!"

But Ted had his story and was evidently going to stick to it. Again he replied, "Sixteen, Joe."

"All right. I give in!" laughed the director, adding, "Come on now, Edith. You are watching Ken wipe up the desert with Hollister's men. Sometimes it looks bad for him. Watch me and I'll cue you for expression."

Whereupon Mr. Brown began to act thirty parts at once, running hither and yon so that Edith's eyes could follow him, while her very expressive face mirrored fear, hope, relief and finally, elation.

"Smile now, when they hail Ken as Wagon Master. Whoa! Don't use up too

much of it or you won't have any left for Ken when he comes to greet you."

There was a wild 'Whoopie!' and shots. I expected nothing less than a band of war chiefs, but it was only Ken having some fun on the side lines with the cowboys. He had lassoed one and pulled him from off the hay wagon where he had been enjoying an afternoon siesta—to be thus rudely awakened.

Bobby Dunn was running about in circles holding on to his trousers and his funny boots. A comic born.

I was disappointed because the cactus plants were not in bloom and I had been looking forward to their beauty.

"Well, I don't see why our property department couldn't arrange that for you," said Ken. "We'll just have a few blooms by morning. I should think Bill Quinlan could put a little thing like that through. If he can't it will be the first thing he has ever fallen down on since I've known him, which has been quite some time."

See why Ken's outfit swears by him? Because he is loyal to them, too.

Work being over for the day, Edith and I rode back to the Dow Hotel in Lone Pine with Ken. On the way he showed us a motor conveyance he designed and patented for transporting six horses, each having a separate padded stall. The vehicle has a roof but it is open for a little over two feet from the top, so the ponies can see what's going on and get plenty of air. In the back is a compartment for water and one for feed. Also there is a saddle-room. The wagon is ruby red, is Ken's favorite color, and has a picture of the star performing a daring stunt on Tarzan's back painted in natural colors.

All the trucks are red too, with 'Ken Maynard Productions' printed on the sides of them, because Ken is his own producer now and oversees everything that is done, from the building of the story to the management of the men.

The second morning I was up with the troupe and on location by seven thirty. "We'll show you a few love scenes today," said Ken. "How are you feeling, Edith? Are you up to a love scene this morning?"

"Well, I've arranged my best curl for it, and it's so cold I won't have to act a bit to want to snuggle up to you."

Sure enough it was cold—and windy. When everything was all set Joe Brown ordered a few sheets of tin to be held around Edith. "She's blowing away," he complained.

If Joe Brown ever gets tired of directing he can go on the screen as a comedian and I'll wager it wouldn't take him long to get into the first rank. Every gesture he makes has comedy to it and he points his words in such a way as to bring a laugh to every line. He was a lawyer for a while after he graduated from Syracuse University. Perhaps it was his sense of humor that made him quit the bar.

Ken and Edith were sitting on a box beside the old freighter. The wagons were used as houses too, and Edith hastened in to get a needle and thread with which to sew on a button that had come off of Ken's shirt.

"Where's the needle and thread?" Mr. Brown asked.

"Ed's got it."

"No, I haven't. Jim's got it. I stuck it in the top of his hat for safe keeping."

"Oh, pardon me," said Mr. Brown. "Give him two bits, Sid. He has an idea this morning."

Sid Rogell is production chief and business manager of the company. His brother

is Al Rogell, the director, who married Marion Douglas.

Then they took the scene. While Edith sewed on the button Ken sang one of the innumerable songs with innumerable verses that are included in a cowboy's repertoire.

This is the verse you will hear sung in the half nasal though resonant twang the Texas cow puncher uses:

Though not exactly feelin' blue,

Yet you don't feel like you do

In the winter or the long hot summer days,

For your feelin's like the weather

Seem to sorta go together

An' you're quiet in the dreary autumn haze.

Later we made Ken sing all the verses. All cow puncher songs tell a story, which makes them true lyrics, and all are sad. They are fascinating and one could listen to them by the hour.

While they were finishing up the scenes I talked with Sid Rogell. I had noticed that the company seemed like one big family and Sid told me that was just about what it was. "It functions like one, anyway," he said. "With the exception of the leading woman and principal actors the same people are carried through from picture to picture. The only reason the actors are changed is because it would be like a stock company which is not good business in pictures. On the stage it is a different matter.

"We all feel that having a congenial crowd is a very important item. It insures harmony and eliminates waste of time. We all know each others' ways, know what we can depend on each person to do. No time spent in wondering whether the job will turn out all right. We know it will, barring unavoidable accidents. Harmony and faith in each other makes a lot of difference."

They did seem to. I never saw such fast, sure work on an outdoor picture.

Near us Buck Bucko was 'dressing up' his wagon as they did in the old days. A barrel was fastened to one side held in place by a platform. That was for water. A heavy canvas was stretched from stem to stern and corded over.

"Buck's taking great pride in dressing up his freighter because he's going to drive it," said Sid. "None of these boys mind turning carpenter or prop men or what have you when occasion demands. They're just helping Ken make a picture, and it takes co-operation to make a picture.

"These boys all have fine careers. Tom Bay is head of them now but many of them have been heads in other companies. Fred Burnes handled horses and riders for Doug Fairbanks' picture 'The Iron Mask,' and his brother Ed has handled stock for Doug for years."

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the term 'six-up' I will explain it as Sid explained it to me. A 'six-up' is composed of six horses harnessed in teams one in back of the other, and hitched to one long tongue. The front team are called 'leaders,' the next, 'middle team,' and the last, nearest the wagon, 'wheelers.' Each team is trained differently. For instance, if you hitched the wheelers or the middle team in the leaders' places they wouldn't know what to do. They would have to be unhitched and put where they belonged.

Edith had been put in the runaway wagon again and she was a little nervous about it. "Don't you fret, Edith," said Mr. Brown. "You will be all right. There never was a girl hurt in any of my pictures. That's not saying anything about the men," he continued with a wink at me. "I re-

member a picture we did in Idaho and our car looked like a hospital train coming home. Black eyes, broken wrists, collar bones and ribs. I had both arms in a sling. I had been under a wagon and had given an order to fire. That cowboy let me have it right in the face. I was stone blind for days—had to finish directing the picture, blind. Don't know how many grains of powder they dug out of my eyes afterwards."

We went to a lower grade where there was a real road to take the shots of the entire train of freighters running away.

The camera car loaded on all the cameras—first and second and the Akeley, which does the panning and trick shots and is operated by William Sickner; and ran right alongside the charging steeds. Mr. Brown and the script clerk were also aboard. Tom Bay rode with the head team because when the horses get going they don't want to stop. They probably can't see the sense of the whole thing anyway, having to stand perfectly still for hours on end and then for no good reason made to run like the devil and stop short just when they were beginning to enjoy themselves. Maybe they feel sorry for themselves, just as humans sometimes do, and think it is pretty tough to be a horse.

Bill Quinlan, head property man, and Mack Wright, the assistant director, stopped rigging one of the freighters to watch the sport. "There is one thing Tom Bay sure can do, and that is manage a horse," said Bill.

A few scenes showing the entrance of the train into camp had to be taken down at the Lone Pine ball ground, and you should see how the villagers and tourists swarmed about us.

The train was supposed to be at ease for the night when news of the approach of Hollister's men reaches them and they have to jump into a flight and a fight. Hollister is played by Tom Santschi, but Tom doesn't appear in these scenes. His orders are carried out by the two henchmen before mentioned.

"Put a character hat on Tracy and let him walk through this," said Mr. Brown. "Tracy is Tarzan's trainer and Tarzan follows every move he makes. Also minds what Tracy tells him to do. Tarzan has a big part in 'The Wagon Master' and a

good deal of intelligence is required of him."

Edith had to run up to the bunch of men and tell her 'father,' who was among them, the bad news.

In Westerns there is no time for detailed direction. Everything has to be done in broad sweeps. Consequently the actors are left more or less to get through the scene on general direction and as best they may. I noticed that Edith's spontaneous work was convincing and logical and that she put more than the usual fire into her performance of the terrified though courageous girl.

She had to do a lot of jumping in and out of the wagon which she didn't mind this time because it was standing still.

"My, she has to be some acrobat," said a little girl who was an admiring bystander.

I looked around to see what had become of the star and there he was on the truck surrounded by a crowd of little boys who had had the luck to wander by just at this exciting hour on their way from school. Some had roller skates and their school books under their arms. They patted Ken's costume and examined the leather fringe on his trousers with great interest. He had just started a game of marbles with them when he was called to work, but not before I had moved the graflex cameraman in his direction.

Then came the scene where the horses broke away and you should have seen the excitement of the children. One little girl hugged herself delightedly while she said in a half whisper, "My, I'm getting a little scared, I think!"

Another child had left her coat in the car and was just about freezing in a sleeveless frock, but she stuck it out until the scene was over, afraid she might miss something. I put my arm about her shoulders as a gesture toward keeping off some of the wind but I'm afraid it wasn't much of a help.

"Step on this one, boys," said Joe Brown, elated because he had accomplished so much that afternoon. "We'll take it from the platform and it will be the last shot tonight and the last of the sequence. Hot dickety dog!" And whacking his cameramen on their backs, almost bowling them over, he jumped to the scaffolding of the platform.

"Oh-o-o! I must say he doesn't care what he does to his camera men. Isn't he jolly and nice? I think he is just awful funny," said the freezing little girl.

Next morning Edith and I went home. We went to the location just long enough to take some of the pictures that appear on this page and some production stills and then we rolled away in Ken's car which he sent us back to Hollywood in. And although everyone had been extremely kind and hospitable I'll bet that whole troupe was glad to see the last of 'the wimmen folks.'

On the way Edith told me about her trip to the South Sea Islands where she did a picture called "Black Cargo" in Fiji. The company was feasted by the King and his court and Edith has a little gourd cup from which she drank and which the King autographed for her.

Some smartie gave him some whiskey one evening and he got a little tipsy and began telling how much fun his father and ancestors used to have killing people in different ways. He got quite playful and was all for showing how it had been done so that the Americans were plenty nervous before he finally fell asleep. His slightest word was law on the island.



Mary Brian exhibits the wedding rings from the Paramount prop room. They were purchased from pawnbrokers for screen marriages.

The High Fliers — Continued from page 21

for the kiddies to save their nickels and dimes in, and the question as to who next is taking up the study of navigation and air currents and who has made a solo flight is of terrific interest.

"Is Pat (Patsy Ruth Miller) going to solo this Sunday?" Ben Lyon asked me the other day.

"No," I replied, "but she's about ready to."

"Oh! she's been about ready for the last year! Bebe will beat her to it if she doesn't hurry. We both want to be there with three rousing cheers when she does solo—you tell her, will you, if you see her?"

Yes, that's the way they talk out here now.

Certainly flying has been a boon to the film people who are now able to go places and see things they never could in the old days because of the time element. It is an ideal way to look for locations—a busy director hops in a plane and covers hundreds of miles of territory in a few hours. He can get a general idea of what the country is like, then his assistant can look into the detail work.

Hundreds of men were flying daily, making it their only means of travel, yet the world did not realize it until Lindy hopped the Atlantic. Each additional bit of propaganda has immediate and sweeping results. Since the release of "The Flying Fleet," in which Ramon Novarro starred, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot has gone hay wire.

A good many of the men had seen air service during the war, but afterwards, filled with the business of providing a living for themselves and their families, they had dropped out of touch with the air. "The Flying Fleet" brought it all back to them.

Three of them, Ray Binger, a camera expert, Buddie Gillespie and Merrill Pye, both art directors, conceived the brilliant idea of forming a club to be known as The Studio Flying Club. Although it has been in existence only four months its future is assured. The idea was to make aviation possible to people of moderate means. Sunday is the big day. The members bring their families and lunch and have a great time.

At first there was no initiation fee charged and the instruction by army fliers at the Culver City Airport amounted to \$12.50 an hour. There are now about fifteen members. Only people of the studios may belong, and at present most of these are from the Metro lot. They are directors, art directors, cameramen, engineers. Patsy Ruth Miller is so far the only star but others are talking of joining. Tay Garnett, the director, and Pat's fiance, is another member. Also there is Douglas Shearer, Norma's brother, who is production manager for sound at Metro.

There have been no accidents and five or six members are now very good fliers; two have orders in for their own planes. Others prefer to use the field planes until they are crack fliers. Otherwise the expense of the wrecked plane would fall entirely upon them. As each member makes his solo flight it is up to him to give a party for the rest. Now that the club is growing so rapidly there is to be an initiation fee of thirty dollars and the instruction is to be fifteen dollars. The reason for this additional expense is to raise enough money to build a club house. Plans for a modest one have already been drawn up and the

cost of it will be about two thousand dollars. Arrangements have been made with the Culver City Airport so that members are provided with hangar space for their own planes at a nominal charge.

And did you know that you could buy a plane for twelve and fifteen hundred dollars? Gosh! I didn't. They are singles, of course, but you can get two and three place ships—that means planes holding two people besides the pilot—for less than the price of a good automobile; twenty-five hundred and three thousand dollars. That's service!

Flying has actually taken such a hold on the imagination and sporting instinct of the film colony that executives are thinking of revising contracts which will not permit directors, stars or featured players to fly during the making of a picture. Safety first! say the wise men to themselves, figuring in dollars and cents what it would mean to have an important member of a cast hurt in the middle of a picture.

The other day a little knot of men were gathered outside the commissary at the Metro Studio. "Come on, let's have lunch," one of them said. "I think I'll fly for half an hour instead," said Clarence Brown. "I'm for that too, been up almost every noon this week"—and off they tramped.

Now can you imagine that?

"It's a fine way to forget your troubles, if you have any," said Frank D. Williams, inventor of the Williams process, a trick in photography. Mr. Williams takes to the air every time a knotty problem presents itself. "If you don't forget everything in the world except flying that ship your troubles are apt to be removed permanently!"

Not many players have planes of their own but I don't suppose there are two dozen prominent stars in the industry who do not board commercial planes for frequent pleasure or business trips.



Gladys McConnell has more flying hours to her credit than any other girl in pictures except possibly Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are perhaps the greatest air travelers in Hollywood. Not long ago they chartered a twelve-passenger Maddux plane and headed toward the Grand Canyon. Shortly after leaving the port they ran into head winds and veered off toward Caliente where they landed and traded the Maddux for a Wasp job and made for Arizona. They were gone twenty hours.

Of course it takes money to do the thing that way. Chartering a twelve-job plane costs \$175.00 an hour, and gone twenty hours—you can figure it out for yourself. On that trip Mary and Doug took little Mary, their niece, Lillian Gish, and Mr. and Mrs. John Fairbanks. These trips are not altogether for pleasure with Mary and Doug. They are constantly on the look-out for locations and atmosphere.

John Gilbert is another player who likes to charter planes and go places with his friends. Recently he has been so busy with "Redemption" that he has not had the time for it, but he will be at it again as soon as the picture is over.

Now that the enormous Grand Central Air Terminal at Glendale is opened it is filmland's own. At the opening more than sixty stars were present. It is only a twelve minute motor run from the center of Hollywood. And it is really swell. The only field in America, I am told, that has a concrete runway; and the field itself is oiled. The oil is shot in two feet and worked in six times. And who do you think is President in charge of operation? Lieut. D. W. Tomlinson, whom you saw in "The Flying Fleet" with Ramon Novarro. Lieut. Tomlinson was one of the three famous Sea Hawks, the crack Navy fliers, and broke up the trio to take charge of the Airport.

The other day Bill Hart went to San Francisco for a book convention. He writes books for boys now, you know. He told Arthur Hagerman, press representative for the Maddux Lines, just before he stepped into the plane that it was his first trip. "I have a colt born and raised on my ranch," said Bill, "that stands seventeen hands high, and that's the farthest I have ever been off the ground." The pilot of his plane was Capt. Jess Hart, no relation to Bill, but he told him that he had a son whom he named after the famous actor. It pleased Bill and he said, "Well, I'll autograph one of my books for the lad if we get back alive!"

Wallace Beery is the veteran among the player-fliers. He owns his own plane and has his transport license which means that he has had two hundred hours in the air and can take passengers in licensed planes either for hire or gratis to any point so long as he observes aviation rules. I don't know whether Ken Maynard and Reginald Denny have this license or not. I don't think they have. They both have their own planes and are experienced fliers, however. Reginald Denny no longer pilots his plane himself because he says it is a thing you should do very often or not at all. You forget things that are dangerous to forget if you fly just once in awhile. But he frequently takes trips in commercial planes and goes half way to his ranch in one, finishing the trip by motor.

Ken Maynard loves to pilot his plane himself. He has never had an accident in the air but he has had two after the plane landed, neither one very serious and not entirely his fault. Once he landed in a

grove of eucalyptus trees because of some ill luck. He has plenty of nerve, the commercial pilots say, and instead of quitting the plane he pulled it out of the trees and landed it right. Mrs. Maynard was with him, and for some weeks there were a good many arguments for and against aviation in the Maynard family! But Mary is a good sport and she was as eager as Ken was when they took the next trip.

It is said of Raoul Walsh that he flew to Caliente to get married, and before he started to dress for the wedding he dashed into the Casino and in thirty minutes won eighteen thousand dollars!

Caliente seems to do things to people. Jackie Logan, it is said, had no intention of getting married when she went there, but I suppose the beauty of it and the soft, lazy, air turns one romantic—anyhow, she suddenly made up her mind, telephoned to her maid and the Maddux lines to bring down some clothes more suitable for a wedding than those she was wearing; and they chartered a little Lockheed and flew the things down to her.

And what do you think Ben Lyon is doing? He has his commercial license now, which means that he can take people for hire within a radius of ten miles of the air port. Every Sunday he gives four hours of his time to the American Aircraft Corporation and takes passengers up for a dollar a person. I suppose I don't need to tell you that Ben is the most popular pilot on the field. You should see the competition to get into his plane! Of course he doesn't take the money. It goes to the Corporation. He is very keen for aviation and wants to stimulate as much interest in it as possible. A great deal of fear has yet to be overcome, and those who are very interested in the transportation of the future try to do all they can to break down that fear in the minds of people still unfamiliar with flying.

When Ben has two hundred hours in the air he will take out his transport license.

Priscilla Dean, as you may know, married a flier, Lieut. Leslie Arnold, who with two other men flew around the world in 1926.

Norman Kerry has flown for years but now uses only commercial planes. Ruth Elder flies every day. One afternoon on her way to the field she stopped to buy a paper from a little newsie. She had no pennies and he hadn't change so he told her to let it go until the next time. "But I may not come by again or I may forget," said Ruth. "Oh, no, you won't! I know



☞ Dan Healy, a Broadway favorite, whose singing and dancing will soon be featured in talkie musical comedy.

who you are—you're Ruth Elder," he said with a happy grin. "I watch you go up every day and I know you won't forget."

Among the directors who fly are Victor Fleming, William K. Howard, Clarence Brown, Dudley Murphy and Howard Hughes. George Hill has his order in for a Loening Amphibian, a cabin plane which holds six people. Mr. Hill thinks this the only practical plane for it can 'sit down' on sea or land.

Both George Hill and Fred Niblo are great air enthusiasts although they do not fly themselves. Mr. Hill often hops in a plane for relaxation and flies to San Francisco or Caliente; or into a little Navy plane to Coronado with "Spig" Weed who is now writing scenarios for Metro—"The Flying Fleet" was his—and is back again the same afternoon. Mr. Niblo made his first flight just twenty years ago. That's pioneering! And he's proud of it.

Among the student pilots are Patsy Ruth Miller, Bebe Daniels, Tay Garnett, Gladys McConnell, Edna May Cooper, George Hill and a few others. Gladys McConnell has travelled in almost every kind of plane and I was told that among the passenger fliers she had more hours in the air to her credit

than any girl in films except perhaps Mary Pickford.

There is one little person who is perfectly content to stay on the ground, not only content but resolved to do so. That is Betty Bronson. She is much happier in her snappy little roadster which she drives herself. "It looks so high up," she apologized laughing.

It's nothing to run up to San Francisco and see an important opening. Indeed, the stars never would get there if they had to go by train or motor. Few actors can get away from Hollywood for three days at a time unless it is a definite vacation and then they usually want to dash to New York or London or Paris. Bebe Daniels even flew to New York, and Ben Lyon plans to fly himself there in the fall. Lupe Velez, Corinne Griffith, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Dolores Del Rio, Gary Cooper, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro—oh, all of them practically have been either to Caliente, Palm Springs, Arrowhead, San Francisco and other places by plane. The Maddux people have reduced their fare, too, so that it is not beyond reason. The round trip to Caliente is \$25.00. The train is much cheaper, but oh, what a long, poky, dusty trip! And you have to remain overnight, whereas you can take the morning plane, have lunch in Caliente and return in the afternoon plane. It would amount to less in the end.

Edna May Cooper is taking aviation very seriously. She is studying all the things that one should take to be a good pilot and expects to do her solo flight within a few days. She has passed her examinations and told me excitedly that her mark was eighty-seven and a half, which she thought was pretty good—and I did too. Two months ago she knew no more about aviation, meteorology, navigation and all the rest than the average person, which is—nothing.

So with all this excitement going on I don't know what Hollywood will come to. We even have air police! I suppose New York has too, but I just found it out today when they went after a plane that had been circling for half an hour over our district advertising some kind of gasoline through a loud speaker and singing songs and telling jokes just to show how bright and snappy they were. I don't think their energy was much appreciated. So many complaints were telephoned in that they were policed. What will they think of next?

The New Technique of the Talkies—Continued from page 27

"Great guns! I'm not the man you want to see. I'm a babe in arms in this picture racket. Why, if it hadn't been for Mr. West, and Mae Busch and Pat O'Malley, fellow players in 'Alibi,' I don't know what I would have done," he explained. "I've been on the stage for ten years. George Cohan turned me from a nice boy into a stage criminal when he gave me the lead in 'Yellow.' But stage experience doesn't mean I know anything about pictures."

"Well, at least you can tell me what you think of the way Mr. West has handled this talkie," I said. "It all seems new to me somehow. Different from the first sound pictures. He has put more action into it than any talkie I've seen."

Morris' face lit up. "That's right. He has. And I'll tell you why. 'Alibi' has made a big hit because West has injected talking into the picture without lowering the action one jot. That's a terribly hard

thing to do. And something that a lot of directors fall down on.

"When talkies first began," Chester went on, "the directors tried to take a stage play and transfer it whole-hog to the screen. But that didn't work out."

"Why not?" I asked.

"That's simple," Morris answered. "On the stage you can watch two or three people talking quietly around a table for fifteen or twenty minutes without feeling any sense of slow tempo. But that won't go over in a talking picture. We are accustomed to lots of action in our movies. And if we don't have it, the picture falls flat. As I've said before, I'm not a talkie expert, but it seems to me that a perfect motion picture is like playing a chromatic scale on the saxophone. Each note rises a half-tone higher than the preceding one. So in a movie, each scene must rise higher than the one preceding it. And in a talkie

when all you hear is a knot of people sitting in the same place talking, talking, talking—the picture is apt to be a flop.

"But never for a second does Roland West let this happen in 'Alibi.' He's a wizard, really. He keeps his characters constantly moving. One bit of action rises hard and fast on the last bit of action, increasing the whole in tone and tempo until he reaches his climax.

"It's an awfully hard thing to explain, but when you see 'Alibi' you will understand what I mean. Now there are certain sequences in the picture when no talking is going on. But here West is very resourceful. Take the time when Eleanor Griffith (she plays the heroine and is a darned fine trouper) is preparing dinner for her father. She's all alone. But she's whistling. Then when Purnell B. Pratt who plays the part of her father was shaving, there was no sound. Naturally a man

can't talk when his face is lathered. But West didn't let it go at that. He had a canary bird continually chirping and singing, which kept the sound for that scene stirred up. Again there was no sound at all part of the time when Pratt, a policeman, and Pat O'Malley, a police sergeant, were putting Elmer Ballard, a gangster, through the third degree. But here West introduced the most awful suspense by the mere ticking of a clock.

"I know all this sounds infinitesimal but when you see the picture you will understand, for these very infinitesimal things keep the action of the picture running strongly along an unbroken cord. The tempo never lags. That picture is like one of those old Roumanian or Hungarian folk songs. They start off at a normal tempo but whip up to a furious speed at the climax.

"When I went out on the United Artists' lot at Hollywood to make 'Alibi,'" Morris continued, "I was more frightened than I had ever been at any Broadway first night. Up to this time I had heard that all you need to make a good talking picture was a cast of fine actors from the legitimate stage. But the nearer my train rolled toward Hollywood the more I began to realize that was apple sauce. You can get the finest actor on Broadway but if he doesn't have that intangible screen personality, he's a flop. Nobody can describe that intangible quality and nobody knows if he has it until the camera focuses on him."

Morris had warmed to his subject now and was walking up and down the floor, talking eagerly. "You see, Mr. West had watched my work in the stage play 'Crime' and offered me this part in 'Alibi.' But I wasn't at all sure that first morning on the United Artists' lot that I would register. I was terribly worked up as you can imagine, because the technique of the stage and the screen is so different.

"For instance, on the stage if I want to say: 'You are a lovely girl,' I say just that: 'You are a lovely girl.' But on the screen how different!

"If you want to get over that simple phrase, 'You are a lovely girl,' long before you say it, you must strike an elaborate pose to intimate what is coming and then say the words. That striking of the elaborate pose and then saying the words was what made talking pictures drag.

"Roland West overcame that in 'Alibi' by making the words and the pose simultaneous. That's what gave it that staccato quality. There's no long dragging wait for the actor to gear himself up and express in pantomime what he is going to say later in words. West gives movie audiences credit for having brains. He lets you use your head.

"Now that you know how West inserted the dialogue without lowering the action, there is another angle to be considered. You can't help but lower the action if you're going to have long-winded speeches, irrelevant dialogue. That's grim death to a talkie. One of the first necessities, I believe, in making a successful talking picture is in finding the best dialogue writers you can get. Words that sound fine on the stage sometimes seem positively silly in a talkie. Then, too, the novelty merely of hearing words issue from a screen character's mouth is no longer sufficient. The audience must be amused, stimulated, entertained. The dialogue must sparkle.

"Here is where West gives his public credit for having brains. He doesn't blueprint everything for you. He just suggests, and lets the brain of the audience do the rest. He has pared his dialogue down to

the bone, leaving a lot to the imagination. His characters express more by what they don't say than by what they do. You'll notice that in Ballard's work when he is being put through the third degree. He doesn't say much. But he does as fine a piece of acting as I have seen in a long time.

"A third necessity in talkies, in my opinion, is to have real actors. Now, I don't necessarily mean stage actors. For any stage actor has an awful lot to learn about screen technique. I mean any player who has a sense of effect, who can say things and mean them.

"To a stage player, new to movies, the making of a talkie is absolutely bewildering. The first day we were rehearsing 'Alibi'—and of course every scene is as carefully rehearsed as a stage play—Mr. West said to me: 'Chester, turn around.'

"But I can't, Mr. West," I answered, 'I'll have my back to the audience.'

"West walked over and patted my arm. 'Don't you worry about your audience. You haven't one audience in pictures. You have a hundred. Your audience is wherever the camera is placed.'

"Now just imagine how self-conscious that makes a stage actor—to know that his audience can come from any of a hundred angles! On the stage the audience is fixed. They can view us from one point only. But on the screen—! Immediately I felt as if my hands were as big as shovels and my feet young bob-sleds.

"Again there was that matter of keeping 'in character' for the talkie. You are taught in dramatic school or in stock or wherever you get your stage training to keep 'in character.' That is, to pretend that you are the character you are playing so entirely that you slough off your own characteristics and mould yourself absolutely to the personality you are portraying.

"The first couple of weeks a show is on, you keep in character. But after that you don't take the trouble to get 'in character' before you go on in the first act. You may be cracking a joke with a pretty girl in the wings, hear your cue, walk on the stage and snap into your stuff. *But you can't do that on the screen!* You've absolutely got to live the character you are portraying—and no fooling. Because the screen enlarges your face and figure twenty-four times its normal size. And if you're swapping jokes off stage one minute and committing murder on stage the next moment, your eyes, the lines of your mouth, retaining the memory of merriment would betray you instantly. It is not possible to switch instantaneously and convincingly from a joke to a murder because the impartial eyes of the camera will give your secret away.

"What trouble I had learning the little screen technique I know and how good my fellow players in 'Alibi' were! For instance, one thing Mae Busch taught me—she plays the rôle of dizzy Daisy in this film—proved of invaluable help. On the screen when you are talking to somebody in a sequence, you don't look them squarely in the eyes. You look at the eye nearest the camera! That not only makes your audience think you are intently engaged in conversation with your *vis-a-vis*, but it also presents your profile at its best angle to the camera.

"Another point which distracted me a lot was the red chalk marks on the floor. But perhaps I'd better explain those. In a talkie each word or group of words must be punctuated with an action or actions. Just like after a phrase of English you put a comma or semi-colon or a colon, according to what you wish to express. So

in a good talkie you must supplement your speech with action. Now this is no hit-and-miss proposition. And every word, every gesture is figured out like a problem in higher mathematics. Of course, you know there are two cameras, one to register what the audience sees and one to register what it hears. But maybe you don't know that every foot of space between the actor and these cameras is marked out on the floor in a straight line. This line again is sub-divided into spaces of twelve inches each. Now you take your place in a certain position and as you speak you punctuate your words with action—motion. So many feet towards the camera. So many feet away from the camera, according to the dramatic values involved. And when you advance or beat a retreat you must step exactly twelve inches—not thirteen or eleven. These simple technical things may not impress an outsider as difficult, but they certainly play havoc with a stage actor unaccustomed to such necessities.

"But you can readily understand how necessary this marking is. In addition to the part it plays in helping the actor express exact dramatic values, suppose we leave off a scene this afternoon. And I am standing up stage right. Now suppose the next morning when I began I took up my place up stage left, which anybody might do in a forgetful moment. It would prove ludicrous to the audience when the two sequences were unrolled one after the other in the completed film.

"Yes, I give you my word, I've been on the stage for years but when I began to make 'Alibi,' I felt just as callow as the day I started my career.

"I'm not really a 'heavy' by nature. I would rather play straight leads, and I hope to get back to them some day. Indeed, I'm so far removed from a killer that I must tell you a funny incident that happened while we were making 'Alibi.'

"No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't get the shots to sound right in this talkie. We tried 'twenty fives' and we tried 'thirty fives' but the sound was awful. Finally we worked it out by getting a thin lathe and a heavy leather cushion. When I would pull the trigger of the pistol, flame and smoke would result but no sound. We got the sound by letting the lathe fly back and hit the leather cushion. The report was exactly like the sound of a pistol shot but the real pistol shot sounded like an earthquake.

"In one sequence you notice I have to fire on Regis Toomey from my pocket. I had never in all my stage crime career fired a pistol from the pocket. And I was a little anxious.

"The prop boy came up to me with an asbestos glove: 'Here, put this on your hand before you fire that shot.'

"But what for?" I asked. 'Is it dangerous?'

"Naw, it ain't dangerous. But put it on all the same.'

"I did as requested but all of a sudden I had visions of having my hand blown off from the chemicals which were wadded into the prop pistol to make the flame and smoke. And as I pulled the trigger I was decidedly out of character. For at the moment my fingers touched the trigger I subconsciously drew back and put on the most frightened face you ever saw.

"When I saw that sequence in the rushes that same night, I burst out laughing. Needless to say it had to be made over. And needless to say, anybody who saw that rush would know that at heart, I'm no killer."

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Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
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How They Play in Hollywood — Continued from page 29

kidded a lot, pretending that the little brush she used to flick the crumbs from the iron was a paint-brush, and she would stand back to watch the effect after giving a dab to the iron.

Buddy served himself last, but Mary Brian refused to give him any credit for unselfishness, declaring that he preferred practicing on us, and Buddy remarked that he had been waiting to see if Mary would offer to cook, whereupon Mary with quick Irish wit said she knew that and that's why she didn't.

"Never mind," put in Theda Bara, "we'll come to see Buddy cook waffles in a window some time!"

At the end, they ran a race, Buddy and Ann, and I must admit that Buddy was the quicker, but Ann was the neater.

I forgot to say that that nice Jack Stambaugh was one of the guests. He and John Westwood, you know, are the only two college boys of the twelve that First National brought out a little over a year ago, who have remained in pictures. All the rest went home to finish becoming lawyers and doctors and stock brokers and writers. Jack is doing awfully well, and seems in a fair way to become a star.

After breakfast we all drove over to the polo grounds, driving into the canyon with its great oaks and its ferns and streams, all beautiful under the sunshine and amid the green hills.

Tom Moore was there, among the racers, wearing his green cap and tunic and looking very professional. We liked the fact that he had apparently pressed out his tunic, so that it was smooth, and not wrinkled like most of the riders' outfits.

We went around back of the grandstand to take a peek at the mounts which Agnes, Ann and Frank were to ride, with Mrs. Rork shivering a bit when she saw what a tall horse Ann was to ride. Then we went up into the grandstand, which was packed.

There were some whippet races, and then came the steeplechase, and we hardly breathed as we watched Agnes and Ann dash off. They took the hurdles wonderfully, though, and at the last we felt sure that Ann was going to win.

"Oh, here she comes!" shouted Patsy, so that everybody looked around at her.

Sure enough, Ann dashed over the last hurdle, just ahead of Agnes, and bowed as she received her silver cup.

Then Frank Dazey won a cup and after that Tom Moore was to race. He did, and very nearly met with a terrible accident.

It was on the last stretch of the course, and at the last hurdle we saw Tom hurtle to one side. Next minute he and his horse were both down. Nobody on the grandstand breathed for a moment, then a lot of people ran to pick them up. They lay very still, both of them, but Tom had fallen clear of his horse, and presently both were up, none the worse, except for a slight limp on the part of both Tom and his steed, for their experience.

We found that Tom had swerved out of the way to let another rider who was evidently about to fall regain his balance.

After the races, we all went back to the Dazeys' for tea, and there we found a lot of new guests.

Cecelia DeMille, daughter of C. B. DeMille, was there, a slight, graceful charming young girl; but for all her quiet demureness, she is a great little horsewoman.

Virginia Valli was there, and Russell Gleason, son of James Gleason, Florence Lake, Jerome Storm and his wife, and a lot of other people.

We chatted with everybody, and then reluctantly said goodbye, after Agnes had confessed to us:

"Honestly, just before a race, you hope down deep in your heart that something will happen — like breaking your leg or some little thing like that—so that you won't have to be in it!"

"Oh, they're going to give Bessie Love a garter over at the Breakfast Club tomorrow night, and we're invited to be there," Patsy told me.

"Garters given in public?" I demanded.

"Well, it's the Order of the Garter or something," Patsy vaguely explained.

We decided we just must go and find out.

It seems that it makes you a Pal of the Breakfast Club to be given a garter, and Patsy remarked that she should think that anybody must be a pal to know you well enough to give you anything so intimate as a garter.

We went over there with Dr. Howard Updegraff, a remarkable surgeon who is fixing up everybody's out-of-line chins and noses, and we found Bessie Love and a lot of her guests in the Dog House, that charmingly snug little bungalow just outside the Club pavilion, where you meet and say hello in order to be able to recognize who is at your party once you get inside the huge Breakfast Club room.

Blanche Sweet was there, peeping, as usual, from under a lock of hair that hangs down from her bob—"just as if," remarked Patsy, "she were looking out of a little window in her house before opening the door, to see if she wants to let them in." She is looking radiantly well, but said that she had a bruised arm due to managing somehow to hit that member with her racket while playing tennis.

Mary McAllister was there, and John Colton, the playwright, Gwen Lee, Julianne Johnson, Paul Bern, Howard Hughes, the producer, Gregory Blackton, Gus Edwards and his wife, Lila Lee, who came with John Farrow, the writer, Johnny Hines, Polly Moran, Sally Phipps, Doreen Pastor, Dorothy Burgess—Dorothy had come with Paul Bern—Billie Dove, Irvin Willat, and a score of others.

Norman Kerry brought Sally O'Neil, and very cute Sally looked, too.

Howard Hughes, the producer, had brought Bessie Love, we learned.

By the way, Bessie Love admits she is engaged to somebody back in Chicago, but nobody can find out who the lucky man is.

Poor little Bessie had broken a rib a day or two before, doing a dance in a picture, and declared she was all done up in adhesive tape, but she managed to get through the evening without wearing a pained expression on her face.

Polly Moran sat opposite me, and observed we ought to have a set of telephones in order to be able to communicate with each other down that long table.

When the orchestra played some William Tell music, Johnny Hines did a pantomimic juggling act as he sat at the table, and when the William Tell selection got into its sweetest part, Johnny exclaimed, "Ah, peace has broken out in Mexico!"

After dinner we found out about the garter. Maurice Dumond, president of the Breakfast Club, bestowed the article on Bessie, the intimate garment turning out to be a dainty little affair trimmed with a fluff of ostrich.

"Why don't they give you a pair of garters?" Polly Moran called out.

"Sh! It's the Order of the Garter," Bessie admonished her, but Polly kept right on—"And why do they always give cups and no saucers?"

Then there was dancing and more fun, and the party broke up very late.

"I've been going so hard and so fast I'm tired," declared the hardly-ever-weary Patsy the Party Hound. "I saw Mrs. Mitchell Lewis the other day—she used to be on the New York stage as Nan Ryan, you know, sister of Mary Ryan—and she and Mitch are going up to Arrowhead Hot Springs for a rest over the week end. They want us to meet them there."

"Sounds awfully nice," I answered.

So we packed up and took the seventy-five mile ride from Hollywood in Patsy's car, to the Springs, which are just in the shadow of the mountains, but high enough up so one can take wonderful little rides on horseback and smart little hiking trips to discover lovely canyons with their ferns and their streams and their sycamores and oaks interlocking overhead.

We found Jack Mulhall and his wife there, and learned that they had traveled on horseback over every trail in the country, and Louise Dresser and her mother had come up for a rest.

We found that Lew Cody was living down in one of the beautiful little Spanish bungalows which belong to the hotel. He had gone there to recuperate, and we called him on the telephone to see whether he wanted company. We found that he did, and hastened down there to say hello. We found Norman Kerry there, keeping him company. Norman was on the way to location at Banning, to play in a picture in which he was being starred, but had stopped off to see Lew.

Lew was sitting up in a big chair, looking very cheerful when we arrived, and not at all the pale invalid we had expected to find. He and Kerry kept the ball rolling, about the gay times they had had in Beverly Hills, with all the kiddish pranks they had played on each other.

Once Lew had taken a brass band to Norman's house in the middle of the night and walked into his bedroom playing, whereupon Norman had retaliated by an elaborately planned joke. He took all the beautiful vases out of Lew's house where Lew wasn't there, replacing them with duplicates in breakaway stuff like they use in the studios in pictures. Then Norman and Buster Keaton had called on Lew, and 'accidentally' upset all Lew's wonderful vases, breaking them one by one. It wasn't for half an hour at least that Lew got onto the joke.

"Here we came to cheer Lew up, and he's cheering us up instead—if we needed any cheering," remarked Patsy as we left for a walk with Mrs. Lewis.

On the path we met Ronald Colman and William Powell, who had gone up there for a rest over the week end, and who were living in a bungalow. They had been playing tennis, and were just going in for a steam bath, they said.

After dinner there was a picture show.

and we found both Colman and Powell, dressed in their tennis flannels, peeping into the window of the auditorium where the picture was being shown. They wouldn't wear evening clothes up there, where they had gone for a rest, and felt they shouldn't show up in their flannels.

Just after the picture show there arrived a big box for Mitchell Lewis and his wife. On opening it they found a mechanical dog which Ralph and Vera Lewis had sent them as a present.

I forgot to say that the Lewises had brought their own Scotch terrier, Wee MacGregor, with them, and Wee went along with us on all our hikes.

Now Wee had an awful time with the mechanical pup. He smelled around it, made advances and retreats, barked, wagged his tail, and seemed to say that the mechanical dog, which opened its mouth, barked and wagged its tail in a very natural manner, looked and acted like a dog, but didn't somehow have the right smell.

Even as we were leaving, while I was looking back regretfully at those restful hills, Patsy, all full of pep was planning for the party which a rich admirer of Ona Brown's—Mrs. Brown is the divorced wife of Clarence Brown, you know—was to give the next night at the Roosevelt for Ona and Sally O'Neil.

It did seem as though just everybody in Hollywood was in that huge dining room, which Manuel Sertres, Ona's admirer, had taken over for the party.

Right away, after being greeted by Mrs. Brown and Jane, we came upon Billie Dove, Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Madge Bellamy, Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian, June Collyer, Jeanette Loff, Lila Lee, Camilla Horn, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Finis Fox, Jane Winton, Charlie Kenyon, who is Jane's husband, you know, Irvin Willat, Mona Rico, Mrs. Doris Arbuckle, Matty Kemp, Bess Meredyth and Michael Curtiz, Doris Dawson, Lena Malena, Polly Ann Young, Albert Conti, Don Alvarado and his wife, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, Jose Gresco, Leroy Mason and Rita Carewe, Priscilla Dean, Gunther Lessing, the attorney, and his wife, Billy Joy, and others.

Nick Stuart of course brought Sue Carroll, and one hears that they are likely to be married ere long, but neither will tell when.

Lily Damita came alone, saying that she was a 'bachelor girl,' and had come by herself because she wanted to pick her own beau when she arrived.

We had supper at the regular small tables of the dining room, but we found one long table reserved for the use of the Spanish and Mexican guests, who chattered away to each other in their common tongue.

"I imagine they must miss their tango music, though," remarked Patsy.

Our host, Mr. Sertres, didn't speak much English, but, as Sally O'Neil put it, "Who cares about mere language when any one can dance internationally so divinely as he can?"

Mrs. Brown is going to Paris soon, and we all wistfully declared we wished we were going with her. Jane Winton was there a few months ago, you know, and everybody fell in love with her.

We were talking about that, and Sally O'Neil exclaimed, "Oh, did they? Well, Ona, of course I'm a lonely little thing here—" glancing about at the admiring masculine faces gathered around her—"and I think I'll join you. Maybe I could catch a beau!"

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QIK Cream Hair Remover

Barrymore—Talkless Director of the Talkies

Continued from page 47

there is to it—get a good play and get a good cast—then let them use the brains God gave 'em."

That's how Barrymore works. He quietly strolls over to one player, then another, offering a suggestion, perhaps selling them an idea—but always quietly, always with the idea that the actor must not accept anything unless he himself believes it.

"And," says Lewis Stone, who played Floriot in "Madame X" and is perhaps one of Barrymore's greatest admirers, "he knows what he wants and recognizes it when he sees it—which is why he's great." The electricians on his sets say the same thing; they know he is always exactly sure of his effects.

Personally, the man doesn't suggest either the screen or the stage. Rather indifferent as to how he dresses, he likes to slouch around in a loosely fitting tweed suit that he seldom troubles to have pressed; if he's busy with a story and gets up late he doesn't bother to shave. Besides, that's a good alibi to keep him away from a camera!

The proverbial director's chair and the embellishments that go with the office don't bother him a bit. He directed most of "Madame X" sitting on the floor under the window of the camera booth. That is, he directed the rehearsals that way. When scenes were actually to be 'shot' the rehearsals had been perfected, and Barrymore retired to the monitor room, where the voices are heard over the loud speaker, leaving the stopping and starting of action on the stage below to his assistant, Harry Bucquet.

But while careless of the little perquisites of the screen director, he is a stickler for the etiquette of the stage. When he's talking over a point with a member of the cast, woe be to the person who interrupts him for anything! That's the stage idea—when the director talks, all listen.

He has infinite patience. Time and time again, during the filming of "Madame X," when lights, cameras or mechanical details went wrong, he had to wait, usually just at the climax of a piece of action. Sometimes he boiled inwardly, but never a suggestion of it appeared on his seemingly serene countenance. He knew that to 'blow up' would mean to upset the cast. And, furthermore, he argued that getting angry does not adjust electrical machinery.

He has a trick of picking nicknames for his associates. Feo Frank, the 'mixer,' for instance, he calls 'Mississippi'—because Frank always uses the word, full of "s" sounds, to test the microphone. His electricians he addresses as 'Old man,' or 'Old chap.' He has a habit of borrowing matches to light his cigarettes, and the workers near him usually keep a supply on hand. He likes to 'ad lib.' For instance, when John Robertson, the director, visited one of his sets in "Madame X," Barrymore promptly impressed him as an extra, and made him act in the scene, walking through the street with him. They are old friends from the days when both were stage actors.

Barrymore is probably the most talented man in pictures today. He could be a great

concert pianist, or a great painter. His gifts as an actor are too well known to be described. His work as a director has astonished the industry. He speaks several languages, and is one of the most widely informed men in the world. All of which is echoed in his deft direction.

He knows psychology as few men do. When he 'sells' an actor an idea, it's usually by some deft trick of mental manipulation. He never tries to force an idea, for he always wants his actors to be natural.

He has a whimsical sense of humor that enables him to see the humorous side of almost any trouble on the set. Roland Young, the stage actor, playing under his direction in "The Green Ghost," says that Barrymore reminds him of Gilbert K. Chesterton.

He hates a fuss being made out of anything. When the talking picture first came into being, and screen actors began to scurry to voice teachers to train their speaking voices, Barrymore was the first man to stem the tide—and his warnings probably saved the panicky players thousands of dollars in voice lessons.

"The voice doesn't mean a thing," he assured them. "As a matter of fact every one of you has always spoken lines in silent drama—and there is no difference at all. So-called fine voices, as Joseph Jefferson said, have ruined more actors than whiskey. Lincoln had a poor voice, high and unimpressive—but it was sufficient for what he had to say.

"That's the whole thing—brains, gray matter, and personality are what count, and the utterance of the words will take care of itself. What the words are is the important thing—actors must be given interesting things to say. After all, it all comes out of the old bean—and those with beans will obtain, as always."

This was just before he became a director. And the proof that he meant the advice exactly as he gave it is seen in the fact that he never stages any elaborate voice tests for actors. If they're actors, he holds, the voices will take care of themselves.

The only thing he's not tolerant of is stupidity. He doesn't think it has any place on the screen—in dialogue, in plots, in actors or in directors. He says motion pictures are, like other things, worth while, largely a matter of common sense.

That's why he doesn't wear fanciful clothes or sit in a conventional director's chair. That's why he doesn't get up and enact scenes for his actors. He never takes the center of the stage while directing; more often he's hiding up in the monitor room listening over earphones on the mixing panel.

He doesn't eat at the 'director's table' at noon, but grabs a sandwich while working on his script. Sometimes if he's worried over a knotty point he may play a few bars on the piano, if there's one on the stage and there's time. It seems to help. But as soon as he sees anyone listening, he stops. Barrymore is no show—any time.

The carnelian elephant offered by Richard Dix for the best letter from a fan has been awarded to Pearl King Hinshaw, Windfall, Indiana.

How Do They Do It?—Continued from page 32

produced hand-raised apple-blossoms for the garden scenes, forcing the blooms three months before their time in hothouses and transplanting them into gardens where artificial heat could keep them fresh.

When the script called for autumn to sweep across the garden, workmen sprayed liquified carbonic acid gas from tanks onto trees, flowers and shrubbery, thus creating an artificial frost that nipped the buds and turned springtime to Fall.

Almost everyone knows that Douglas Fairbanks flew about on a magic carpet and bestrode a flying horse in "The Thief of Bagdad," and almost everyone's husband can tell you how he thinks it was done. This is Doug's own explanation:

The carpet effect was expensive as well as amazing. A special derrick with a huge movable crane was built; suspended by piano wires from the crane was the carpet, stiffened with a wooden base so that Doug and Julianne Johnston could sit on in a fair degree of safety. The cameras were on a slightly lower derrick beneath the arm of the crane.

Douglas rode the white horse up a steep incline which was lined with black velvet. When developed, it looked as if he flew in black space. Clouds were superimposed and the effect of flying through clouds was obtained.

All Doug's trick stuff is legitimate and frequently dangerous. Not the least dangerous was his favorite and perhaps cleverest trick, which by the way, he has never divulged before. When he threw the magic rope up into the air and proceeded to climb up it, audiences said: "Oh, I know how that is done! It's suspended on wires!" But when Doug reached the top, he bent the end of the rope under to their horror and amazement. How did it stay up in the air when it wasn't hung on anything?

Listen, children! He did the whole scene standing on his head! The sets were built upside down for this effect, the rope hung down, not up, and part of the magic consists in the fact that the star remained nonchalant throughout the proceeding.

When chairs, dishes and whatnot are smashed to bits on the screen, no one is hurt, for yucca, balsam wood and insulex (a composition of plaster of paris and carbonated soda) are used. Yucca stalks, glued lightly together, make the frailest furniture, breaking at the slightest impact, but balsam wood is so soft that a nail may be pushed through it with the hand. Insulex, properly colored, becomes brick, so that an automobile can crash through an imposing wall with no shock except to the nerves of the audience.

An actor leaps through a plate-glass window, but he isn't scratched. That's because the window is made of candy. Sugar is boiled to a certain temperature, then poured on a marble slab where it hardens into the likeness of glass.

Palm trees bend double, over in Universal's prop department, as no real palm would dream of doing. Why? Because Universal's tropic forest giants have cores of spring steel.

Cecil Holland, make-up wizard at M-G-M, tells us how to make the fearful looking scars worn by our best screen villains. John Miljan in "The Green Ghost" sacrificed his manly beauty to wear a ghastly scar constructed with collodion which draws the skin and forms a line like a gash.

"In a Mary Pickford picture," recalls

Mr. Holland, "I was told to make the leading man look blind. I remembered reading of spies during the Civil War who wrote messages on the lining of eggshell and hid them under the lower eyelid. I took the lining of an eggshell, tore it to fit the eye and put it over my eyeball. The effect was perfect. When I consulted an oculist, he told me it was in no way injurious so Miss Pickford's hero became sightless."

In Fox's "Cameo Kirby," action called for a shot of the leading characters reflected at the bottom of a well. When made, it was discovered that the reflection was blurred because the water was ruffled.

"Fix it!" demanded the director.

The property man took thought, then poured in nycrocene, a preparation pitch black that looks like black Epsom salts, and produces beautiful clear glistening water, smoothing out the troubled well.

It was the other way around in Clara Bow's "Red Hair." The water was so clear that it reflected not only the actors, but the cameras, director and all. Therefore, they dyed the water blue, with thousands of gallons of bluing, and presto, the reflections vanished!

It takes courage to run past a 125-foot monarch of the forest a second or so before it is doomed to fall, but Dolores Del Rio did it without a moment's hesitation at the behest of her director for "Evangeline." Skilled woodsmen assured Mr. Carewe that they could tell to a split second when the huge tree would fall; first the wind's direction was ascertained and then the giant was sawed through, Dolores stumbled through the underbrush and *crash* came the redwood!

Talking pictures have their magicians, too. In "Bulldog Drummond" Ronald Colman gets his man but the sound of the falling body brought a howl of protest from the mixer. "Sounds like anything but a man's body!" he declared. A dummy was hastily substituted. This was even worse. A cement sack and then a sandbag were tried in turn. Finally all the property men went into a huddle and emerged with a ripe pumpkin, which when dropped sounded to the sensitive microphone just like a dead man falling to the ground.

Registering the chime of a cuckoo clock for this same picture set back Samuel Goldwyn some hundreds of shekels. It sounded either too slow or too fast or too loud or too faint. "Trying it out costs us \$300 a cuck!" complained the worried assistant to F. Richard Jones, the director. In desperation, Mr. Jones called to the mixer: "See how this sounds, Bill!" and pursed his lips around a coy little "Cuckoo-cuckoo!" of his own. Nothing more was needed.

The slow ticking of a clock tortured the wretched victim of the third degree in Roland West's "Alibi" and added to the tenseness of the scene. This effect was not obtained, however, without the addition of a few more gray hairs in the mixer's head. A heavy piece of cardboard in the hollow of the clock where the pendulum would strike it solved the difficulty.

The city's roar in Vilma Banky's "This Is Heaven" was obtained after much thought and effort on the part of the technical staff. For the symphony of auto horns on the streets of the Great White Way, a man sat before a whole battery of 'honks,' playing them like a xylophone. A few bolts in a box provided the necessary



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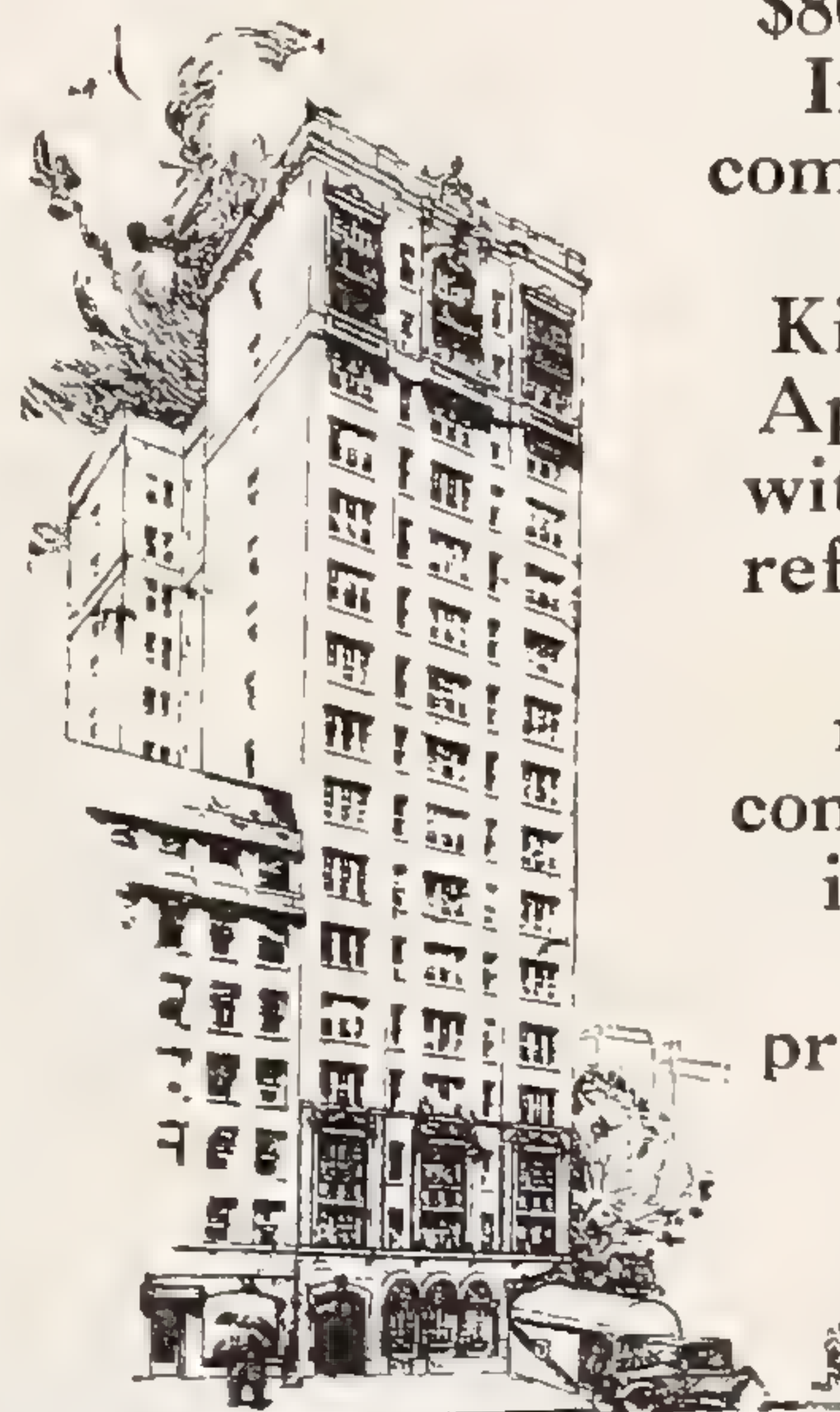
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rattle, both here and in the subway sequences. A clever property man invented a machine which revolved on sand paper to make the realistic ss-sh-zh-zzh of the train wheels.

There are more ways of killing a cat than skinning it. This old adage seems to apply to pistol shots in the talkies. The real thing would blast the delicate microphone. In "Bulldog Drummond," they put it in afterwards—shooting a gun a hundred feet away and 'dubbing' it into the finished scene. When Mary Pickford's screen daddy committed suicide in the courtroom sequence of "Coquette," a blank cartridge was shot into a barrel.

However, a real machine gun was used in "Alibi" where the crook is cornered by the police in the skyscraper bungalow. During the filming of this, studio police kept a constant patrol to see that no one came within range of the deadly hail. The magician's hand was needed here to find the type of door. First they tried an ordinary one and it sounded like battle, murder and sudden death, all at once. The precise sound required for the situation was accomplished by constructing a door of two thicknesses of compo board, so that when the bullets struck the first piece, a dull echo brought just the sinister note needed.

Movie animals are not always what they seem. There's the chamois John Barrymore lugged about in "Eternal Love." It appears that chamois flourish only in the Swiss Alps and parts of Asia. A young

sheep was therefore substituted and its wool treated with a special preparation to make it resemble a chamois.

The mouse which runs up the screaming female's lower appendages is not a mouse at all. He's a baby white rat dipped in lamp black. A rat moves slower than a mouse.

Do you remember the ferocious condor from whose cruel clutches Rin Tin Tin saved the curly-haired baby in "Night Cry?" He was an ingeniously manufactured affair, operated by a motor inside and suspended on piano wire.

Black swans are very rare. In a recent production, since the sable variety were demanded by the director, white swans were painted the proper shade. But not being extras from Central Casting, they stood in no awe of Mr. Director and, as soon as they were put back in the water, dipped and picked until the paint came off!

A bit of commonsense magic is used in making these animal actors 'do their stuff.' If Mary wants her little lamb to follow her, she must carry salt in her hand and stroll toward food which lambie can smell or see. The bloodhounds who bayed so viciously on poor Eliza's trail were lured on by raw meat. These tidbits were buried at intervals along the river bank and were just large enough to engage the attention of the dogs the length of time to make them appear to be sniffing the trail.

No, Hollywood doesn't need Mr. Aladdin!

Helen Twelvetrees—Continued from page 56

No wonder Helen is puzzled.

But she likes it. Hollywood is nice, says Helen—as long as it doesn't make puns on her name. And from now on she is going to show Hollywood that she can speak as correctly as an English duchess and act as intensely as a member of the Russian art theater. There was a title at the end of "The Ghost Talks" in which the leading man asked: "Do you lisp all the time?" and the heroine replied: "No, only when I thepeak." As a matter of fact, often during the filming of the picture Helen would entirely forget the lisp and the scene would have to be re-made!

She is interested in everything—talking pictures, silent pictures, the stage, California, President Hoover, the Mexican war, men—ah, yes, men. Right now she is getting her greatest kick out of fan letters. She started reading every letter that came to her. She had to stop that when her fan mail mounted to several hundred letters each week. Now her secretary separates the particularly interesting letters and Helen reads just those.

Helen Twelvetrees was born on December 25th, in Brooklyn, New York. As a child she 'played theater' constantly. Her parents

observed her talent and sent her to schools destined to bring out her dramatic ability. Her final training came at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary.

After school days were over, she apprenticed herself to the stage and for three years she was a member of stock companies in and around New York City. Her marked ability soon made itself known and she was given leading rôles in plays of importance. Her rise since then has been meteoric, culminating with a rich offer from the Fox Film Company to travel to Hollywood as a contract member of the Fox group of actors and actresses.

Perhaps Miss Twelvetrees is the only actress in history who found herself in the position of being offered more money than she wanted. In fact, her agent was asking a price for her considerably below what Fox officials were offering her in person. And while the agent was accepting the lower offer (without her knowledge), Helen was in another office of the company affixing her name to the larger offer! The smaller salary offered her was equal to what she had been receiving as a stage actress. The salary she actually signed for is considerably greater.

The Spanish Conquest—Continued from page 23

be made. He gathered together a dozen or more of Rio's social leaders and they are now in Hollywood engaged in the making of their first production.

A year ago, Senora Julio de Moraes—Lia Tora—won the Fox prize for being the greatest beauty in Brazil. With the victory was the offer of a free trip to Hollywood. A free trip to that young aristocrat was, however, a joke, and she graciously passed

the prize on to one of the other girls. Now, however, with her dashing husband as producer, she is here with all her charm, jewels and gowns.

If there ever was any prejudice against Spain it has been utterly erased by this joyous band of Brazilians, for they are making their picture work one grand lark and to the joy of the studios, technicians, cameramen and costumers, they pay in gold—every night!

Hair Like the Heroines'

Continued from page 81

but give the hair another shampoo for beauty, going over the whole process again. It is the second process, it is said, that puts in the shine.

Thorough rinsing is imperative. The stickiness, gumminess and generally unsatisfactory appearance of the hair after the home shampoo is often due to the fact that all the soap has not been rinsed out. Formerly, the rinsing was finished with cold water, but the newer way is to finish with slightly warm water which apparently makes the hair lighter and fluffier than does cold water. Dry the hair by hand with towels, and whenever possible, in the sunlight and air.

This is the first step toward cleanliness and beauty. What next? Thorough, daily brushing. The business of a brush is to exercise, clean, air and polish. So choose your brush with even greater care than you select a new hat. It should have long, flexible bristles, and it should be kept scrupulously clean. The hair should be brushed not only over the top surface, but also from underneath, upward and outward with firm even strokes. Between strokes, wipe the bristles of your brush with a clean towel.

Aside from keeping your hair clean, daily brushing will give it life and vitality, and will make it glow with a lustrous beauty you never dreamed possible for your hair.

To go back to oily hair—a cleansing tonic, astringent in quality, will not only help to keep the hair clean between shampoos, it will act as a corrective and beautifier.

To use, pour a little tonic in a saucer. Brush the hair well, and part the hair at intervals. Dip a wad of absorbent cotton in the tonic and rub lightly on the parts. Dry the hair with a hand towel, just as you do after a shampoo. Massage the scalp lightly, then brush the hair well. The tonic may be used every day if the hair is in bad condition.

For a dry, tight scalp, and lifeless falling hair, a tonic with a slightly oily base should be administered and the scalp should be well massaged to bring the blood to the surface and to help relax the contracted condition of the tiny oil glands and stimulate them to action. You can buy this treatment from a skilled masseuse, and it is a beautiful, restful way to spend money. But it is perfectly possible to massage your scalp at home.

Sit down in a low-backed chair and rest your elbows on your dressing table if it's a comfortable height. Beginning at the nape of the neck, work out toward the ears, then all over the scalp, radiating from the center out and up with long circular motions. Never massage with loose fingers, but with the palms of the hands and the cushions of the fingers, with a hard pressure against the scalp. Lift and knead the scalp in circular sweeps until the scalp glows with a pale pink color and tingles with new life.

An occasional hot oil treatment will also be highly beneficial to the dry scalp with falling hair. Again—it is easier and pleasanter to have this done by a specialist, but you can give this oil treatment at home if you have the time and the will.

I want to tell you, too, of another quick, effective way to cleanse the hair between shampoos. Movie stars use this method

when on location, if the weather is damp or cool or the water hard and conveniences few—to keep their hair clean and well-groomed in appearance.

Procure a good dry shampoo powder. Brush the hair well, then sift the powder directly on the scalp and hair. Leave on a few minutes, then brush the powder completely out, using a long, sweeping motion. The dry shampoo effectively removes dust and oil from the hair and renders it soft and fluffy.

When your hair has achieved the natural charm of perfect grooming, there is becoming arrangement to be considered. The hair, like hats, should do nice things for your face. The question of how you should wear your hair is not so much a question of fashion, as of chin, nose and contour. It's impossible to tell you how to dress your hair without knowing something about your profile, the shape of your head, the width or length of your face, whether you are tall, short, fat, thin, and whether your hair is straight or curly, long or short. There is a mode for all of you, however, and by careful study and experimentation, you may find what is most suitable for your individual type.

If you are bobbed and wish to remain so, there are ways of wearing the bob which are so chic and so becoming as to keep even the most fickle of womankind from tiring of it. If you are letting your hair grow, there are ways of minimizing the difficulties of this period, by use of a smart transformation, or a 'piece' of some kind, or by clever waving and tucking in of half-grown tresses. There is also the expedient, very becoming to some girls, of simply curling the ends of the hair and letting it hang loosely.

Among bobs, the hair is worn a little longer and is arranged with a softness of line distinctively feminine. The present tendency is to make the bob look as much as possible like long hair, while with long hair, the disposition is to attain so small a coiffure as will most nearly resemble a bob.

When it comes to waving, with very few exceptions every girl needs to flatter her face with curls. If you are one of the exceptions, make the most of it, and be thankful. If your hair is naturally curly, cherish it as so much gold.

Many find an occasional marcel satisfactory, while women with strong, healthy hair, not too soft and fine in texture, find in a permanent wave a solution to many problems.

If your hair is a bit fluffy, a set of water-wave combs and a waving fluid will help you to train your hair into soft, rounded waves of natural beauty.

In adopting a becoming hair arrangement, let your conscience and your mirror be your guide! Don't, no matter how much you may admire her, try to copy the coiffure of your favorite heroine—unless you happen to be her type. If her hair is coiled bewitchingly at the nape of her neck with just one alluring curl behind the ear it is no doubt picturesque and suits her regular features and the shape of her head. If it did not, she wouldn't wear it that way. But don't sacrifice your curly bob which may be your most charming asset to a mode which does not suit you.

On the screen, one sees smooth, shining heads that are more like shellac than top-knots, but always they are worn by certain



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types and seem natural enough on those particular types and become them. But few faces are so pure in outline, so young in texture and experience that they can wear hair that looks painted instead of grown. And no heroine of stage or screen adopts such a mode unless it helps to emphasize her individuality and enhance her charm.

Every heroine learns, very early in her career, to know her own individual type and make the most of it—to conceal her bad points and cultivate her good ones. That's why heroines are so fascinating, and so compelling. And heroines in everyday life should follow this example, if they would be what every girl wants to be—popular.

Mary Brian

(Continued from page 45)

never once allowed to be the hero. I had to take my villainous and strenuous roles and like them or go back to the insipid entertainment of doll parties.

"After several months I was the sixth member of the gang, and all the dirty work fell on my willing shoulders. 'Aw, she's only a girl,' was a scathing insult that would silence my pleas to be on the winning side just once.

"The great adventure came when our gang built a secret lodge-house in a lot beyond our home. Old boxes and boards were pilfered from the neighborhood backyards and soon the quarters were shakily completed. My brother added to the fascination of this place by digging a hole into the floor and covering it with a table top. That hole was our secret treasure place.

"To celebrate our success as architects we played spy that day, and naturally I was the spy. After alluding my captors by running as fast as my five-year-old legs would carry me most of the morning, I was taken to the lodge for court martial. The boys decided upon a unique trial. I was placed in the hole until my fate was sealed. With my hands tied I gleefully went down into that dark, damp opening and saw the table top slowly shut out all light. A heavy thud informed me that a rock had been placed over the improvised trap-door to keep me from escaping.

"Several hours must have passed, when I realized that the boys had gone off and forgotten me. There was a terrifying silence and darkness all around me. I tried to push up against the table top, but the rock was too heavy. I succeeded in untying my hands, but the trap would not spring. I was horribly frightened, but I didn't dare cry, for I knew that the gang hated a poor sport. I must come up smiling when they returned to release me.

"They never returned. I finally dug and clawed my way out, and returned to my frantic mother covered with dirt. But my victory was short-lived when I saw the lodge slowly sink and collapse. I had dug away the foundation. I would be an outcast forever when the deed was discovered.

"But this story has a happy ending. Mother called the village carpenter and had him rebuild the lodge immediately. The four cousins never knew how I escaped from the treasure hole, and the mystery won their respect. In true Algerian style I remained one of the gang until we moved to Dallas three years later."

A good sport at five years of age, a baby who could be tripped, teased and hurt and still come up smiling every time! Mary is right—she had priceless training for the exigencies of studio work.

In New York—Continued from page 79

apartment—meaning a roof. Most of the guests were New Yorkers, friends of the groom.

Music was furnished by Paul Whiteman himself and his orchestra.

Manhattan chuckles over the prospect of some wag first addressing Bill Seeman as "Mr. Phyllis Haver," but the fact remains that Bill is boss of the family, and that Phyllis is only too happy to be simply Mrs. William Seeman from now on. She has even given up her beloved Persian cats because Bill's pet is a dog—a wire-haired terrier, who lords it over the Seeman menage—a huge apartment, by the way, which covers the entire space of a Greenwich Village building. There are twenty rooms and tennis and hand-ball courts and all the trimmings which make it one of the most unusual homes in New York City. Bill Seeman is one of the town's favorite playboys. Ever since he was a student in Cornell he has been well and favorably known as a boy about town. His parties are famous and he usually has an orchestra handy to play for his guests. Phyllis will not be settling down to dull and depressing domesticity by any means. She will be a leading spirit in a gay Bohemian set where her Irish wit and charm will make her as popular as she was in Hollywood. The Seemans sailed on the Berengaria for a three months' cruise. When I said goodbye to Phyllis she was so thrilled and excited she couldn't say much except about how much she loved her husband, and how gorgeous the wedding presents were. Yes, she did solemnly announce that she was positively leaving the screen for good. And I think she will stick to it—unless the call of the movies is too strong—and Bill relents and lets her come back.

* * *

I met Victor and Nusi Varconi at a tea before they sailed and I can understand why they are so popular. Victor is so big and handsome, with a nice smile and an inimitable accent—in fact, why his accent should be any bar to his success in the speakies I can't see. It enhances his appeal as far as I'm concerned. And is it fair, I ask you, to rave about the accents of the foreign ladies and not give us *femmes* a chance to hear our continental boy friends? Speak to us, Victor!

Mrs. Varconi is a cunning little thing—blonde and big-eyed and oh, so adoring! She beams at her big husband, hangs on his every word, and then smiles around at the assembled company as if to say, "Isn't he wonderful?"

American wives, take notice! The Varconis were sailing for Europe, but only to be gone a few months. They were laughingly explaining why they did not speak English better. It seems there is a foreign colony in Hollywood which keeps pretty much to itself. Mr. and Mrs. Lubitsch, Vilma Banky, Greta Garbo, and the Varconis spend much time together and naturally speak their native language—or French.

"The Divine Lady" in which Varconi plays Lord Nelson, was running on Broadway, and so everybody asked how the actor could have made himself up as the one-armed naval hero. With vivid gestures Mr. Varconi told us all about it: how he had to hold one arm tightly behind him so the camera couldn't find it, how he had to minimize his height and stature by slouching, and how he had to experiment with

make-up to give one of his eyes the correct effect of blindness. He admitted it was not easy but he liked the part better than any other he has played over here, with the possible exception of Pontius Pilate in "The King of Kings."

* * *

It's no wonder First National snatched Leatrice Joy from vaudeville to star her in talkies. The girl's a knockout! Her vaudeville act went over in a large way in Manhattan and environs. She sings charmingly and looks lovely. And any movie actress who can make a hit on the stage in New York may well pat herself on the back. It's no small achievement. This town is just naturally all set to tell a Hollywood star where to go—right back to Hollywood, unless she can 'show 'em. Leatrice was a revelation. She expected to close her tour at an uptown theater. She was so good they booked her into the Palace on Broadway! Most of her time here she spent on the stage, working. The rest of the time she spent writing letters, wiring or telephoning for her little daughter, whom she had to leave behind in Hollywood. When Leatrice left for the coast she said she expected to start work right away in "A Most Immoral Lady," the play that Alice Brady did on the stage.

* * *

Everybody I know is brushing up in French. Reason: Maurice Chevalier. The ingratiating Frenchman returned to town to make a personal appearance at the Broadway opening of his first American movie, "Innocents of Paris," in which he sings songs in both French and English. M. Chevalier is a slight and rather shy man of uncertain age—he's neither awfully young, nor middle-aged, nor old. I imagine his is a perennial youthfulness, tempered by a truly Gallic sophistication. He is a very important star indeed in his own Paris, and in Manhattan also, where he appeared in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic. But he is new to our movies, and he is exceedingly modest about his qualifications. He worked very hard, days and nights, making his first talkie. He submitted amiably to the more or less trying conditions of the early-talkie period in the studios, when less famous actors were grumbling. As to his new label, "The 'It' Man," as he is being advertised by Paramount, he only smiles. And it's a very nice smile, too.

* * *

I declare Claire Windsor seems prettier every time I meet her! It had been several years since I saw her last, she's been so busy making pictures on the coast. And you might think her fragile blonde beauty would pall the least bit. Quite the contrary. Claire is one of the real beauties of pictures. Blue, blue eyes; very fair skin; gold hair—and an unassuming sweetness and ready good humor that even other women must admit is genuine. There is a certain childlike quality about her—a guilelessness that is disarming. I'll never forget that when she spent some time in New York several years ago—when she was Mrs. Bert Lytell—she showed me the exquisite undies she was making on a child's-size sewing machine! She's really a domestic soul, this Dresden-china doll. By the way, she went to see Bert in his play, "Brothers," and they wished each other continued health and happiness. Neither has married again.

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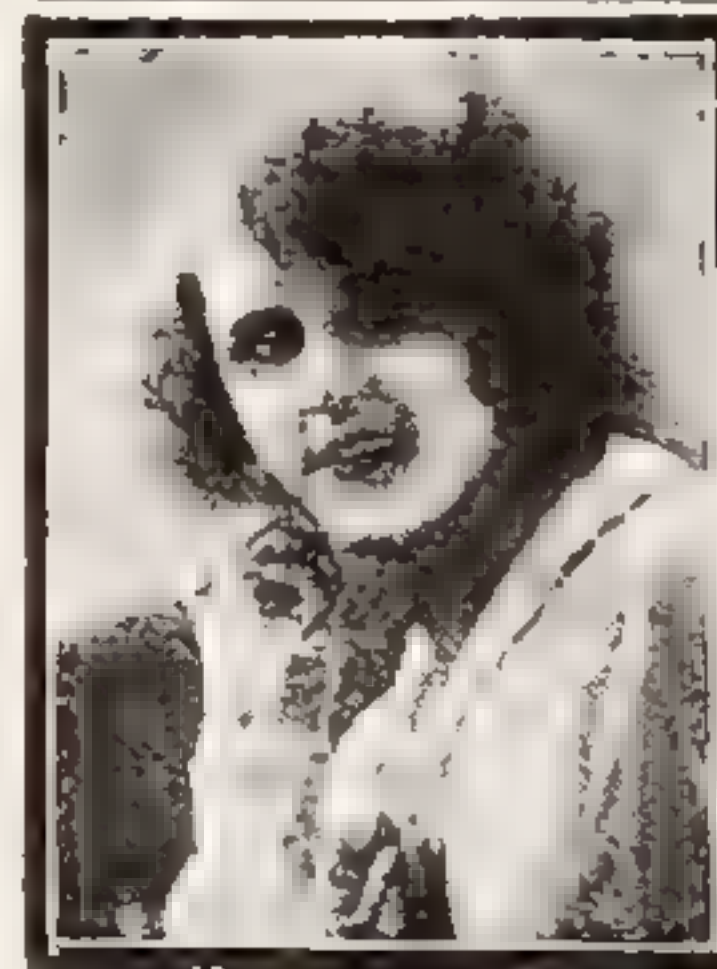


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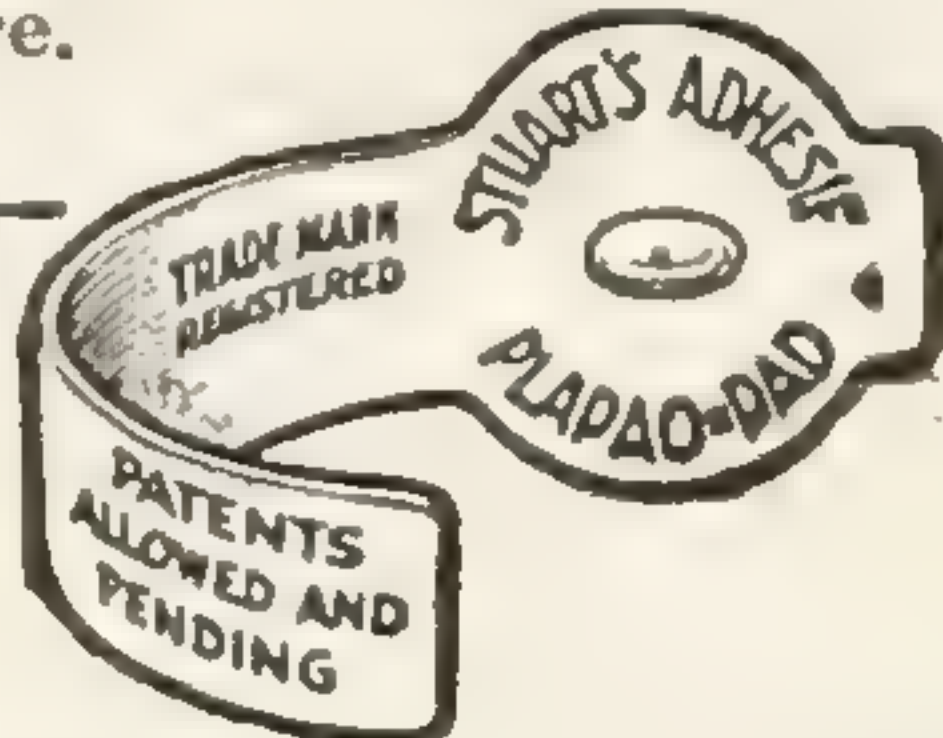
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How To Break In the Movies—Maybe!

Continued from page 71

cents a day, found and keep. Better not decide upon becoming a goose, however, as there's one goose in Hollywood who has the goose racket cornered. He's a gander named Bozo, and he travels to the studios in a limousine. He received thirty-five dollars a day for sharing close-ups with Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall and others. Of course, there's the chance that Bozo will get old—and that's just the chance for you, provided you decide to become a goose while you're still young.

There's lots of easy money awaiting you if you become a cow. Well, why not? If you're going to get snooty, there's no sense in me tipping you off to your Big Chance, is there? Just let me tell you that a cow that photographs well gets three dollars a day! You couldn't do better than that if you were in the army! Pigs are paid two dollars, horses two dollars and a half up, and ordinary dogs find two dollars in their pay envelopes. There you are! Now you can't say that I'm not showing you exactly where Opportunity will knock! I told you I was big-hearted, didn't I?

There's a man in Hollywood who has a trained chicken—feathered! Well, there isn't any other kind that you can train! This chicken struts her stuff at fifteen dollars a day. Of course, you might not like the man, but that's up to you. I can't fix everything, you know. Then there's a monkey that has played in more pictures than most stars and has earned enough money to buy a bungalow. It seems to me that this proposition is well worth looking into.

Now, if you prefer to do something big, elephants draw from twenty-five dollars a day up, and so do lions. Think this over! A trained deer earns one hundred dollars a week. Not so bad. I think I'll look into this myself. I might be just the type. Well, I've had some compliments in my day, and who are you to say that I haven't?

Are you one of these willing workers, one of these creatures who is satisfied to receive little credit for what you do? Then here's your chance! Become a bee! There's a great opportunity awaiting you if you can fix it so you can become a bee. Trained bees—ones that will not fly away and will not sting actors—can be had for a day at fifty smacks per swarm. Now, don't get

temperamental and tell me you are opposed to this swarm thing! If you prove you can act—and Heaven knows there ought to be the opportunity if you are a bright bee and don't sting the hand that feeds you—you can get a dollar a day at the lowest, which should easily keep a bee alive. It's all up to what kind of a bee you want to be—oh, now!

Up to now we've been pretty good friends, and I don't quite like to go into this, but you might just as well know all. When I started, I promised to tell you of all the opportunities, and I don't feel as though I should hedge at this stage of the game. If—understand, I am only saying "if"—if you can bring yourself to becoming a flea of the trained variety, there's five dollars awaiting you for each day's work. If you have any doubt about your histrionic ability in this field, don't go into it, as the common, ordinary, dumb fleas can be purchased outright for three dollars a dozen. I'm the last person in the world to want to see you sold down the river for this measly sum.

Of course, there are no end of opportunities in this wide field and it is difficult for me to cover it thoroughly, because how do I know what you want to be! There is always a chance for a good seal, provided you can catch a ball on your nose and balance it; and there is almost the same opportunity for a reptile, a good alligator, or a what-not, such as a lellum-quaw. (A lellum-quaw is a quaw that lellums. Can you do it?) Now, take a fish, for instance. Just try to take a fish! Perhaps you don't want to, perhaps you haven't the heart, or perhaps it isn't Friday. Anyway, the casting director I tipped you off to told me all about a trained fish once. So before considering this proposition, think it over well.

"There was just one good fish, and that was Lawrence," he declared. "By keeping Lawrence out of the water for a few seconds a day at first, then a minute a day, and so on, his owner finally got him so he could stay out of the water much of the time. That fish certainly got a good salary. But it was too bad, you know."

"What was too bad?" I asked him, knowing you would want to know.

"Too bad about Lawrence. About two weeks ago he fell into a pond of water and was drowned!"

Clothes Creations — Continued from page 75

smocked neck-lines and bordered the aprons that she inquired from the French needle-women the meanings of the patterns and to which province each belonged. Needless to say there were many careful stitches sewn in these garments by the admiring little ladies.

It is possible with Marion Davies to make clothes that are quite practical for girls of her type to be influenced by. Being real herself the clothes will not be too far-fetched or too dramatic to be adapted to your own wardrobe.

As she is quite American in her manner and appearance the clear-cut direct wardrobe is sure to be well suited. Her softness can easily come out in her evening clothes. If Marion floats about the room she is bound to be right; if she slinks about the room she is bound to be wrong. Therefore, in adapting her clothes remember the buoyancy we spoke of earlier in the article

and you will find surety.

She is perhaps more essentially the American girl at her best than anyone we have—her enthusiasms, tastes and bearing all make her clothes right. You are safer in choosing her gowns as models for your own than most stars because she is very apt to look on the screen as she does off. Many stars have a tendency to be an entirely different personality when on the screen than off—too ultra on, and not ultra enough off! Therefore, Miss Davies is a happy compromise.

So if your type is the Davies type you are comparatively safe in copying.

I hope the feminine readers of **SCREENLAND** will call on me to advise them about any problems of costume or colors, whether they are the Marion Davies type or not! Just address Adrian, **SCREENLAND** Fashion Editor, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

The Grand (Opera) Young Man

Continued from page 55

require fixed itineraries, and one stands stiffly before a piano in store clothes and sings.

"Opera is different. There is the glamour of costumes, of scenery, of the drama that goes with it all. And the dramatic appeals as strongly as the music. You see, I like to consider music as drama. Even when I sing my little Mexican folk-songs in my own little concerts, or the monk in the German song cycle, I like to dress and act the part."

"Then, after all, you expect really to dramatize your opera rôles?"

"Don't we dramatize ourselves in everything we do?" inquired the star, with a whimsical smile. "When we are children we play at being this and that, and every time we go to a theater, we subconsciously put ourselves in the rôles of this or that character. We even do it when reading a novel, and we certainly do it in our daily doings. As a little boy, I used to envision myself as the opera singers we saw in Mexico; I hummed their airs and saw myself enacting their parts. Of course we of the Latin races feel far differently about opera than do perhaps you colder-blooded Americans. You know, in Italy every little town has its opera; in France it is far more popular than in America, and in Spain opera holds almost the same esteem that it does in Mexico."

"Perhaps you didn't know that Tetrazzini first won fame in my country. The acclaim she won in Mexico attracted the attention of audiences in the United States,

and she became world famous. But it took Mexico to discover her. In Mexico City the Opera is a beautiful place; a wonderful temple of music comparable only to the Paris Opera in grandeur.

"So you see, perhaps I learned to look at opera, as a child, from a different viewpoint than that of the average American child. When my brother and I came to America, we had to earn our living as best we could. I danced on the stage, but sang inwardly as I did so. I practiced continually—while wondering if I was going to eat. Then came my chance in pictures—and Rex Ingram. I scored success as an actor, only to find I was further from my goal than ever before. I could study, but I had to go into one picture after another so that I never had a chance really to try what I could do on the operatic stage."

"This year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave me my chance, when the company arranged my contract so that, between pictures, I'd be allowed to sing in opera, and my kind friends in Berlin did the rest."

"Opera in talking pictures? Well, that's another dream of mine. Don't you think that, with a cast of recognized opera singers and a few good screen actors, we'd have a wonderful thing, enhancing the spectacle of the opera with film technique, with great sets and lavish pictorial effects to match the grandeur of the music? And—this is a business point—good film box-office names combined with great operatic names? It's still a dream of mine—and it all depends on how I succeed in Berlin!"

The 'Stock-Shot' Star

Continued from page 83

leaving eleven perfectly good and furious opponents fuming in his zig-zagged wake.

Johnny is a strange figure amid the whoopee whirl of Hollywood. He has never tasted liquor. Occasionally he smokes. Seldom does hard language reach his lips. And never do you see him at parties. Not that Johnny is a prude or lacking in good fellowship. He just doesn't fit into the background.

Johnny's closest friend and chum is old George Fawcett, the lovable veteran who made Johnny quit his football career and go into pictures. If it weren't for Fawcett Johnny probably would be playing professional football or acting as coach on his old stamping grounds at the University of Alabama where he first won fame.

It was Fawcett who yanked Johnny by the nape of his neck, stuck him up in front of a camera and gave him the test that resulted in his signing a long-term contract with M-G-M. Johnny couldn't possibly have stayed together long enough to do it by himself.

Fame and adulation fall easily upon Johnny's husky shoulders. And when you are reminded that he has been in the public eye since he was fourteen years old, acclaimed a football idol before he was twenty, it is not at all surprising to find this chap so utterly unaffected by his motion picture success.

An athlete since boyhood, Johnny spends most of his time in gymnasiums or in the

surf. He also has a great liking for automobiles and you seldom will drive up to his house without finding his long legs protruding from beneath his roadster.

Johnny naturally has a strong yen for corn pones, honey and fried chicken. He appeases this healthy longing in a very normal manner. He eats corn pones, honey and fried chicken. In fact, until you have so feasted in Johnny's house you haven't any right even to mention those three Southern delicacies in the same breath. Johnny also has a weakness for beef stew and it must reluctantly be admitted that he goes in for onions in a big way. Onions, he solemnly tells you, made him big and strong. That's a great ad for onions.

And while poor Johnny's private likes and dislikes are being torn loose from their foundations, let it further be stipulated that he is wild about Laurel-Hardy comedies; shooting galleries; "The Front Page"; old sweaters; dogs of doubtful parentage; revolutions in Mexico and trips to Europe.

Some day Johnny is going to go back home to that dusty Alabama town and the folks will turn out at the station with a brass band to meet him. And the boys will slap him on the back, nudge him with sly winks and say: "How's it feel to be a famous picture star, hey, Johnny?"

And Johnny will wrinkle up his brow and reply:

"Well, a-a-all right, I reckon!"

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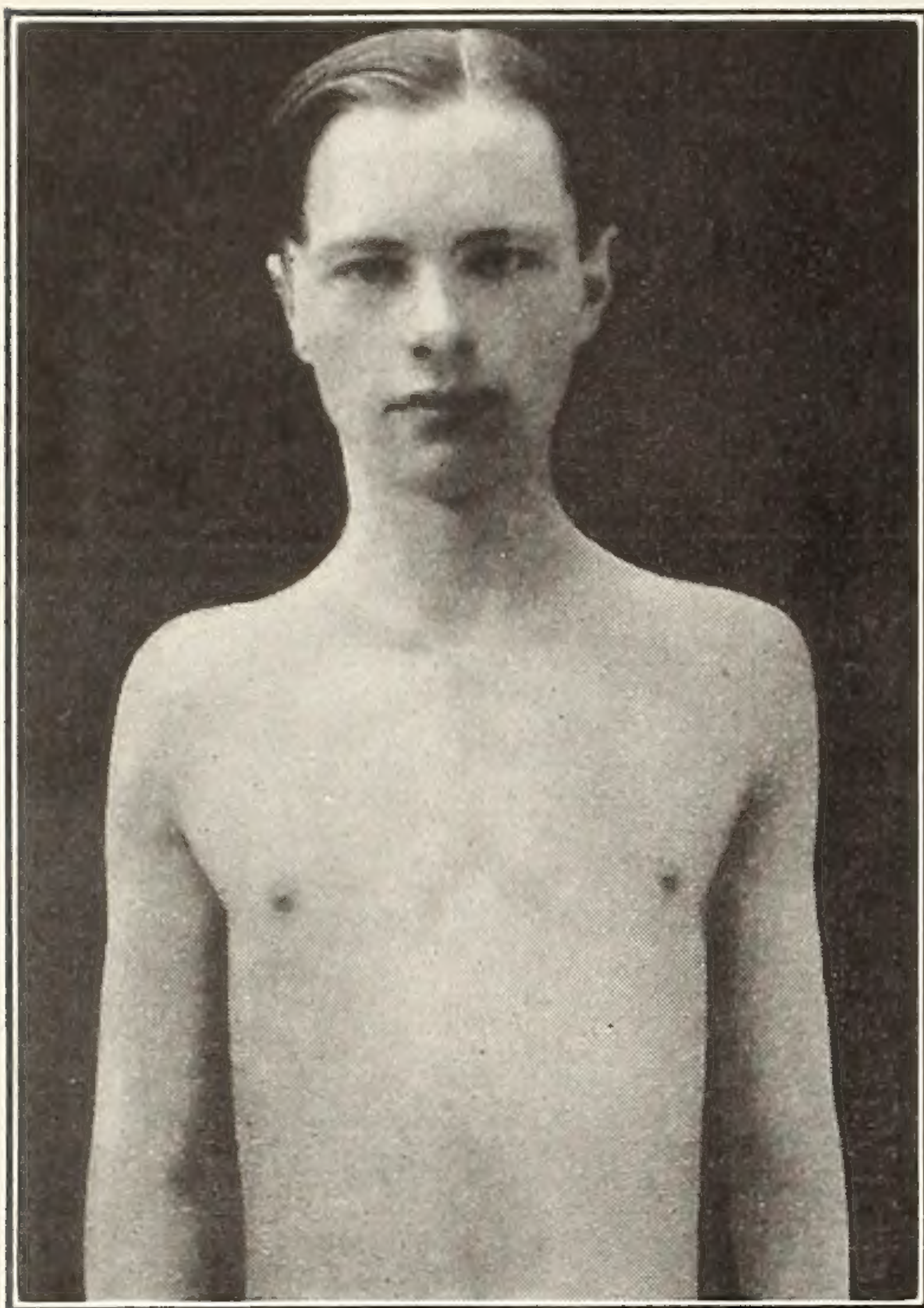
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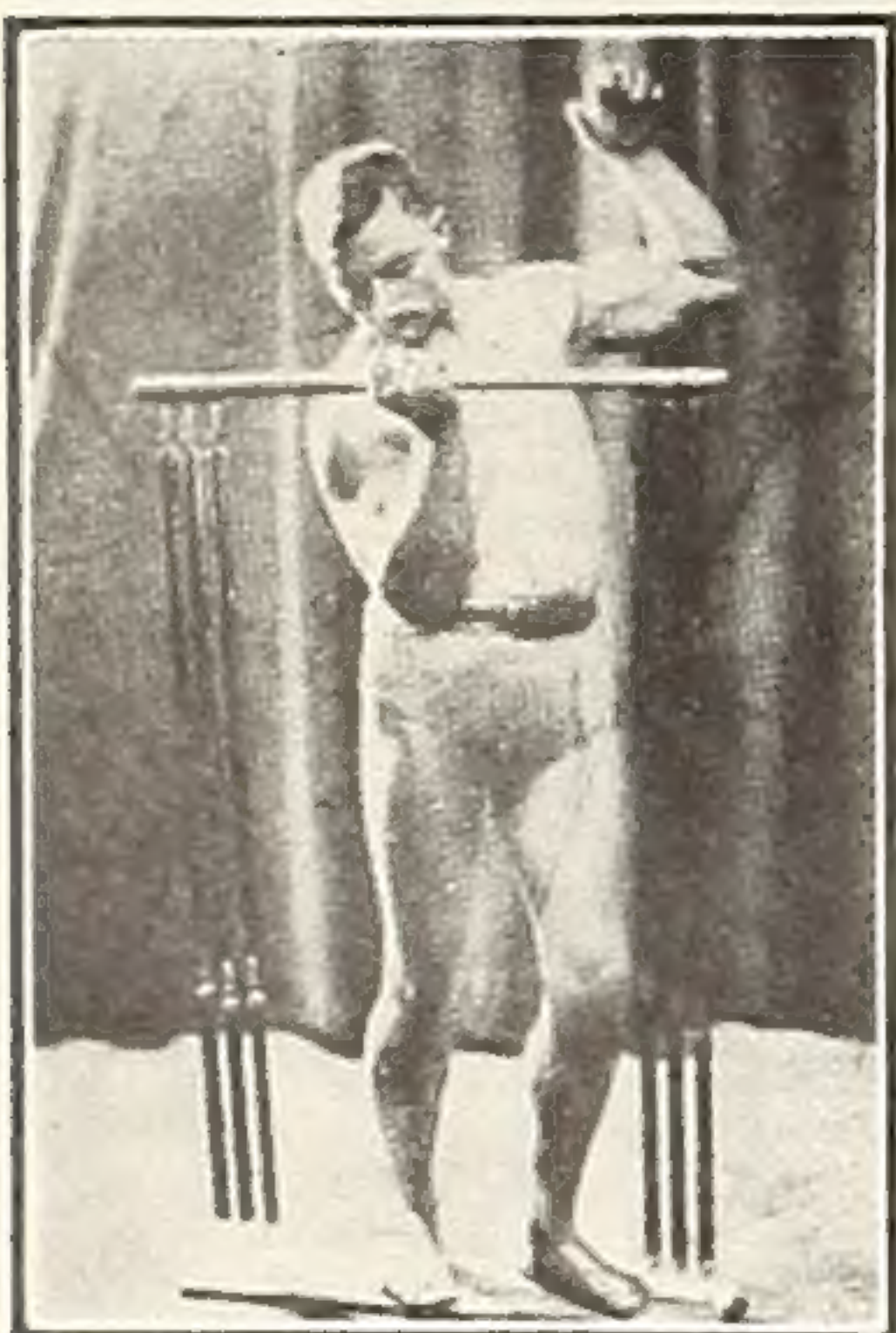
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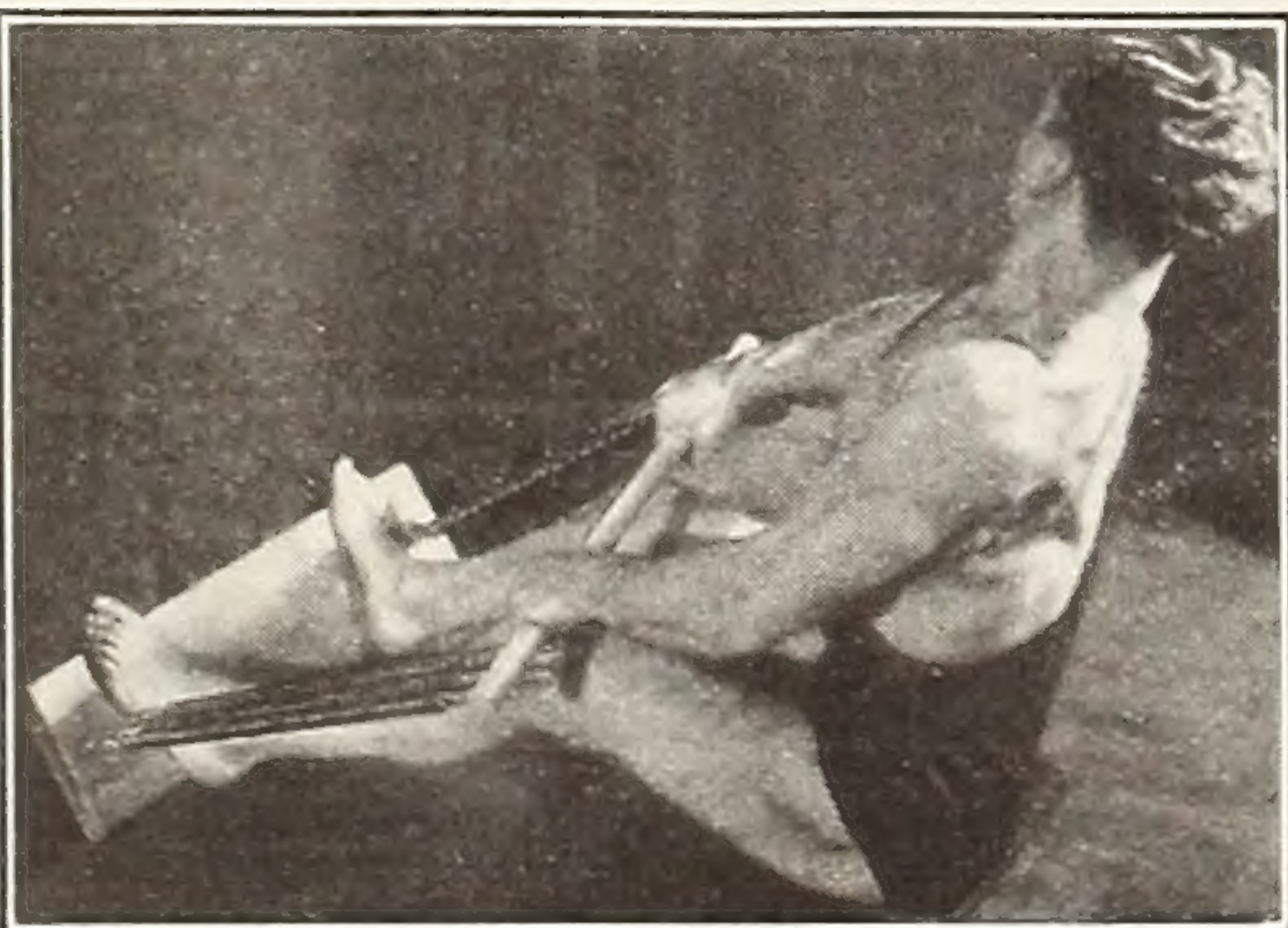
Do You Look Like This

Take a look in the mirror. What do you see? A thin, flat-chested, flabby weakling? Are you ashamed of your body? The picture above shows how one man



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World's-Famous Strong Man Says: "Many people who have seen my feats of strength on the stage have asked me what exerciser I used to develop my body and how I keep it 'in the pink' now. My answer is always the same: I bought them all until I found the best. I bought every appliance, from dumb-bells up, but the one that gave me my panther-legs and arms is the one I got from TITUS. There isn't another apparatus like yours IN THE WORLD!"



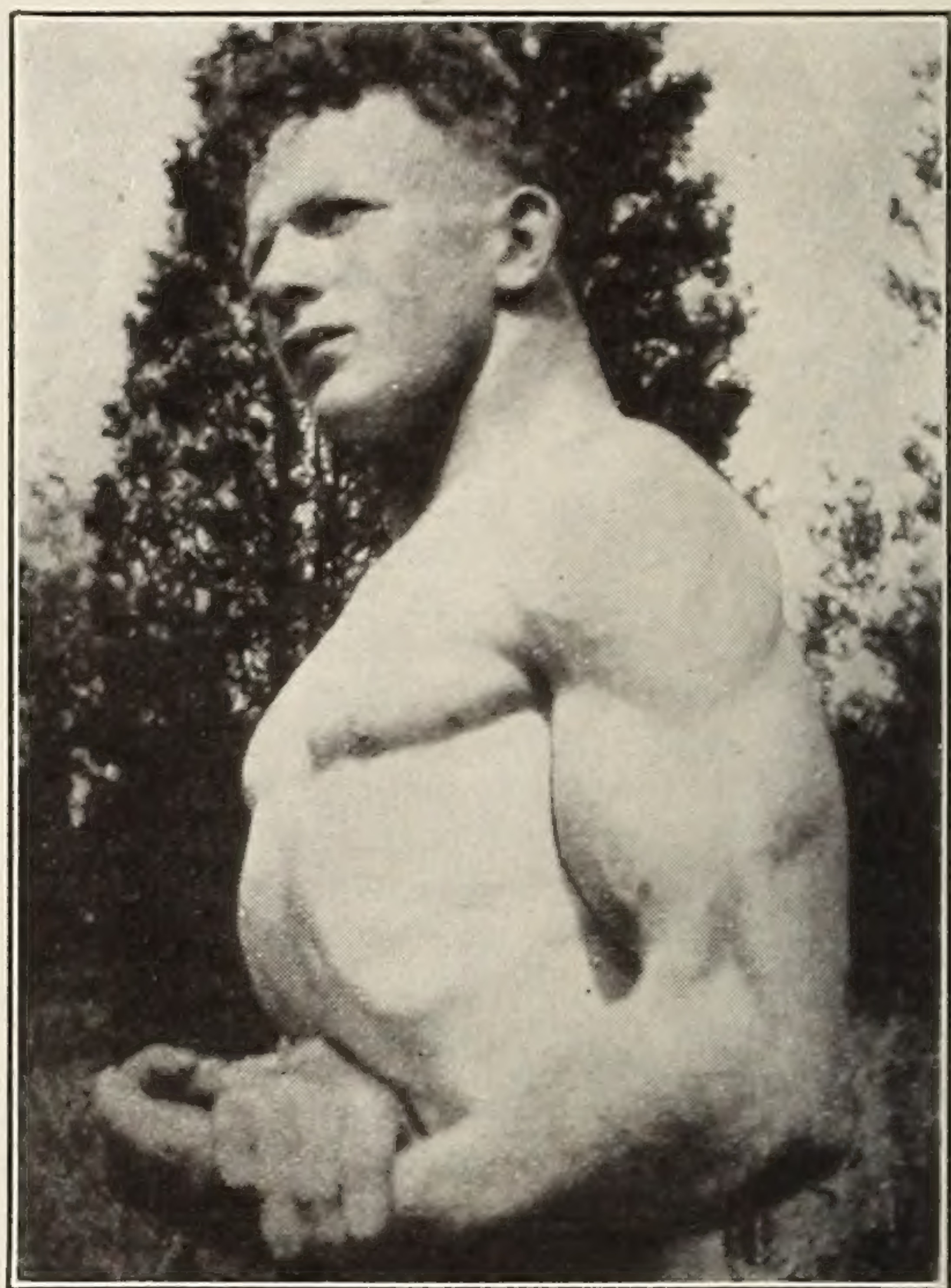
This is Harry Politi using his Titus Apparatus as a rowing machine—just one of the many interesting ways in which you can use this compact Home Gymnasium.

Easily--Quickly--Safely

YOU young fellow—you business man—you chap past forty! Send me your name. I want to tell you the whole amazing story of **MIRACLES IN MUSCLE!** Don't put it off. Don't turn the page. Man, this is **IMPORTANT!** When you see what I've done for other fellows, you'll open your eyes. And when you see how **EASILY** you can become **TWICE THE MAN** you are now, you'll thank your lucky stars that you did yourself the favor of writing to me.

It's **FUN** getting strong *my* way. All the snap and go of your favorite sport—just a few minutes a day of honest-to-goodness, clean-cut pleasure—right in your own home. But how it builds **MUSCLE!** I don't care how weak or run-down you are now. *I'm going to make you over.* I'll change that puny body into a superb model of muscular **MANHOOD.** Gee, but you'll be proud of your wonderful development! What a picture you'll make in a bathing suit!

And you'll be *there* when it comes to any physical contest. You'll *enjoy* grabbing hold of an oar, a tennis racquet, a canoe paddle—or squaring off for a round or so. You'll have *speed, agility* and **POWER.** Titus-trained men aren't afraid of competition; *they* never take the dirty end of the stick. I don't care how big they come—no beefy, bulky hulk can stand up before the flashing, crashing power of a **PANTHER-MAN.** There's *science* in Titus Training.



—or Like This?

And here's another man—the kind Titus builds! How does *your* arm look alongside this man's? Measure your chest against his. Then mail the coupon below and find out what Titus Training will do for **YOU.** That's what Gaston Vielte did and now read . . .

What he Says:

"I am glad to tell you right here that I have made a surprisingly great progress since I took your course. I must and willingly do my best to recommend your noble work to others for the betterment of humankind"—(Signed) Gaston Vielte.



Wear This Medal

It's yours free when you join the great brotherhood of Titus-trained men. It's the badge of strong, virile manhood. You can be proud to wear it. Made of solid statuary bronze, handsomely embossed. Send for the free book that tells the whole story.

I'll Make You a REAL Athlete

WHAT'S *your* favorite sport? Boxing, wrestling, football, baseball, track? I'll give you the **MUSCLE COORDINATION** that means increased Ability—Success. I'll give you the stamina that stands the gaff. I'll give you the virility of dominant **MANHOOD!** I'll give you the body of a young Greek God. Other men will envy your splendid physique—girls will remark on it with admiration. You know what that means, friend—**POPULARITY** plenty!

A NEW BODY—Inside and Out

Stop wasting your time with tedious, old-fashioned exercisers. Find out about the snappy, sporty Titus way—the *scientific* method that has developed leading strong men of the world—that has shown the way to other instructors. Titus Training builds up every nerve, every cell, every vital organ, every muscle in the body. And it does it so quickly and easily that you're amazed at the results.

See the Change in 30 Days

You're going to be the proudest man on two feet when you see those big, brawny muscles rippling over your back, your arms, your legs. I'm going to put **INCHES** of solid muscle on your frame. I'm going to broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, trim down that waistline. I'll give you the build of an athlete.

Forget Your Weaknesses

Why drag along only **HALF ALIVE!** A run down physical condition makes you an easy prey to colds, asthma, constipation, nervousness, insomnia, headaches, impotence, pimples, and many other maladies. If your body is sound but undeveloped, let me show you the way to a glorious new life. In just a few short weeks it is possible for you to be the picture of health, bubbling over with energy, filled with the vigor of youth.

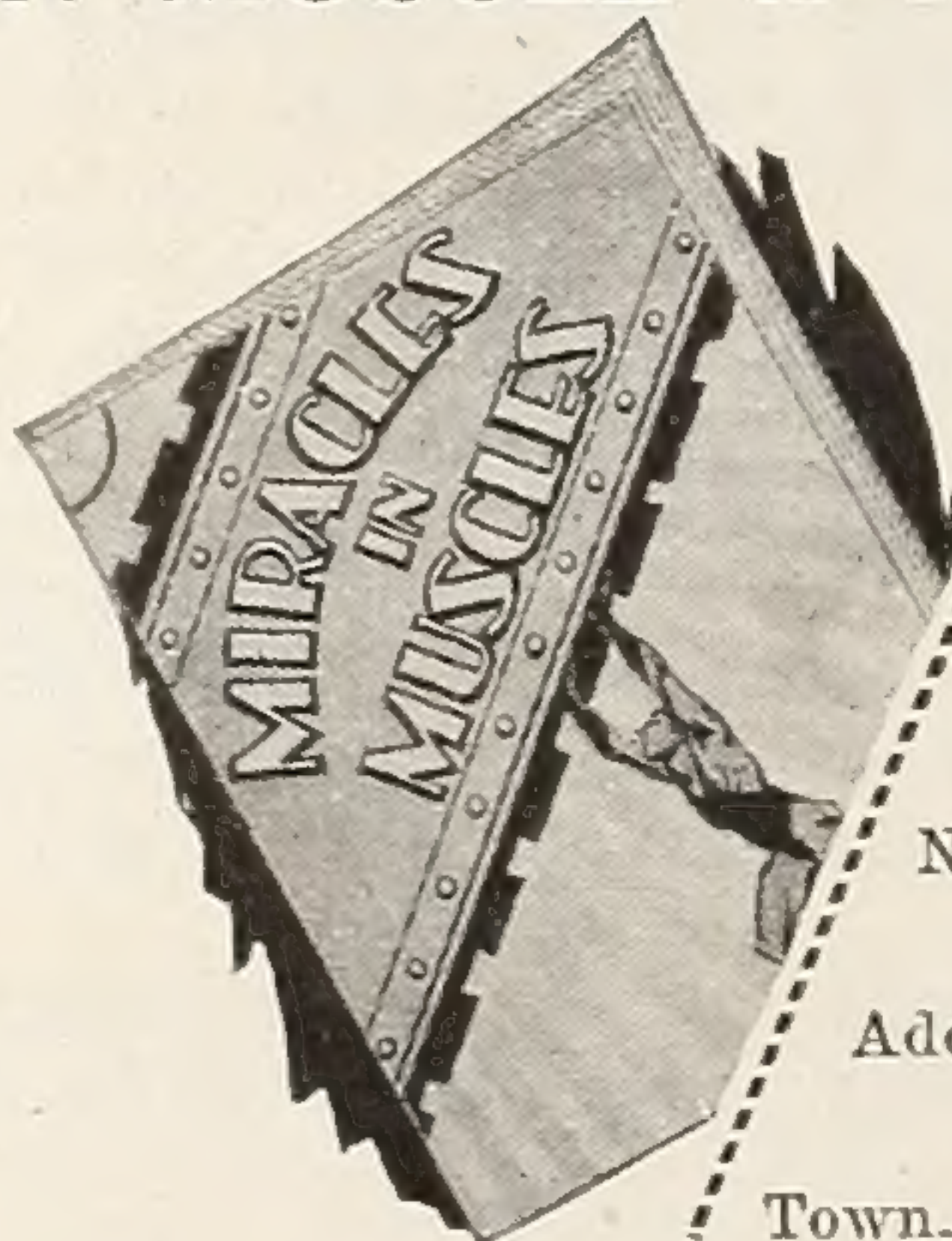
MIRACLES IN MUSCLE is FREE

I can't begin to tell you here about Titus Training—how it scientifically re-builds every organ, every fibre in your body—how it makes your muscles **GROW**—how it charges you with new life, pep and energy. My big **FREE** Book tells the whole wonderful story. You **MUST** read this book. Just send me your name and address—that's all. Mail the coupon, a post-card or a letter. But do it **NOW.**

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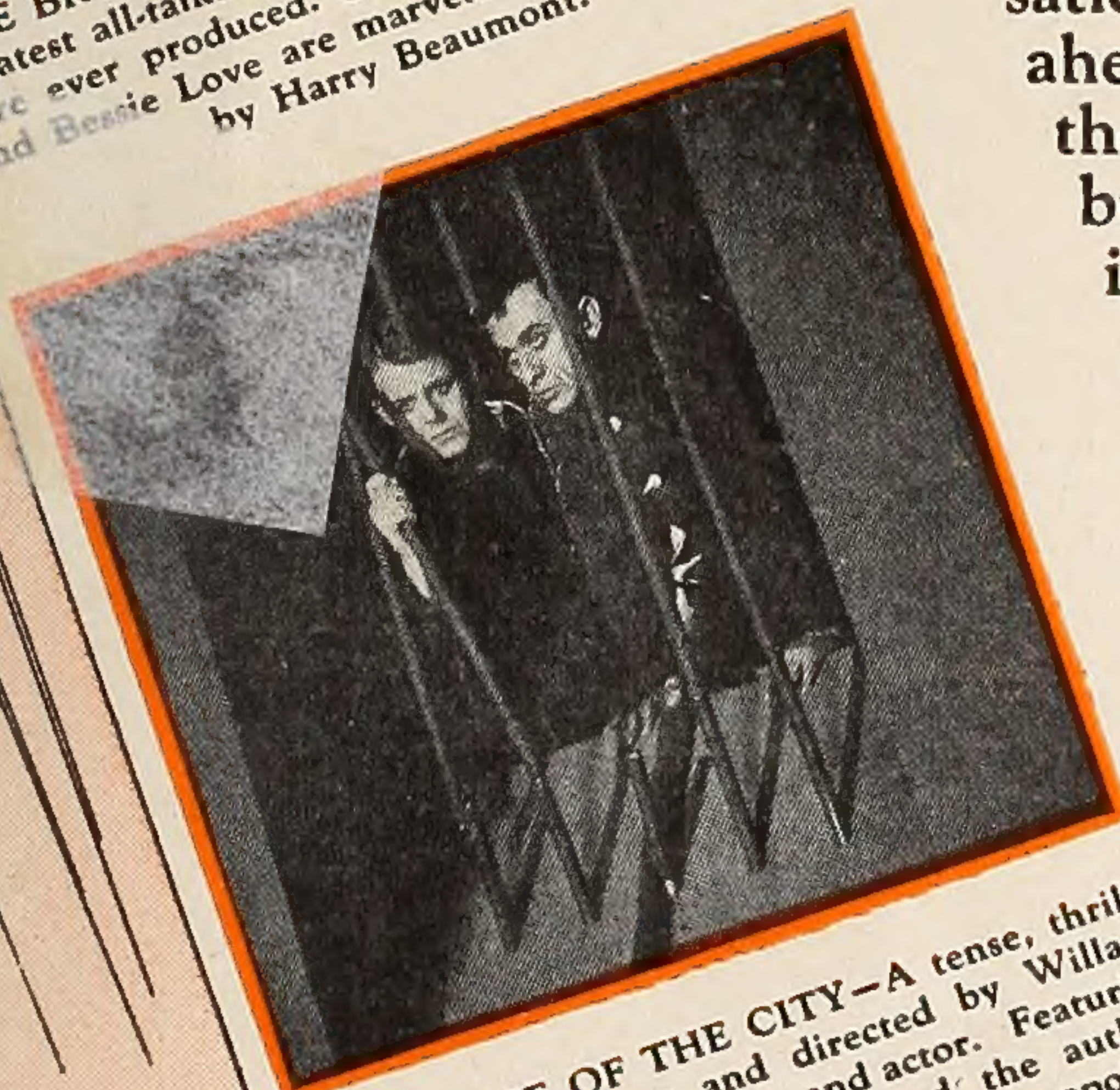
MADAME X—This deathless story made to live again before you. **RUTH CHATTERTON**, **Lewis Stone** and **Raymond Hackett** in tense, breathless drama. Directed by **Lionel Barrymore**.



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 women choose them as they
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 though every gown is different,
 and gems vary, their taste in
 cigarettes is strikingly uniform.
 They have chosen Camels.

